THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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AMERICA'S HIGH TIDE OF CRIME

THAT A "WAVE OF CRIME" is sweeping America with a deluge of murders, burglaries, robberies, and every kind of violence and lawlessness seems proved to some by the head-lines reporting crime upon crime that greet us in every morning's paper. But the police authorities, in an effort to calm the public, assure us cheeringly that there is no wave at all, or anything out of the ordinary—the murders and robberies are no more numerous now than usual. All the worse, then, if the disease is chronic, is the reply, and all the more reason why the country should awake and clean up so scandalous and dangerous a situation. In Chicago more than a thousand citizens of the underworld were recently rounded up in a swift series of spectacular raids which marked the advent of a new chief of police. In New York City since the first of the year, *The Tribune* tells us, "the unsolved murders alone total more than 100," and the hold-ups, robberies, and thefts reported by the police represent a property loss of more than $3,100,000. Chicago in the same period reports "68 murders that have defied solution"; and the news columns reveal the fact that just before Chief Fitzmorris's raids one day was marked by three pay-roll robberies, twenty hold-ups, eight burglaries, and a murder. In Philadelphia, according to *The Inquirer* of that city, there have been 100 murders in eleven months; and a recent record of fifty hold-ups in one day has resulted in plans for a special motor-cycle squad of bandit-chasing riflemen. In Pittsburgh, according to a correspondent, "there has been an increase of 20 per cent. in crime this year," and "13 murders remain unsolved by the police." In Boston, says *The Herald* of that city, "hold-ups by gunmen are becoming increasingly numerous." The Newark *Ledger* reports "some increase in crimes of violence." In Cincinnati *The Commercial Tribune* states that "every agency of robbery is working overtime." In St. Louis conditions have recently compelled Chief of Police O'Brien to organize a "drive" against gunmen, gangsters, and the criminal forces generally. Cleveland's records show 70 murders. Detroit confesses to an increase in homicides and robberies over its average for the last six years. In San Francisco the head of the detective bureau reports that "crimes of violence have increased since the advent of prohibition." In Seattle "robberies, hold-ups, and burglaries have been occurring with disturbing frequency," according to the Seattle *Times*, which adds: "The entire country is experiencing a veritable epidemic of crime."

Each day we are in receipt of many inquiries from readers asking our opinion of the reliability and worthiness of various charitable enterprises soliciting subscriptions by mail from the charitably inclined throughout the country.

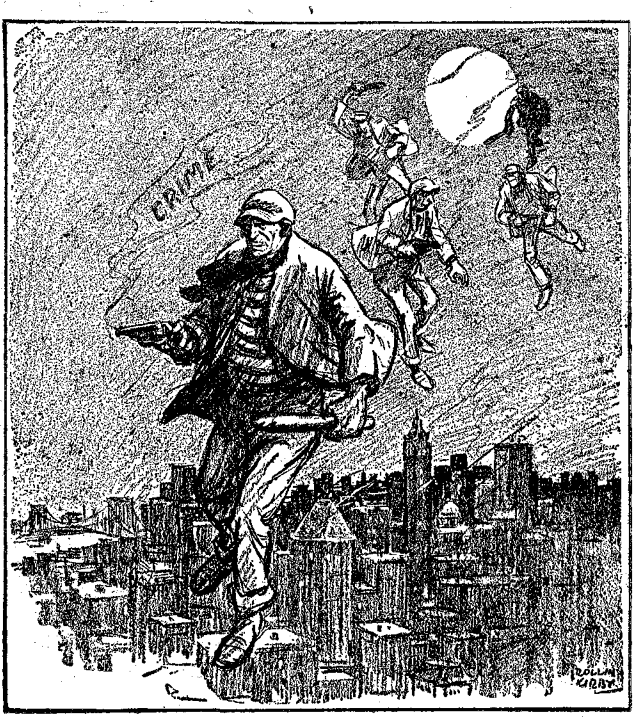
We are not in a position to investigate all of these organizations. There is, however, an association that supplies just that kind of information. It is called the National Information Bureau, and is located at No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. This organization will be glad to give reports when asked.

The assurances of police authorities in some of these cities that there is "nothing abnormal" in the crime situation merely adds emphasis, in the opinion of the press, to a problem which seems to be more acute with us than with any other great civilized nation. In the annals of city crime, apparently, we enjoy a startling and unenviable preeminence. This is revealed by a comparison of our crime statistics with those of Europe. Such a comparison is made by Raymond B. Fosdick in his "American Police Systems." From this book we learn that New York City in 1916, with a population of less than 6,000,000, had six times the number of homicides that London had, with its population of more than 7,000,000, while in 1917 the homicides in New York City exceeded by fifty-six the total homicides of England and Wales together. In 1918 New York again had six times more homicides than London, and exceeded the total homicides of England and Wales by sixty-seven. In 1916, Chicago, only one-third the size of London, had 105 murders, or nearly twelve times London's total. That same year gives Chicago, with its 2,500,000 people, twenty more murders than England and Wales with their 38,000,000 people. To quote Mr. Fosdick further:

"Statistics of this kind could be multiplied at length. In the three-year period 1916–1918 inclusive, Glasgow had 38 homicides; Philadelphia, which is only a trifle larger, had during this same period 281. Liverpool and St. Louis are approximately the same in size; in 1915 St. Louis had eleven times the number of homicides that Liverpool had, and in 1916 eight times the number. Los Angeles, one-twentieth the size of London, had two more homicides in 1916 than London had for the same period; in 1917 she had ten more than London had. Cleveland, Ohio, one-tenth the size of London, had more than three times the number of homicides in 1917, and approximately twice the number in 1918. . . . . .

"Equally significant is the comparison of burglary statistics between Great Britain and the United States. In 1915, for example, New York City had approximately eight times as many burglaries as London had in the same period, and nearly twice the number of burglaries reported in all England and Wales. In 1917 New York had four times as many burglaries as London, and approximately the same number as occurred in England and Wales. In 1918 the burglaries which the police reported in New York were approximately two and a half times those in London. Chicago in 1916 had 532 more burglaries than Londone; in 1917, 3,459 more; in 1918, 866 more; and in 1919, 2,146 more. Detroit and Cleveland generally report several hundred more burglaries per annum than London, altho London is seven or eight times larger. The annual burglaries in St. Louis always exceed those in London. The disproportionate number of burglaries occurring in American cities as compared with English cities is reflected in the prevailing burglary insurance-rates of the two countries. Due to differences in insurance practises and methods, exact comparisons are impossible, but enough has been gathered from careful investigation to warrant the general conclusion that burglary-rates in American municipalities are from fifteen to twenty times higher than in the principal cities of England.

"Even more startling are the statistics of robbery. New York City in 1915 reported 838 robberies and assaults with intent to rob where London had 20 and England, Wales, and Scotland together had 102. In 1916 New York had 886 such crimes to London's 19, and England, Wales, and Scotland's 227. In 1917 New York reported 864 to London's 38, while England, Wales, and Scotland reported 233. In 1918 New York had 849, while London had 63 and England and Wales had 100. Practically the same proportion exists between Chicago's robberies and those in Great Britain. In 1918, for example, Chicago had 22 robberies for every one robbery in London, and 14 robberies for every one robbery in England and Wales. Washington, D.C., in 1916 had 64 more robberies than all of England, Wales, and Scotland put together; in 1917 she had 126 more than these three countries. Cities like St. Louis and Detroit, in their statistics of robbery and assault with intent to rob, frequently show annual totals varying from three times to five times greater than the number of such crimes reported for the whole of Great Britain."



NEW YORK'S RED TERROR.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

A recent bulletin of the New York Bureau of Social Hygiene states that crimes of all kinds are more numerous in America than in European countries. And Frederick L. Hoffman, who compiles homicide statistics for a New York insurance journal called *The Spectator*, avers that "human life was never as insecure in the United States as it is to-day," and that "our national apathy in this matter is an indictment of our alleged civilization." Mr. Hoffman's statistics for 1919 are for thirty-one American cities with a total population of about 20,000,000; and they show that the death-rate from homicides in these cities increased from an average of 8.2 per 100,000 during 1909–13 to 8.8 during 1914–18 and 9.1 during 1919. The highest homicide-rate for 1919, which is 55.9 per 100,000, is attributed to Memphis, Tennessee, and the lowest, 2.5 per 100,000, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Commenting on his tables, Mr. Hoffman says:

"The homicide record for the year 1919 is of unusual interest on account of the anticipated effect of national prohibition. Perhaps it is too early to expect far-reaching changes in homicidal frequency, but it is certainly contrary to popular expectation that the rate for 1919 should actually have been higher than during the preceding year when alcoholic liquors were freely sold in most of the cities under review. In fact, with the exception of 1916 and 1917 the rate for 1919 was the highest on record since the commencement of the present investigation into the rate of homicidal frequency of thirty-one cities representative of urban conditions throughout the country at large."

What are the causes behind the startling prevalence of crime in the United States? Mr. Fosdick reluctantly concludes that "with all its kindliness and good nature the temper of our communities contains a strong strain of violence," and "we lack a high instinct for order"; and the Chicago *Tribune* not long ago affirmed that "there is probably more undisciplined, egotistic, mischievous force in the United States than in any other country of first rank in the world." But other explanations are advanced as well. Mr. Fosdick, in his new book on our police systems, divides the blame between our faulty judicial system, our national habit of enacting unenforceable laws, our dislike of "experts" in government, and the control of our police machinery by politics. He also points out that our problem is greatly complicated by the heterogeneous nature of our city populations. But in this connection a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* cites various authorities to prove that we can not unload on the foreign-born element of our population the responsibility for our criminal record. One of these authorities is the United States Immigration Commission, from whose report he quotes these sentences:

"No satisfactory evidence has yet been produced to show that immigration has resulted in an increase in crime disproportionate to the increase in adult population. Such comparable statistics of crime and population as it has been possible to obtain indicate that immigrants are less prone to commit crime than are native Americans."

Noting that "all the large cities are complaining of a crime wave which appears to have the same general features in all," and that "one feature of this wave is the extent of youthful criminality," the Baltimore *American* remarks:

"Some ascribe it to the inevitable reaction of the war, with that terrible conflict's disturbance of all normal conditions. The unsettled frame of mind in which it left the young men who lived in a feverish state of excitement in the army, and who can not adjust themselves readily to the routine of ordinary life, is doubtless responsible for much."

Our lax administration of criminal law, says ex-President William Howard Taft, is one reason that crime flourishes with us. Writing in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Mr. Taft says:

"For years the administration of the criminal law in many of our State courts has been humiliatingly inefficient and a real disgrace to our civilization. The theory that ninety-nine guilty men should escape rather than that one innocent man should be punished has been carried in practise to a ridiculous extreme. . . . .

"We are suffering from overenthusiasm in the devising of criminal laws to make people good and to reach results that can not in the nature of things be attained in this way. The failure to enforce these laws always adds to the disrespect for law and greatly enlarges a class of violators of law immune from prosecution. For a time, at least, this must be the effect of prohibition laws."

The ease with which thugs and gunmen can make their escape in automobiles after a crime is a factor in the situation, remarks the Boston *Herald;* "and the opportunities afforded them for acquiring weapons is another." In Detroit, according to Police Commissioner James W. Inches, the situation is further complicated by "rum-running" from Canada, "which has brought to Detroit criminals from all parts of the United States." Turning again to Mr. Fosdick's book, we find the case thus stated against making the police department part of the political spoils system:

"Every American police department is a graveyard of projects and improvements which, had they been developed to maturity, would have reconstituted the police work of the city. They have died because the particular administration sponsoring them has met the fate of all municipal administrations, and the succeeding régime, to justify its existence, has had to discredit the work and aims of its predecessor."

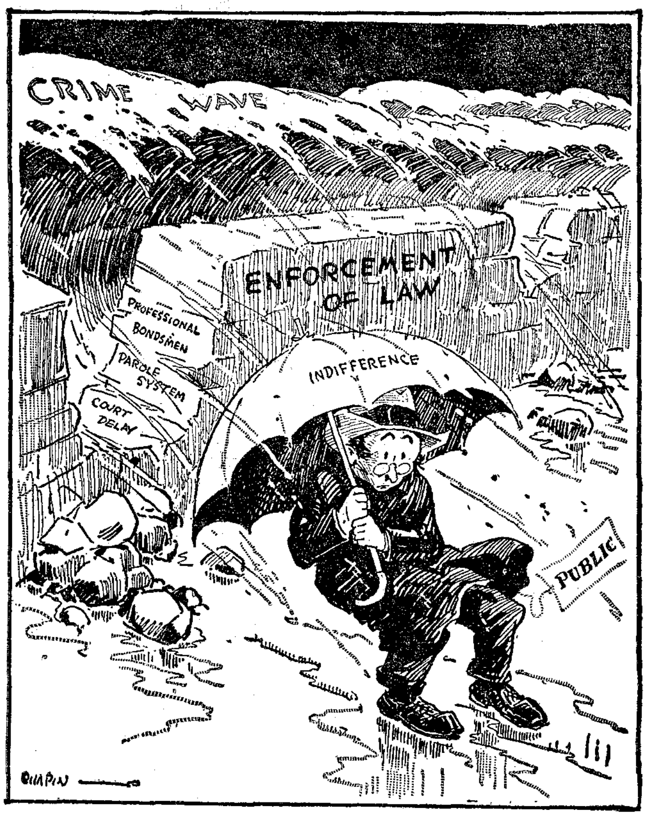
Searching for a remedy for our epidemic of crime, the press naturally watch with interest the effect of Chicago's campaign. While some see only discouragement in the fact that most of the persons rounded up in the police raids were afterward dismissed or fined a trifling sum, others think that Police Chief Fitzmorris has pointed the way by serving notice on the criminal element that its activities will no longer be tolerated, and by attacking those breeding-places of crime, the gambling-houses, bootlegging headquarters, and "clubs." Mayor Thompson calls upon the State of Illinois to "mobilize" against the criminals, and it is proposed to amend the criminal code to make robbery with the aid of a revolver punishable by life imprisonment.

The Peoria *Transcript* fears that if this anticrime campaign of Chicago's is sustained "the crooks will seek refuge in other cities of the State until vigilance is relaxed over their old haunts." The reason that crime has hitherto seemed unhindered in Chicago, says *The Tribune* of that city, is that "its beneficiaries have what the self-respecting majority has not—organization and system." "Raids are not enough," it warns us, and continues:

"The drastic changes needed in our machinery of public protection and law enforcement must come through deeply aroused public morale, and this can be insured only by organized effort of all the agencies of decent living and civic reform and business and community betterment throughout the city. *The Tribune* will continue to do its part in this campaign. The Crime Commission will go steadily forward. The most energetic members of the bench and of the council and of the law-enforcing branches of our various governments will work with a will. But they must be joined by the churches and by all the civic associations, which together may concentrate such pressure upon the centers of government and law agencies that the influences of organized vice and crime and their allies in politics and office will be overwhelmed. As *The Tribune* pointed out a year ago, 'if the people are to crush this ugly combination it must be by combination.' We must meet organization and system with organization and system."

And in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* we read:

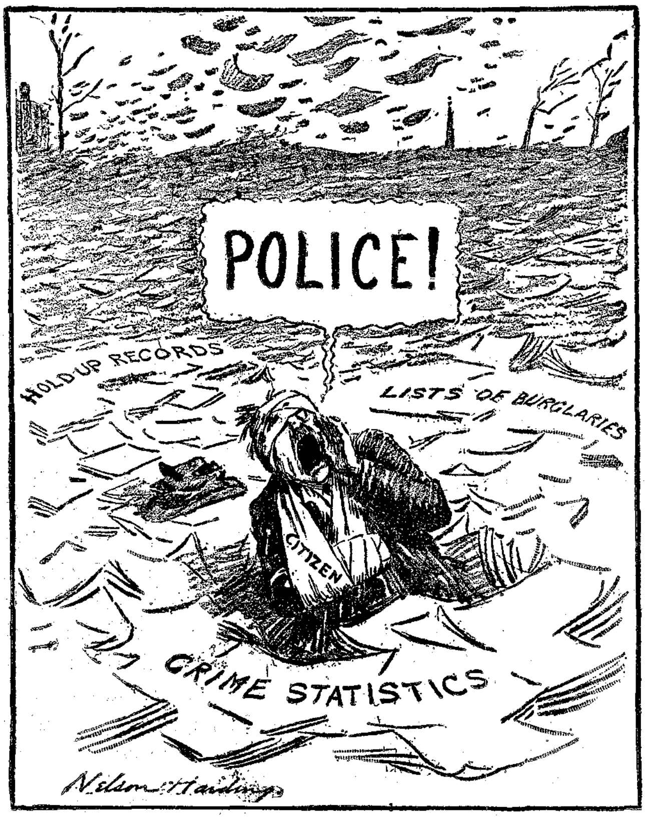
"It is to be hoped that the present housecleaning of American cities will not be the matter merely of a temporary exercise of zeal and enthusiasm. It will be of no avail if the new broom is allowed to become ragged and unserviceable. Too many crusades of this sort have been allowed to dwindle to nothingness and the enemies of society allowed to come back again into their unlawful own. Eternal vigilance is the price not only of peace, but of law and order as well."



GET BUSY, PLUG UP THE HOLES IN THE DIKE.

—Chapin in the St. Louis *Star*.

"Probably Chicago is pointing the way to a solution of the crime problem that presses upon the larger cities of the country," remarks the Minneapolis *Tribune*, which goes on to say in defense of "drag-net" raids:



A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"It is a rather safe assumption that any able-bodied man of sound mind who has not been engaged in gainful occupation in the last year or so, when employment was unusually plentiful, is open to a reasonable suspicion that there is something wrong with him. In a time when so many crimes of violence are being committed, the authorities of the larger cities are justified in going to unusual lengths to discover 'who is who' in the community. There is an existent 'emergency' not unlike that which prevails in war-time, and emergencies call for emergency treatment. If there should be a temporary reversal of the principle that every man should be considered innocent until he is proved guilty, the reversal may be excused on the ground of serving a public good."

Less imprest by the Chicago raids is the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune*, which remarks that "everybody, including the criminals, has enjoyed a baptism of notoriety, and nobody, including the criminals, has been hurt." Equally cynical is the comment of the New York *World*, which, under the heading "How Cities Are Hoodwinked," editorializes as follows:

"This sort of thing takes place in most of our large cities when public complaint against lawlessness can no longer be brushed aside or when a change in command at Police Headquarters appears to call for a spectacular display.

"Officials who countenance such raids and gain undeserved applause thereby are usually to blame for the conditions that lead up to them. If the laws were enforced persistently and justly it would never be possible for the authorities to seize hundreds of men known to live by crime. Most suspects of that kind are protected in one way or another—if not by notorious influence, then by police neglect of duty. Where lawlessness is colonized, as it must be to invite wholesale raids, we may be certain that for months or years previously it was winked at and perhaps encouraged."

THE NEW AND GREATER ROUMANIA

ROUMANIA WENT INTO THE WAR shaped very much like an old boot, with a remarkably thin ankle section, and emerged a rounded-out, compact, roughly circular nation of nearly three times its former size. Its area, in 1914, was 53,489 square miles. With the recent additions of Transylvania, Bukovina, and Bessarabia, it now includes, according to estimates made by the map experts of the Matthews-Northrup Works, 122,282 square miles of territory. Its population has been increased, by the same recent treaties which enlarged its geographical domain, from 7,771,341 to 17,393,149. Roumania is one country, at least, which seems to be pretty well satisfied by the outcome of the war. "We have achieved what was our dream for more than a thousand years," said the new Roumanian Foreign Minister, Take Jonescu, in a recent speech in London, as quoted by the London *Telegraph*. "We are now in a position to show whether we are worthy or not of the sacrifices that have been made for us."

The present kingdom of Roumania, as may be seen by comparing the latest map, printed on the opposite page, with the historical records cited by a writer in the current edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, includes practically the same territory which once constituted the old Roman province of Dacia, conquered by Trajan's legions early in the Christian era. The land was thoroughly Romanized in the following centuries, and the Roumanian of to-day is considered by many authorities to be a direct descendant of the old Roman conquerors and colonizers. The language of the peasants, notes a philological expert writing in the Encyclopedia Britannica, "represents the original rustic Latin of the Roman provincials in Mœsia and Dacia, as modified by centuries of alien rule. . . . Some words retain unaltered the forms under which they were used by Vergil and Cicero."

The state of Roumania as it existed prior to the war, as Prof. Basil Stoica, now a Commissioner of the Roumanian Government in New York, observes in a recent article in the New York *Tribune*, was formed in 1859, by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, which had both existed as consolidated states since the early twelfth century, and were from the beginning of the sixteenth down to their union autonomous principalities under Turkish suzerainty. The pressure of the Magyars on the west, of the Muscovites on the northeast, and of the Turks on the south, prest the kingdom into the peculiar shape which it presented at the beginning of the war. Of the large territories which it has annexed, Transylvania is generally admitted to be preponderantly Roumanian in nationality. The annexation of Bessarabia, which formerly belonged to Russia, has been attacked by ex-Premier Kerensky and others as a plain theft of Russian territory. Professor Stoica, answering this contention in a booklet called "Bessarabia" (George H. Doran Company), says that Bessarabia was ceded to Russia by the Turks in 1812, when, "save for the southeastern corner of the province, the population was everywhere purely Roumanian," and only the fringe along the sea was in reality a Turkish province. The two Turkish commissioners were afterward beheaded for giving up this territory, which was not theirs to give, says Professor Stoica, and Russia has held it by force ever since. Answering the objection that "the present population of Bessarabia is about 2,500,000 and the Moldavian part of it constitutes less than 50 per cent.," the Professor writes in a letter to the New York *Tribune:*

> "Indeed, according to the official Russian statistics of 1897, the Roumanians form 48 per cent. of the Bessarabian population; the Russians and Ukrainians together, 19 per cent.; Jews, 11 per cent.; Bulgarians, 5 per cent.; Germans, 3 per cent.; the remainder being small groups of Moslem colonists. Even accepting these data as correct, which they are not, by what right would 19 per cent. Russians and Ukrainians (by the way, two distinct nationalities, who hate one another cordially) overrule the will of 48 per cent.? But the Russian Minister of Education, Casso, says in his book, 'Russia on the Danube': 'The information received by the central departments on Bessarabia is not correct. . . . The Russian Year-Book of 1910, published by the Central Committee on Statistics of the Department of the Interior, in enumerating the nationalities of Bessarabia, does not even mention the Moldavian nation, altho this nation forms more than half of the province's population.'"

Ukrainia, to the northward, which at first objected to the Roumanian annexation of Bessarabia, on July 31 formally accepted the new arrangement and sent a consul to Kishinef.

The present government of Roumania is headed by King Ferdinand I., nephew of the late King Carol, whom he succeeded on October 11, 1914. A Constituent Assembly, elected early last summer, has had its hands full unifying the different constitutions of the Old Kingdom, Bessarabia, Bukovina, and Transylvania. The ethnographical map included in Professor Stoica's booklet on Bessarabia shows a considerable colony of Hungarians in the southeastern corner of Transylvania, now the geographical center of the new kingdom, and colonies of Germans, Bulgars, and Turks along the eastern Black Sea littoral. According to the 1920 issue of the "Statesman's Year-Book" (Macmillan Company):

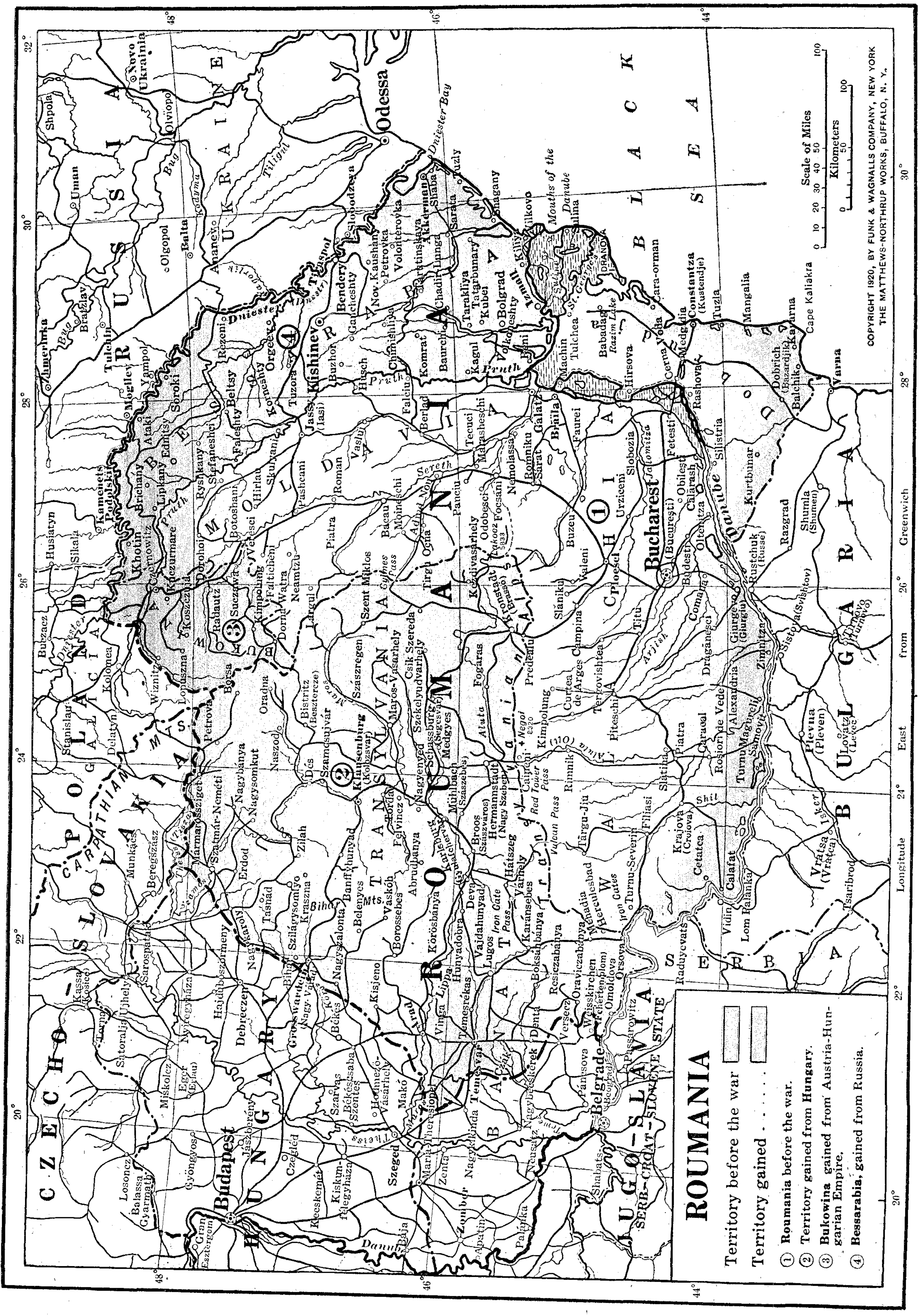
> "Among Roumanians there are racial differences of which the census returns take no account. In Central Moldavia and East Transylvania there are thousands of inhabitants of Magyar descent (Changer and Szeklers); in South Transylvania and in the Banat there are thousands of Saxons and Swabes. In Bukovina and Bessarabia there are some German and Ruthenian colonies. The communes along the Danube have some inhabitants of Bulgarian and Serbian origin; in the Dobrudja there are many foreign elements—Bulgars, Russians, Germans, but the greatest part of them are Turks and Tatars."

There are some three million Jews in the country, according to figures collected by the Encyclopedia Britannica. They constitute one-twentieth of the entire population, said to be "a larger proportion than in any other country."

About 80 per cent. of the entire Roumanian population are engaged in agriculture. In 1900 the country was third, after the United States and Russia, in the production of grain. Here, as in the neighboring agricultural country of Bulgaria, agrarian problems are receiving the attention of the Government. At present, we are told by a writer in a recent number of *Current History* (New York), a Committee on Agrarian Reforms is making progress with "a comprehensive scheme for distributing land to the peasantry."

Dealing with the measure in detail, the writer continues:

> "The budget for the fiscal year 1920–21 carries an appropriation of 90,000,000 lei for this purpose. The land law, the foundations of which were laid in 1917, provides for the expropriation of all landed property over 500 hectares of individual holding in the Old Kingdom and over 100 hectares in Bessarabia, Bukovina, and Transylvania. There is, however, an influential group headed by Professor Iorga and the former Ministers, Dr. Vaida, Lupu, and Mihalache, to reduce the maximum in Roumania proper also to 100 hectares.
>
> "The expropriation measures apply in the first place to estates held in mortmain, and the rich holdings of the Orthodox Church have already been largely broken up. Application of the law meets with determined opposition on the part of some of the Magyar churches in Transylvania, whose sympathizers exert themselves abroad to represent the expropriation proceedings being directed specifically against the Magyars—notwithstanding the fact that all land taken is paid for in full on the basis of prewar values, and that the law is applied to the Roumanian Church with equal vigor. The peasantry pays 65 per cent. of the expropriation price, the remaining 35 per cent. being borne by the state. A period of forty-five years is allowed for payment. A special 'law of pastures' encourages cattle raising on expropriated areas, an industry much needed."


CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
POLAND
GALICIA
RUSSIA
UKRAINE
HUNGARY
JUGO-SLAVIA
SERB-CROAT-SLOVENE STATE
SERBIA
BULGARIA
ROUMANIA
TRANSYLVANIA
MOLDAVIA
WALLACHIA
BUKOWINA
BESSARABIA
DOBRUDJA
BANAT
BLACK SEA
CARPATHIAN MTS.
Transylvanian Alps
Bihar Mts.
Danube
Dniester
Pruth
Sereth
Theiss
Maros
Aluta
Odessa
Kishinev
Bucharest (Bucuresti)
Budapest
Belgrade (Beograd)
Jassy (Iasi)
Czernowitz
Klausenburg (Kolozsvar)
Temesvar
Constantza (Kustendje)
Galatz
Braila
Varna
Rustchuk (Russe)
Iron Gate Pass
Red Tower Pass
Vulcan Pass
Mouths of the Danube
Dniester Bay
Longitude East from Greenwich
20° 22° 24° 26° 28° 30° 32°
44° 46° 48°
Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50 100
Kilometers
0 50 100

ROUMANIA

Territory before the war ▨

Territory gained . . . . . . ▨

① **Roumania** before the war.
② Territory gained from **Hungary.**
③ **Bukowina** gained from Austria-Hungarian Empire.
④ **Bessarabia,** gained from Russia.

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Wide World Photos.

FIRST MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Held in the Hall of the Reformation in Geneva on November 15 Paul Hymans, of Belgium, is in the President's chair.

THE LEAGUE'S SWADDLING-CLOTHES

A CHILD WRAPT IN SWADDLING-CLOTHES, according to a custom not everywhere extinct, may not be a very lively infant, but its immobility is not to be mistaken for death. So the infant League of Nations begins life all bound round with a complexity of prejudices and distrusts and legal limitations and financial difficulties and political obligations, hindrances, and burdens of every kind. Among the observers about the cradle some predict that these wrappings will smother the child, others that the child will manage to survive tho handicapped for a while, and still others believe that these bonds will actually help development into straight and sturdy youth. Many editorial friends of the League are frankly disappointed with the results of the Assembly's sessions at Geneva, anti-Leaguers who once profest to fear a "super-government" now jeer at its "helplessness," while others set themselves to balance fond hopes and gloomy apprehensions against the actual accomplishments reported from the League's headquarters. One view is well represented by the disappointed liberal editor who thus sums up the situation in *The Nation:* "The League, born as a splendid dream of international peace, is settling down to a task of international clerking which it can do well and which it is well that some such organization should do. But success at settling the Aland Islands question or at regulating cable control should deceive no one into believing that this is the League to end war for a vision of which men died." Correspondents of the Hearst newspapers follow up their chief's campaign against the League by reporting that "within the austere hall of the Calvinist Reformation at Geneva the most sordid battle has been engaged in for purely selfish motives under the cloak of the Universal Brotherhood of Man." But a New York *Times* correspondent observes that despite obstacles, both temporary and permanent, the big accomplishment of the Assembly will have been that "forty-one nations met at the same table to discuss their affairs and difficulties. That never happened before in the history of the world." "The solemn declaration of Senator Harding and Senator Lodge that the League was dead was made almost ludicrous by the animation, by no means of a galvanic sort, which marked the opening reading of the Assembly," says the Springfield *Republican.* The League, we are told, "may blow up, and it is necessary to recognize the perils, internal and external, by which it is beset, but it is not likely to pass away quietly in its sleep." For this first session of the League's most popular body showed conclusively, in the opinion of *The Republican,* that it is filling a long-felt want; because, tho executive action is taken by the League Council, "the Assembly does give even the small nations a chance, which in the age of dreadnought states they had lost, to get a hearing and to exert influence. It does for them something like what proportional representation does for minority parties; the great states, like the great parties, may prevail, but it is something—indeed, it is very much—for the smaller groups not to be disfranchised."

"The small nations are in control in the Assembly," says a New York *Herald* writer. In particular, as several correspondents observe, the point has been reached where the Latin-American states are in a fair way to gain a balance of power. Hymans, a Belgian, was elected President. Out of twelve chairmanships and vice-chairmanships of committees, nine were given to Latins, all but three of them from Latin-American countries. At the very opening session a call was made for amending the League Covenant to provide that the member states of the League Council be elected by the Assembly instead of having the big Powers kept in the Council in perpetuity. The Assembly, observes Mr. Charles A. Selden, New York *Evening Post* correspondent at Geneva, as it represents all member states, "does not propose to be the dog wagged by the tail, which latter, in its opinion, is the Council representing only eight states." This attitude is wholesome, declares Mr. Selden, who continues:

> "That there are differences in the Assembly itself and that the Assembly is determined to give greater democracy to the Council are healthy signs of the League's virility and must not be mistaken for weakening dissensions. Another year of such complete and deadly harmony as the Council has displayed since its organization would have been a real danger. Not so this man-fashion give and take of Slavs, Scandinavians, Latins, Anglo-Saxons, and Asiatics."

At Geneva, according to Mr. Selden, it has become an axiom that the defense of the Council in its present form "labels a delegate as a reactionary." The New York *Globe* sees in the contest between the small and neutral nations so powerful in the Assembly and the Great Powers represented in the Council a great struggle between the old statecraft and the new. The dissension, it says, is "between those who stick to the temporary advantages of the old system and those who are willing to make temporary sacrifices in order to promote the new." That is:

> "The neutrals and the smaller nations, who stand to gain most with the least loss, are in favor of complete and immediate acceptance of the new obligations; the belligerents, who have on their hands an immense amount of the spoils of war, are more reluctant.
>
> "The meeting at Geneva has taken the form of a skirmish between the old and the new. The old statecraft won when it was decided that meetings of the powerful Assembly commissions should be held in secret. It won again, if Mr. James, of *The Times*, is to be relied upon, when the representatives of the mandate-holding Powers were given a real, altho not a nominal, control of the mandate commission. It wins whenever the Council takes away a function from the Assembly or assumes a new and arbitrary function of its own.
>
> "But this was to be expected. The ideals of the League preamble can be realized only after a long and persistent assault upon the seats of arbitrary power. Against the will of the secret council chamber, when that will is reactionary, must be directed the will of an informed world public. That is the Assembly's main business, and it is carrying it forward not wholly without success."

On the other hand, some are disappointed at the little progress made along these very lines. In a dispatch to the New York *Herald*, Mr. Laurence Hills says that to many representatives of the small nations the League under its present organization "is appearing more as an alliance of the large Powers to defeat the more liberal aims of the smaller ones." There is disappointment, he says, because no strong stand was taken for disarmament, because all proposals for amending the Covenant were put over until next spring, and because of the failure to organize the international court of justice, "with a compulsory jurisdiction feature which would permit the small nations, provided a large Power was the aggressor, to summon such a Power into the court." Seeing the futility of getting the Great Powers to reduce armaments, "the small nations have lined up behind Brazil's resolution to make the manufacture of armament a state monopoly." Another evident disappointment, we read,

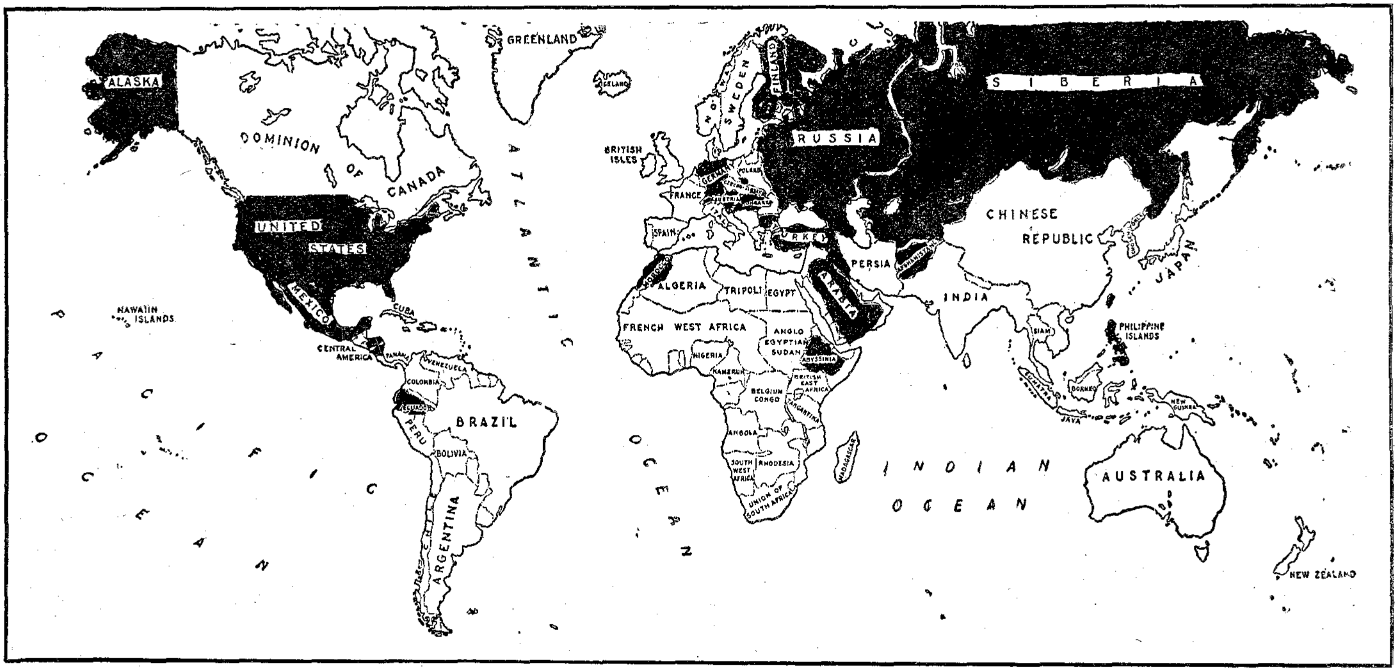
> "Is the discovery that the mandate idea in the Covenant is a mere fiction. Virtually all the non-mandatary nations in the League have the same idea as was exprest by the United States in her note to Great Britain on the Mesopotamian oil case, namely, that all nations have the same advantages economically under the mandate plan, but Great Britain has advanced a theory here from which it is plain she is not to be dislodged from control of the Mesopotamian oil-fields, that she assumed the mandate for Mesopotamia at a heavy loss and that economic privileges must go to the mandatory Power as partial reimbursement when such Power carries 'the white man's burden.' Also it was insisted that mandates were irrevocable; that they constitute perpetual trusteeship."

Tho the Geneva gathering was larger than The Hague conferences, *The Nation* finds two "profound differences," to the discredit of the recent one:

> "Two great nations, Germany and Soviet Russia, are ostracized, uninvited to the meeting; and the little nations enter this conference not with equal rights but as lesser partners in an enterprise bound to the chariot-wheel of the Entente victors. It is this stringent domination of the so-called Great Powers which infects the very basis of the League; this, the difficulty of amendment of the Covenant, and the unanimity required for important decisions which render the Council of the League as helpless as the old Polish Diet in which any one member could veto the decisions of all the others."

The most thoroughgoing condemnation of the Geneva Conference, however, comes from a correspondent of the Hearst papers. As Mr. C. F. Bertelli listened to the speeches at Geneva, he could feel human nature "reverting to the primordial instincts of the cavemen." And he sums up his discoveries about the selfish designs of the Powers represented at Geneva as follows:

> "Great Britain fights for the world's hegemony.
>
> "France wants the League turned into an instrument for the coercion of Germany in order to wring the last cent from her former enemy.
>
> "Italy is keeping in mind her necessity to import iron, wheat, and coal, and she asks the members of the League to pool their own resources of raw materials.
>
> "Japan intends to become a Power of the first magnitude, dictating her policy to the white races, and she covets Siberia.
>
> "The smaller countries act as satellites to their chosen bigger Powers, and take the attitude of beggars in order to achieve their own particular ends, while Chile and Peru apparently have come to Geneva only to call each other names.
>
> "The Assembly is a beehive of gossip and intrigue, the delegates engaged in a catch-as-catch-can game. Everybody seems demoralized by the very atmosphere permeating the entire organization.
>
> "When a courageous member of the League dares to speak


ALASKA
GREENLAND
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UNITED STATES
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CUBA
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COLOMBIA
ECUADOR
PERU
BRAZIL
BOLIVIA
CHILE
ARGENTINA
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
BRITISH ISLES
NORWAY
SWEDEN
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AFGHANISTAN
INDIA
CHINESE REPUBLIC
KOREA
JAPAN
SIAM
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
SUMATRA
BORNEO
JAVA
NEW GUINEA
FRENCH WEST AFRICA
NIGERIA
KAMERUN
ANGLO EGYPTIAN SUDAN
ABYSSINIA
BRITISH EAST AFRICA
BELGIUM CONGO
TANGANYIKA
ANGOLA
SOUTH WEST AFRICA
RHODESIA
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA
MADAGASCAR
INDIAN OCEAN
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS MAP OF THE WORLD.
The white regions show the territory represented in the League, the countries marked black are not yet members.

in the name of justice, his words are left unanswered amid the general indifference.

"Never before has the absence of the United States from a world council been so noticeable.

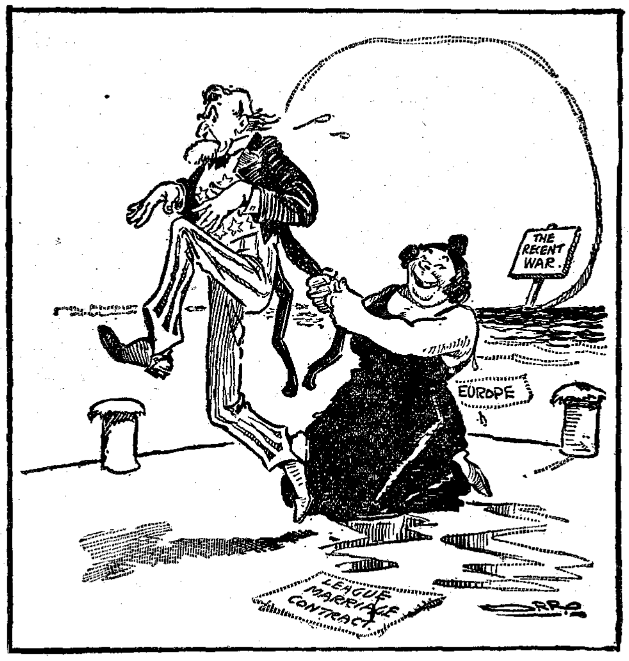
"The League lacks the moral foundation which only the United States can give it.

"Every one present is a member of a delegation of a nation that profited from the armistice somehow or other."

A writer more friendly to the League, Mr. Edwin L. James, correspondent of the New York *Times*, finds two very serious barriers to the League's success, which were disclosed at Geneva:

"First, the fact that the world-war has not been finished long enough to permit sincere cooperation by the nations of the world.

"Secondly, the absence of the United States and Germany."



HE SAVED HER LIFE—AND NOW SHE WANTS HIM TO MARRY HER.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Mr. James explains with some care the importance of these barriers which, he thinks, time may remove:

"I have said that the meeting has taken place too near the Great War. How can this be better shown than in the question of disarmament, a matter about which League enthusiasts hoped to make great progress at the meeting? But Bourgeois, for France, lays down the hard fact that France will not take a single step until Germany fulfils the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and until the Allies have the complete power of investigating the state of German armament. Yet Bourgeois admits that Germany has begun to fulfil the Treaty terms, and that is considered hope for the future.

"Again, France is absolutely against the entry of Germany into the League and has blocked it until Germany shows a better disposition toward the fulfilment of the Treaty terms. This is another echo of the war. Many delegates express the opinion that it was a mistake to give the League any task in enforcing the Treaty, for whenever any question of that sort comes up those countries which were neutral during the war scoff.

"The absence of the United States also places a barrier on the whole question of disarmament. This Assembly will name a commission to study the problem, but the question may be asked, how is any one to suppose that England and Japan will agree to limit the number of their war-ships while America, not being a member of the League, does not submit to a similar undertaking?

"The absence of America and Germany also compromises the position of the World Court and is responsible for a certain shyness toward it by the Powers in the League. There is a distinct unwillingness to give the court power to hale all independent nations before it, and without this power, Elihu Root said at The Hague, the World Court is not very much of a fact.

"America's absence also hinders progress toward amending the Covenant, which is held to need changes, and now the leaders have decided it would be better not to take up amendments until after they know where America stands."

OIL TROUBLING THE DIPLOMATIC WATERS

THE WORLD IS OIL MAD, declared a British knight who recently visited our shores. "Certainly the world has a tremendous oil thirst," agrees the Newark *Evening News*, "and the nations are elbowing each other—none too politely—in the neighborhood of the oil-springs of the Near East." In our State Department and in the chancelleries of Europe this elbowing becomes a subject for polite notes of remonstrance on one hand and assurance on the other. Secretary Colby's recent note to Lord Curzon, British Foreign Secretary, concerning Mesopotamia, insisted, in the words of the Springfield *Republican*, "upon the claim of equality of economic opportunity for the United States regardless of its non-membership in the League of Nations." Other editors point out, however, that "oil" was the burden of the note, and the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* declares that it "was framed in counsel with the oil interests of this country, and may be regarded as representing the views of that great industry." A Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* says London editors were quick to intimate that the sole motive behind Secretary Colby's note was to enable the United States to share in the oil of Mesopotamia, but this is denied by Washington officials; "the United States had nothing in mind except principle," they aver.

At any rate, says the Seattle *Times*, "the game of 'freeze-out' is being played on a gigantic scale in oil-producing regions." In explanation the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* declares that "the British bar civilians of all countries—their own included—from prospecting for oil in Mesopotamia, but British army experts go on developing 'for military purposes.'" Oil, therefore, thinks this paper, "bids fair to replace gold as the chief subject of international differences in the future." "In Mesopotamia there is oil, and this is the oil age," significantly adds the Boston *Globe*, which also reminds us that "what the United States is asking on the subject of Mesopotamia oil is exactly what we have always been willing to grant to the whole world."

The note of the British Government, to which Secretary Colby's note is said to be a reply, has not been made public, altho it was received by our Government last August. In consequence, the American people have heard but one side of the controversy. In his latest note Secretary Colby said, among other things:

"I need hardly refer again to the fact that the Government of the United States has consistently urged that it is of the utmost importance to the future peace of the world that alien territory transferred as a result of the war with the Central Powers should be held and administered in such a way as to assure equal treatment to the commerce and to the citizens of all nations. Indeed, it was in reliance upon an understanding to this effect, and expressly in contemplation thereof, that the United States was persuaded that the acquisition under mandate of certain enemy territory by the victorious Powers would be consistent with the best interests of the world.

"It is assumed, accordingly, that your statements with reference to Mandate A, together with the statement that the draft mandates for Mesopotamia and Palestine have been prepared with a view to secure equality of treatment for the commerce and citizens of all states which are members of the League of Nations, do not indicate a supposition on your part that the United States can be excluded from the benefits of the principle of equality of treatment.

"This Government is pleased to find that his Majesty's Government is in full sympathy with the principles formulated in its communications of May 12 and July 28. But it is unable to concur in the view contained in paragraph 15 of your note, that the terms of the mandates can properly be discust only in the Council of the League of Nations and by the signatories of the Covenant. . . . . . .

"The United States, as a participant in that conflict and as a contributor to its successful issue, can not consider any of the

> Associated Powers, the smallest not less than itself, debarred from the discussion of any of its consequences, or from participation in the rights and privileges secured under the mandates provided for in the treaties of peace.
>
> "The United States is undoubtedly one of the Powers directly interested in the terms of the mandates, and I therefore request that the draft mandate forms be communicated to this Government for its consideration before their submission to the Council of the League."

"We did take part, and an important part, in the far more vital business of winning the war which made the Treaty of Versailles and the distribution of mandates possible," the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* reminds us. "The Covenant of the League of Nations was not in existence when our boys went under fire at the Marne," adds this paper, and the Washington *Star* agrees that "if the United States has any rights as an associate in the winning of the war, and as signatory to the Treaty, they are not lessened by the fact that ratification has not yet been effected." "Whether we join the League or not," declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "we are bound to see to it that other nations do not monopolize the economic benefits to be derived from the exploitation of territory we helped to free from the Central Powers." The Baltimore *American* believes that we would have "a less-privileged position" as a member of the League than we now have out of it, as in the League we would be "subject to and bound by League decisions." But, declares the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "In the League or out of it, the United States has every right to ask to be consulted respecting the terms of the proposed mandates over Turkish or German territory. Natural resources in those territories should be developed primarily for the benefit of the respective resident populations and not in the interest of the mandatory Power.
>
> "The United States is not a member of the League, but it may become one, or it may suggest the creation of a new association of nations. In any case, the mandate principle will undoubtedly be recognized and established as infinitely superior to the policy of grabbing conquered territory and exploiting it for the exclusive benefit of the state that holds the mandate."

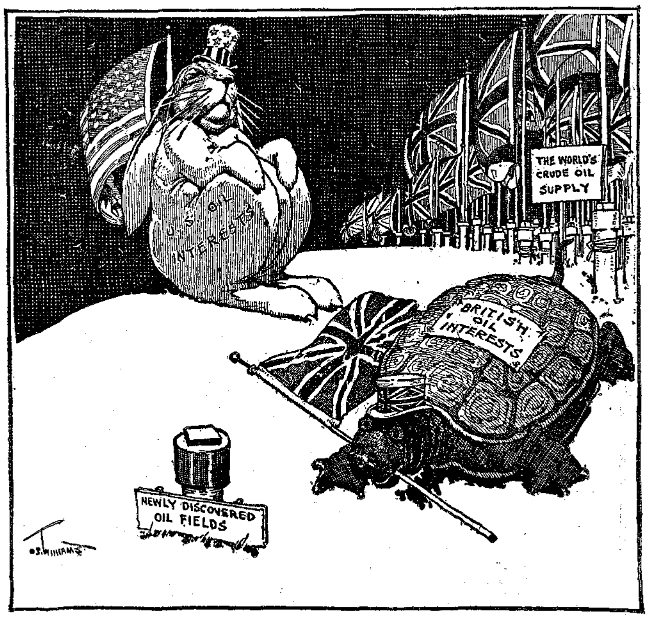
"The United States is just as much interested in these mandates . . . as any nation that is a member of the League, and every mandate question that arises . . . should also be referred to the United States," asserts the Des Moines *Register*. "It is not a Democratic or a Republican question, but a national question, that the possible disintergration of the Mesopotamian mandate has raised," adds *The Register*, and we read on:

> "The relation of the mandate principle to the League of Nations is not incidental, but fundamental. It was not grafted to a League, nor was a League grafted to it. They are part of the same growth, mutually dependent parts of the same idea, and will survive or fall together."

"Important as the oil question is," points out the Indianapolis *News*, "it is less important than the observance of the provisions of the League Covenant with reference to mandates. Under this Covenant it was intended that mandatory nations should be trustees, not simply for the League, but for the world. The question really is whether the selfish interests of the mandatory nations shall prevail rather than those of the people subject to the mandate, and of civilization." Then *The News* cites the San Remo agreement entered into by England and France last April:

> "By the recent San Remo agreement 75 per cent. of the oil of Mesopotamia was assigned to Great Britain and 25 per cent. to France. It was also provided that any private petroleum company which may develop the Mesopotamia oil-fields shall be under permanent British control. There could hardly be a clearer violation of the spirit and indeed, as is believed, the letter of the League Covenant than this arrangement."

"In dealing with a great international question like that of oil supply it is deplorable that petty national jealousies should be permitted to cloud the issue," remarks the New York *Journal of Commerce*. "Let us remember that if another war is to come it will mainly be in the air and under the sea; that the motor force for hostile activities must be oil, and that the control of the world's supply of oil by the Allies would make war by any future enemy a practical impossibility." This responsible business journal then notes that "the per capita consumption of petroleum in the United States has been 220 gallons, as against an average of 14 gallons per capita for the whole world," including this country. Of approximately eight million motor-cars in the world, all but half a million are in the United States, we are told, besides about ninety per cent. of the world's supply of internal-combustion engines. Furthermore, points out the Baltimore *Sun*, "the United States is now importing eighty-five million barrels of petrol annually, consumption having mounted far beyond our domestic production." "The facts of the situation," adds *The Journal of Commerce*, "are these:



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THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE.

—Williams in the New York *American*.

> "The world production of petroleum in 1918 was seventy million tons, of which fifty million was credited to the United States. The total British Empire production was two million eighty thousand, and that of Persia, virtually controlled by Great Britain, was one million five hundred thousand tons. In other words, the United States produces in her own territory nearly 70 per cent. of the world's total output, and if the quantity produced by American companies in Mexico is added we should have a figure representing at least 80 per cent. of the entire world's oil supply. On the other hand, the British Empire, with Persia added, has so far achieved nearly 4½ per cent. of the whole."

But "the amount of oil possest by the United States has nothing to do with the morality of Britain's action in Mesopotamia; American oil was not acquired under pretense of a mandate and then transformed into a monopoly, declares the Washington *Post*, which then reminds us that Mr. Lloyd George "made a strong argument against America holding all the German ships she had acquired," saying that "they belonged to all the nations that had fought on the Allied side."

Secretary Colby's note will serve to focus attention on British policy in Mesopotamia," thinks the Boston *Transcript*. And—

> "British actions in this remote quarter of the globe furnish a test not only of the whole mandate principle, but of the motives and the purposes underlying post-war European diplomacy. If the San Remo agreement is used to advance British commercial supremacy in Mesopotamia, the world will have good cause to become suspicious of all the diplomatic bargains made by the Powers of Europe. The note of the Department of State provides the British Government with an opportunity to explain whether or not it is acting in good faith in Mesopotamia. The world awaits and expects a prompt reply."

WAR-TIME OFFENDERS OUT OF JAIL

"SHIRKERS, SKULKERS, AND INGRATES" are some of the harsh appellations applied by the Grand Rapids *Press* to the thirty-three "conscientious objectors" released by Secretary of War Baker in time to enjoy Thanksgiving dinner at home. "Presumably, following Mr. Baker's usual custom, they were given full back pay and new suits of clothes," adds this paper. These "C. O's," as they are designated by some editors, "were the worst of the lot, for they not only declined to fight for their country, but refused to do any work whatever, altho displaying hearty appetites at meal-time." "These men stood in the way of the nation's safety," charges *The American Legion Weekly* (New York); "they had the choice between self and sacrifice, and they chose to be selfish at a time when selfishness needed to be submerged in the name of public necessity." "The action of Secretary Baker constitutes an insult to every loyal member of the American Expeditionary Forces, and it aroused a feeling of resentment which marred an otherwise placid Thanksgiving day," declares the Washington *Post*. And *The Post* further unburdens itself in a scathing arraignment of Secretary Baker and the "cringing, skulking cowards" whom he released:

"Doubtless Secretary of War Baker feels entirely justified in extending clemency to the thirty-three conscientious objectors who have just been given the freedom enjoyed by some six hundred others of their ilk. But if 'the quality of mercy is not strained,' why does Secretary Baker not extend his clemency further and open the doors of military prisons to all offenders except murderers? For there is no type of criminal so repulsive to the patriotic citizen as the cringing, skulking coward who refuses to fight for his flag and country.

"Under the operation of the law, these men were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, but after the armistice the Administration's policy of leniency began to develop and one by one they were released until but thirty-three remained. Now these have been given their freedom.

"This action is the culminating act of a Secretary of War who has been apparently unable to understand the spirit of America. These recalcitrants now turned loose are Americans, not enemy aliens. It was as much their duty to defend America in war as it would be to assist in putting out a fire or defending their families against invaders. For every one of them who skulked and shirked his duty, another American boy suffered extra risk and assumed extra duty.

"It is not the fault of these skulkers that the United States did not lose the war. They have no right to enjoy the liberty that they refused to fight for and which others earned for them."

But, declares Secretary Baker:

"Each case has been considered on its merits, and the principle on which they have been considered is to remit so much of the sentence as exceeds the normal peace-time penalty for the offenses charged.

"The major part of these men have been in confinement for more than two years. Those last discharged were men who had refused to do any sort of work while in confinement."

However, points out *The American Legion Weekly*, "the severity of this penance can hardly be expected to impress those soldiers who have been in hospitals for two years and more with tuberculosis contracted in the service," and the Grand Rapids *Press* reminds us that there are numbers of soldiers "who faced Hun bullets in France, and who, for some infraction of military discipline, were sentenced to long terms in prison, and still are imprisoned." "Why not extend amnesty to them, too?" asks the Michigan paper.

The Commander of the American Legion, however, says he is glad these prisoners have been released by Secretary Baker, and gives his reasons:

"I am glad that Secretary Baker has released these men; glad that he completed the job he started long ago of releasing the men who refused the first duty of citizenship, who proved untrue to American ideals, and who outlawed themselves forever in the estimation of all American patriots.

"I am glad he got them off his mind, for they seemed to be his first consideration. I hope that Mr. Baker will now find time to consider the cases of the men who served their country; who went to France to fight and who did not object to serving their country; men who went A. W. O. L. in France and are serving long prison terms as the result of courts martial.

"Let Mr. Baker consider that in the one case men refused even to bear arms and think what that would have meant for the nation had every one adopted that attitude.

"Let him then consider that men who were willing to fight are serving long terms as the result of indiscretions that are minor compared with the crime of refusing to fight."

The New York *Evening World*, on the contrary, thinks "Secretary Baker's administration has been excellent; certainly it has been courageous. He steered his course between the perils of Prussianism on one hand and sentimentalism on the other." This paper's morning namesake believes that "the release of these prisoners . . . was an act of clemency dictated by common sense," and it reminds us that there is a difference between the "slacker" and the conscientious objector. Says *The World:*

"For the conscientious objector who went to prison there may be excuses that can not hold good for the slacker who evaded service by running away in the hope of beating the law. The true conscientious objector was capable of a kind of moral courage or obstinacy that rendered him the fitting object of a certain respect. The slacker's first instincts were those of cowardice or disloyalty.

"It is a distinction that should be kept in mind by all who have joined in condemning in advance Secretary Baker's course in freeing the conscientious objectors. In their case certainly the law has been vindicated, and by their long imprisonment they have paid the required penalty for denying an obligation of citizenship that the average young man was proud to meet."

"Their continued imprisonment would do no particular good," agrees the Washington *Star*, and it reminds the released men that "they are now fully identified before the country and must take their chances for rehabilitation in public esteem." Furthermore, thinks *The Star*, "their path will not be one of primroses in the best of circumstances."

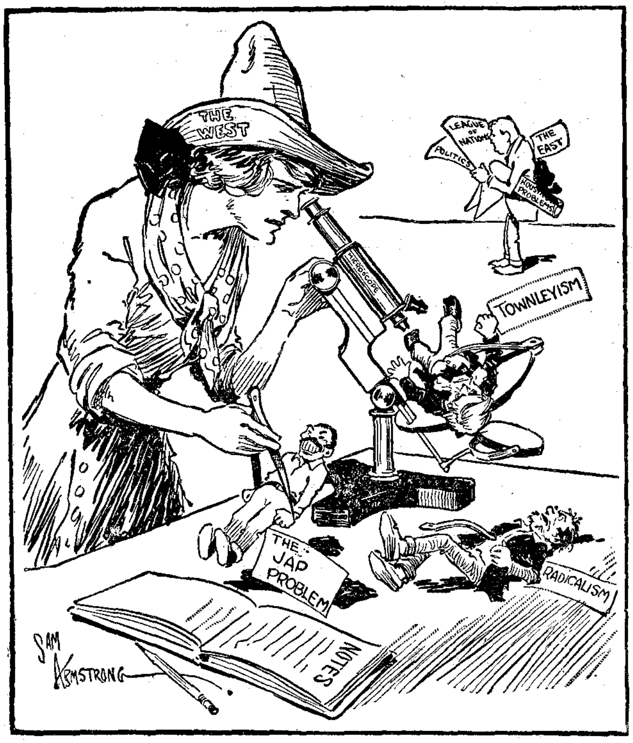
President Wilson, it is recalled by *The Nation* (New York), declined to pardon Eugene V. Debs, Socialist candidate for President in the last election, on the ground that "it would set a bad precedent and would encourage others to oppose the Government in the event of another war." Therefore, points out *The American Legion Weekly*, Secretary Baker's action, should another emergency arise, "will show the prospective conscientious objectors how easily a fellow can get away with it."

At about the same time the conscientious objectors were being freed, what the Boston *Transcript* calls "A Scandalous Pardon" was granted by the President to Franz Rintelen (sometimes known as von Rintelen), the German spy who was captured by the British as he was trying to escape from this country, and turned over to the United States Government upon the assurance that he would be punished for his activities as a spy. "This pardon stains the national honor," asserts this Boston paper, and the Troy *Record* agrees that "a man like Rintelen deserved more to be shot than to have his sentence commuted." His release "will put a premium on plotting," thinks the Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader*, which reminds us that "Rintelen was a spy, a conspirator; not a prisoner of war." Of his many activities in this country before we entered the war, we read in the New York *Tribune:*

"Von Rintelen was tried three times and three times convicted. First, for having conspired to suppress legal American trade; secondly, for fraudulently obtaining a passport; thirdly, for conspiring to destroy ships going from our ports to those of the Allies by putting fire bombs in their cargoes. There were other even more heinous acts connected with the activities of von Rintelen, but the foregoing were the formal accusations. Of his guilt there was no pretense of doubt. He was in the category of a pirate. He was a guerrilla who sought to butcher the citizens of another land with which his country was at peace."

NON-PARTIZAN LEAGUE GAINS

TWO GOVERNORS, one United States Senator, two Lieutenant-Governors, seven Congressmen, and several State officials, such as Secretary of State and Attorney-General, are registered in the recent election as gains by the Non-Partizan League in the States of Wisconsin, North Dakota, and Minnesota, while the States of Montana, Nebraska, Idaho, Colorado, Washington, and South Dakota failed to elect any of the League candidates. In all of the above States, however, the League claims to have gained almost a million votes for Governor in the past two years. Therefore, while some folks are "joyfully assuming that the League is buried beyond hope, and the leaders of the movement insist that reports of its demise are grossly exaggerated," their respective statements, remarks the Lincoln *Nebraska State Journal*, "form an interesting exhibit of the influence of a point of view upon a fact." The New York *Tribune* believes that the Non-Partizan League "has reached and passed its high-water mark," while the Grand Rapids *Press*, which reminds us that "the League sprang into being primarily as the result of injustices to which the farmers of the Northwest had been subjected," argues that "the increased vote must be taken as evidence that the farmers do not believe that these injustices have been removed." "Therefore," declares the Providence *News*, "the League must still be reckoned with as a big force in American politics."



SHE HAS PROBLEMS ALL HER OWN.
—Armstrong in the Tacoma *News-Tribune*.

The first League Senator is Dr. E. F. Ladd, of North Dakota. "Senator Ladd's ability and record of distinguished service will place him immediately beside La Follette, Borah, and other liberal leaders in the Senate," says *The Nation* (New York). "In him the farmers of the country will have a representative in Congress who is honest, who understands their problems, and who is scientific as well as sympathetic. The League might well trade all the rest of its national prospects for one spokesman of such promise." "But his victory is a personal, rather than a party success," thinks the New York *Tribune*. However, there still remain two Non-Partizan Governors—Frazier, who was reelected in North Dakota, and John J. Blaine, the new Governor of Wisconsin. Dr. Ladd, who is president of the North Dakota Agricultural College, wishes to see laws enacted "that will make possible a better marketing system for farmers, and a better system of distribution for their products." Other laws which he writes in the New York *Times* that he would like to see enacted would give—

> "Farmers and consumers the right to legally combine for cooperative selling and buying with no less protection and with no more privileges than are now afforded corporations or monopolies.
>
> "I want to see enacted a commodity law that requires truthful labeling of every article, whether it be clothes, paper, shoes, or sausage.
>
> "I want to see a law enacted that will furnish loans to the farmers at the same rate as the Government makes loans to the banker and at actual cost.
>
> "I want to see a law enacted that will discourage farm tenancy and encourage farm ownership and rural development.
>
> "I want to see a law enacted that will encourage home-building and discourage tenancy and landlordism; a law as good as the Home-Builders Law of North Dakota.
>
> "I want to see a law enacted that will put a stop to all forms of profiteering and make profiteering a penal offense; and I recognize that profiteering is not a cause, but the result from existing conditions and improper laws.
>
> "I want to see a law enacted putting a stop to all forms of gambling and speculation in the essential commodities of life, like wheat, flour, clothing, etc., without in any way destroying the effectiveness of trade conditions.
>
> "I want to see a law enacted and honestly enforced that will extend the benefits of the Federal Land Banks more fully to the needs of our farmers.
>
> "I want to see laws continued or enacted that will protect labor as fully as capital is protected, and with proper tribunals to safeguard their interests, and lives.
>
> "I would like to see the producing farmers of the United States thoroughly organized and a new marketing system evolved so that the farmers themselves control the transportation and sale of their farm products from the point of production up to delivery to the ultimate consumer. If such a policy is good for the Standard Oil Company and others, then it should be equally good for the farmers who are the producers. A scientific system of marketing should help the ultimate consumer to hold down prices to a reasonable margin, to eliminate all of the speculative features, and all of the gambling price-fixing devices such as we now have.
>
> "The farmer has succeeded wonderfully in solving the problem of production, but the food speculator has prevented his securing a just system of distribution until to-day we have the most expensive system of food-distribution the world has ever known."

"The farmer has a real grievance," declares the Litchfield (Minnesota) *Independent;* "he has not been treated right in the grading of his grain, nor in the marketing of his product. His remedy is not Townleyism and socialism, but rather the constructive plan of cooperative marketing. In our judgment, this can best be obtained through such agencies as the farm bureau organization—a farmers' organization for farmers." "The citrus-growers, the raisin-growers, and the fruit-growers of the Pacific coast have shown the way by their successful cooperative marketing organizations," points out the Duluth *Herald*, "and there is no reason why the wheat-growers should not be as successful." Furthermore, adds *The Herald:*

> "The kind of fight that has been made against Townleyism hasn't stopt it in four years. Isn't it about time that a more intelligent kind of fight were being made against it? For it IS a menace—the discontent on which it roots is STILL a menace —not to the home and the family, but to the farmer himself."

As a sample of vigorous criticism of the League, the Utica *Press* says that it "is non-partizan in the sense that it will try to lay its eggs cuckoo-like in the Democratic nest just as quickly as in the Republican; chameleon-like, the League takes on the hue of the strongest," while the Tulsa *Tribune* remarks outspokenly:

> "The Non-Partizan League is the most un-American political movement that has been inaugurated in recent years for the simple reason that it seeks to set up government of, by, and for one vocation. A one-business government is the aim and purpose of this misnamed political adventure—for nothing was

ever more partizan than the Non-Partizan League. The name lies. The movement has amazed the politicians because of its rapid growth. It carried itself into full power in the State government of North Dakota and now it has climbed over the deck-rails and captured the Republican ship of that State as it has also done in the State of Wisconsin, where Senator La Follette, playing to both the pro-German and the Non-Partizan League elements, succeeded in getting his satellite, Blaine, nominated for Governor as a Republican and as a Republican elected.

"The Non-Partizan League is all but in political control in Montana, and it is making substantial gains in Illinois and other States. These gains are not without cause. There is good reason for the protest which the Non-Partizan League registers. Its scheme of government is wrong. Its kind of government can not endure because no government that is built for the benefit of one business can ever endure."

We read further in *The Nation:*

"For the present the Non-Partizan League efforts at a legislative program must be confined to North Dakota and Wisconsin. The programs of the Republican party in Wisconsin will show little identification with the League in name, however much there may be in spirit. Consequently the burden of keeping the League movement alive must rest upon North Dakota. Enough of the old organization remains in power in that State—especially the Governor and the Commissioners of Agriculture and Labor, who constitute a majority on the Industrial Commission—to maintain the present policy intact. The League majority in the State Senate will be able to neutralize the anti-League majority in the lower house in any attempt to legislate the League program out of existence. The future of the League depends upon how successful the present administration is in making the present program a success which will be recognized at home and abroad. If it wins the approval for its achievements, the League can hope to come back at the polls in other States in 1922. Two years is not a long period in which to mature a complicated industrial and social program, but it is perhaps not an impossible task to perform. And in the next two years the atmosphere will have cleared somewhat. By that time the reaction against Republican Bourbonism will be in full swing. By that time possibly, the mass of newspaper falsification and innuendo will have betrayed itself in the light of counter-publicity. Also Townley may no longer be an issue. Perhaps—altho this is a perennial hope of liberals, never fully realized—the public intelligence on economic and political issues will have improved to such an extent that it will be swayed less by innuendo and shibboleth and more by fact and reason."

"Developments in North Dakota during the next two or three months unquestionably will determine whether or not the Non-Partizan League will be able to continue as a political factor," thinks the New York *Tribune.* At any rate, notes the Minneapolis *Tribune,* "with State legislators so evenly divided, and with opposing elements so keen for their own ideas, all signs point to a stormy session of the legislature at Bismarck."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Hint to prices: Do your Christmas dropping early.—*Marion Star.*

Hog prices drop, but hogs are not dropping prices.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

The Shipping Board had several splinters in it.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

A political landslide buries almost everything except the hatchet.—*San Diego Tribune.*

Another little trouble with the world is the long time between thinks.—*Greenville (S. C.) News.*

"Are the females of the species," inquires Apocrypha, "known as Bolshevixens?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Peace in Ireland now waits upon the man who can show both sides a graceful way to let loose.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

We shall be in favor of admitting Germany to the League when the sessions are held in the woodshed.—*Troy Times.*

As the dust clears away, we discover that the landslide started below the peak inhabited by prices.—*Muskogee Phœnix.*

There is seldom a collision between the office seeking the man and the man seeking the office.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The difference between the price of coal at the mines and at your door indicates that the railroads are making expenses now.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

An "absolutely fire-proof building" has been erected in New York. Inquiry develops the fact that it has been insured.—*Boston Transcript.*

Russia's finance commissioners have been directed to prepare a plan for the abolishing of money. They haven't far to go.—*Chicago Tribune.*

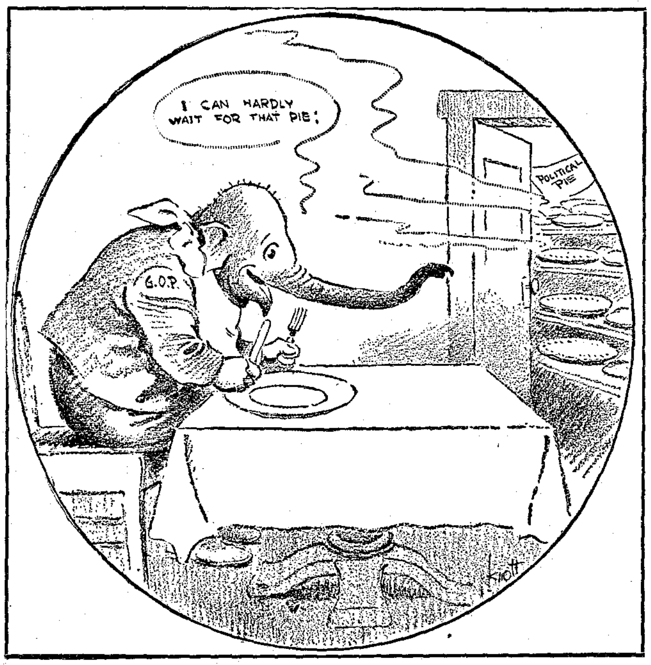
Some of these people who write about Russia should be able to produce excellent articles concerning home life on Mars.—*Albany Times-Union.*

Lord Bryce's announcement that the world is at the brink of an abyss is reassuring. We had imagined we were at the bottom of it.—*Washington Post.*

A bandit after buying a pair of shoelaces at a Union Street store held up the proprietor and took $275. That's starting on a shoe-string. — *Seattle Times.*

There has been a drop in the death-rate. This was to have been expected. Months ago it was reported that the cost of dying had become almost prohibitive.—*Boston Transcript.*

The rise of a statesman's popularity is during that period when he is able to promise every fellow exactly what he wants. The *débâcle* happens when the notes come due and go to protest. —*New York Evening Mail.*


I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THAT PIE!
POLITICAL PIE
G.O.P.
Knott

NO FORCIBLE FEEDING NECESSARY.
—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

Some shivering of timbers in the Shipping Board.—*Boston Herald.*

The Allies appear to be slipping in Greece.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The "best minds" are not those who mind best.—*Nashville Banner.*

Each nation favors disarmament for all other nations.—*Washington Post.*

Shoe prices should be expected to hold out to the last.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

The only reasonable explanation is that Lloyd George is glued to the saddle.—*Louisville Post.*

It seems impossible to equip the peak of high prices with a toboggan-slide.—*New York World.*

Evidently the Shipping Board's system of doing business was the loss-plus plan.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

The Department of Agriculture has confirmed our suspicions by announcing a bumper crop of nuts.—*Troy Times.*

D'Annunzio declares, "I am Gideon." Glad to be corrected. We thought he was merely giddy.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

Doubtless many incompetents were attached to the Shipping Board's pay-roll. Grafted on it, so to speak.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

All was lost save the backbone of the Solid South.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.* Tennessee must have been the sparerib.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Shipping Board developments seem to indicate that in "cost-plus" there was fully as much "plus" as there was "cost."—*Dayton Journal.*

Now that the voice of the people has been heard, all the country needs is somebody who can interpret what they said.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

New York Police Department's theory may be that if the burglars are let alone they'll soon become rich enough to quit.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

If we could only clamp an import duty on the goods Canada is now sending to us, the expenses of the war would soon be paid.—*New York World.*

"Many securities," says a Chicago investment firm, "are practically unsalable at the present time, but might be exchanged for others equally desirable."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Most people feel that there is only one way of mediating between the Turks and the Armenians. That is by mediating the Turks out of the neighborhood.—*New York Evening Post.*

The telegraph division of the Bureau of Posts announces that it can receive two messages simultaneously. After trying to decipher some of them we can readily believe it.—*Manila Daily Bulletin.*

A HUNDRED THOUSAND PRECIOUS LIVES ARE SAVED AS THE FIRST MILLION DOLLARS IS GIVEN

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS added this week drives the Child-Feeding Fund past the first-million mark with a rush. The number of larger contributions is increasing and thousands of gifts are coming from those who waited or who did not see the first appeal.

If you who have given a part of this first million dollars could have seen the smile of joy on Herbert Hoover's face when this news came to him and he knew that the life-saving work of his great organization could go on—if you who have not yet sent your gifts could have seen that glad smile of encouragement and hope—you would have been inspired, as we were, with a new determination that the whole $23,000,000 *must and shall* be raised, that this holy task given to *us all*, as Americans, shall be completed, and that our giving shall not stop until the starving children of Europe have "received good measure, prest down, and shaken together, and running over."

Already *more than a hundred thousand of those precious lives have been saved* by the gifts that have come. What a wonderful thing, almost beyond the power of imagination! Where there might have been a hundred thousand little graves covering the countryside, there will be, instead, one hundred thousand happy children fed and clothed and with faces alight with new health and laughter because of what your gifts have done for them. But it is necessary to turn away from that beautiful picture, because another, sad beyond words, compels our attention. *Thirty-four hundred thousand little children still are waiting*, clinging to life with weak fingers almost ready to let go. Starvation, winter's cold, and disease are too much for them to resist, and unless we save *them also*, their little graves will cover the lands of central and eastern Europe, a bitter reproach to America. The children saved thus far are *only one out of every thirty-five*, and so the call is more urgent than ever. When the hundreds of thousands of Digest subscribers who have not yet responded to this call shall be heard from, and when thousands who can consecrate their Liberty Bonds to the wonderful service of life-saving shall respond to the call made in last week's Digest, then the whole glorious result will be achieved.

How many of you Americans whom God has richly blest with an abundance of wealth will match the splendid gift of that great-hearted Jewish citizen of Chicago, Julius Rosenwald, whose contribution of $50,000 is announced this week? How many will match the $10,000 gifts of Arthur W. Cutten, Jackson Brothers & Co., Julius H. Barnes, William T. Hill, and others of $5,000, announced this week? Hundreds of such gifts are needed, and hundreds of Literary Digest readers are able to make them. We can not doubt for a moment that they will continue to come

A New York business man, sending his check for $1,000, declares that "The families of central Europe are just like other families. Those parents cry when their children suffer, and those children know more of misery than any man or woman who has not seen them could believe. To help them is to do a divine deed, to become a partner with the Almighty. Shall we not show them something of that mercy of God for which we hope ourselves." Lying close to this letter is one from a mother who says, "I am sending a thank-offering that our own baby is properly fed and clothed"; and here is a letter from a poor negro mother in Oklahoma who has as loving and generous a heart as any mother on earth. It is printed exactly as she wrote it: "Please except my humble Disire to help feed the Poor little Children. I am poor and sick now. I know what it is to be hungry and Cold for I have suffered Both. And I am A Mother of Seven Children, who always had to work hard to earn thier Bred. A mother of Affrican Desent But a Christian. And I feel that I can do what I can it makes me think About when my dear Boy was over seas and I could tell how he fared amidst Cold and hunger and bombs. Please except one Dollar if it will do any good. It is all I can do for I am a Poor Southern negro, and I just happen to get hold of a Papper and seen the Call to America. I felt like I was an American too for I was rais in America." Are there not thousands of mothers and fathers, proud and glad to feel that they are Americans, thrilling with mother-love and father-love, who are able to give and will give a hundred times, a thousand times, or ten thousand times as much to prove their love and Americanism as that poor Southern negro mother?

Side by side in the mail we find two letters from women who send the money they had intended to spend for new winter hats. One writes, "I shall wear my old one, and if all the women of America will do the same, God's forsaken lambs will be fed." The other one writes: "I thought that I needed a new hat, but when I saw your appeal for the children of Europe I knew that last year's hat would do for another season. We village teachers can not manage both hats and orphans at the same time." Another New York business man, accustomed to first-class apparel, sends a substantial check with the words: "It is merely the price of a new suit of winter clothes. Your 'Innocents' need food this winter more than I need new clothes." The manager of a large office sends a check with the statement: "I placed a notice on the office bulletin-board asking the workers if they would abstain from lunch for one day and contribute the money to the starving children. Contributions were accepted only from those who fasted." How many men and women at their bounteous meals day by day can think of the three and a half million starving children asking for one little meal a day and then be satisfied to eat their fill without first sending a gift to those who hunger?

Many suggestions are coming to The Digest that the plan of sacrifice be applied systematically in Christmas spending this year, and that most of the Christmas money be used "in His Name," to send comfort and life to the starving children. One correspondent proposes "A dollar Christmas," that is, no presents of greater value than $1 each shall be given, and all the rest of the Christmas money shall go for saving children's lives. The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Illinois writes that after the appeal had been read before the school "the children voted unanimously that the annual gift of Christmas candy should be waived and that the money ordinarily used for that purpose should be forwarded for the starving children in Europe." As a result of that unanimous vote of sacrifice $101 was sent to the Fund.

The great message which these acts of sacrifice, and many more like them, bear to us all is this: If we who are able to do *more* will sacrifice with as generous and loving a purpose as many are doing whose ability is small, the entire twenty-three millions will be subscribed quickly, and three and a half millions of priceless lives will be saved.

Make all checks payable to "The Literary Digest Child-Feeding Fund" and mail them direct to "Child-Feeding," The Literary Digest, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to THE LITERARY DIGEST CHILD-FEEDING FUND, Received to November 29, 1920

$50,000.00—Julius Rosenwald.

$20,176.35—Through "A. R. A."

$10,550.00—Citizens of State of Oregon.

$10,000.00 each—Miami County (Ohio) War Chest; Arthur W. Cutten; Jackson Bros. & Co.; Julius H. Barnes; Wm. T. Hill.

$5,000.00 each—C. A. Stonehill; Joseph Beifield.

$2,000.00 each—Mrs. Alfred H. Smith; "In Memoory of Dudley Langdon."

$1,366.98—Citizens of Greenville, S. C., through "Greenville News."

$1,148.13—Detroit Junior College and Central H. S., Detroit, Mich.

$1,000.00 each—Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Ross; C. Henderson Supplee; F. M. Sullivan and Son; Justis Peter; Sunshine Trust, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Delano; Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Jennings; First Methodist Church, Ann Arbor, Mich.

$670.00—Officers of the Chemical National Bank, New York City.

$625.00—Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lincoln.

$584.04—Junior Red Cross, Children of P. S., Middletown, N. Y.

$500.00 each—"A Friend," Lyon, Mass.; Miss S. J. Wentworth; R. M. Ford, Sr.; Corwin S. Shank; Arthur J. and Eve W. Stevens; Mrs. Alica D. Lodge; B. L. H. Biers; J. B. Briggs; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKinly; "Anonymous," Lynn, Mass.; Cleveland Sewall; Glen Avon Presbyterian Church, Duluth, Minn.; Maud A. Whiteherd; Dartmouth Meeting of Friends, Mass.; Miss Lida F. Scott.

$483.07—People of Erie, Pa., through "Erie Daily Times."

$400.00 each—Warren T., Margaret and J. B. Robertson and Mrs. Zeno C. Ross; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hedstrom.

$371.00—First Presbyterian Church, Wellsboro, Pa.

$337.00—Faculty and Students of Huntington Park Union High School, Huntington Park, Cal.

$330.00—Muskegon High and Hackley Manual Training School.

$316.00—Greenwood Rotary Club, Greenwood, S. C.

$309.54—W. T. Phillips.

$300.00 each—Mrs. Lucy L. Flower; Carrie B. Steel; D. Tancred; Miss H. E. Clarke; First Universalist Church, Syracuse, N. Y.

$265.00—W. L., H. H. and E. B. Cherry.

$258.31—Faculty and Pupils of Parker High School, Dayton, Ohio.

$255.50—Messrs. Lewis, Mears Co. and Employees.

$250.00 each—G. B. Wilcox; Manufacturers Record; National Federation P. O. Clerks; Geo. W. McCutchen; E. B. Hunt; Benjamin Gratz; George H. Milne and Family; Jesse H. Jones.

$226.70—Baptist Church, Fairview, Ga.

$222.67—Citizens of Clarksville, Tenn., through "Leaf-Chronicle."

$211.00—West Wingfield Baptist Church, West Winfield, N. Y.

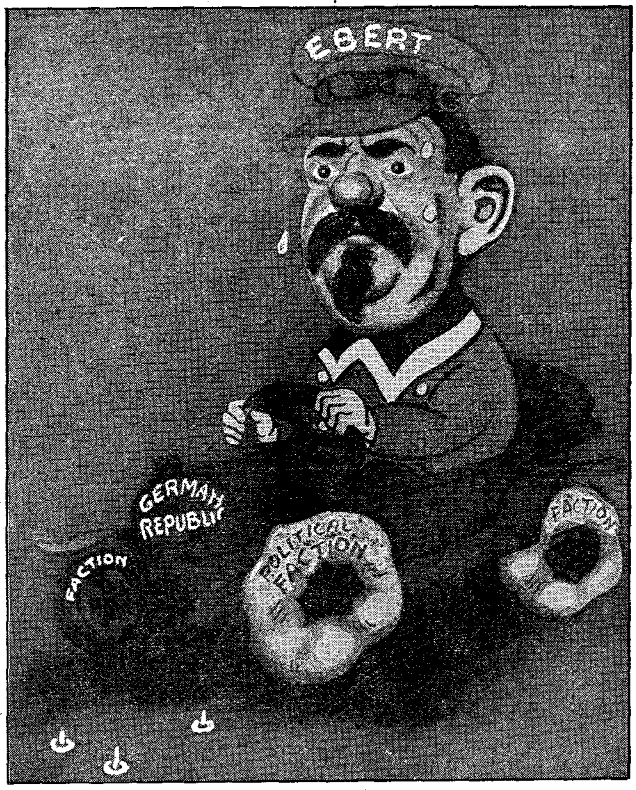
$200.00 each—Mrs. S. I. Munger; R. W. Monger; Jessie Veeder; S. W. Knight; Prescott O. and Mary Chase

(*Continued on page* 90)

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMANY'S THIRD YEAR OF PEACE

FAMILIAR LAMENTATIONS over the "harsh and inexorable" Treaty characterize German editorial utterances in the opening weeks of the third year of the "peace of defeat." England alone offered a ray of hope, we are told, in renouncing claims on German property as provided for in the reparation sections of the Treaty, and this decision of hers, says the Berlin *Freiheit*, is of the highest importance because it "makes possible the resumption of commercial relations," and such resumption in itself is so weighty a factor in the whole situation that "it is to be hoped the other Allied and associated governments will follow the example of England." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* suggests that the French would be acting much more sensibly if they imitated rather than criticized England, but "unhappily they see things from a wholly different viewpoint and place the right of might before everything." In bemoaning the Treaty the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares that when the needs of a people are restricted by "ever new demands and threats . . . the joy in work and the will to reconstruct are crippled," and one should not be astonished "if disease makes further inroads and the capacity for effort is constantly diminished." This important daily from Germany's great financial center goes on to say that the "strongest giant" must collapse if not allowed the opportunity to recuperate, and reminds us that in the "frightful six years since 1914 the German giant has struggled and shouldered his burden with superhuman endurance." Instead of a solvent state Germany has become a bankrupt state, according to this authority, and "all that remains to us, apart from German territory which has been mutilated by amputation, is our ability and wish to work and to make good." To do this, it is held, the Germans must have the necessaries of life such as "enough food, houses, and clothes," so that they may possess the needed moral and physical energy to regain their equilibrium. What was bearable in summer is impossible in winter, laments the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, which declares that to starve and freeze through another winter, "while the shop windows are well filled," requires a command of will-power that no longer exists, and this daily proceeds:



GERMANY'S CAR OF STATE HAS TIRE TROUBLE.

CHAUFFEUR EBERT—"This car goes as if it were tired, but if it doesn't do any better, it will have to be retired."

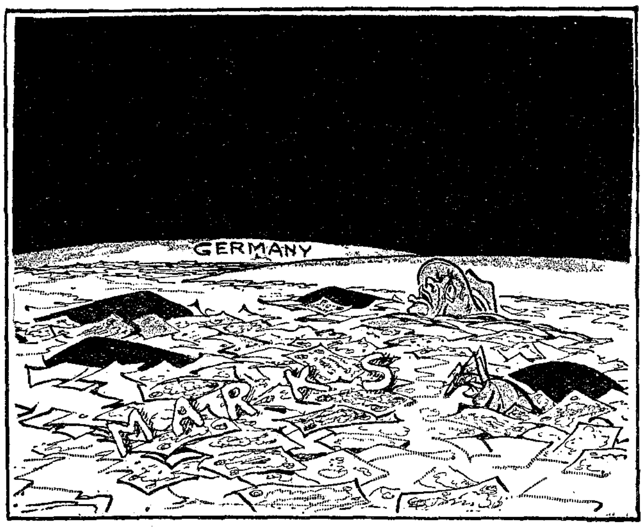
—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

> "The income of most families barely permits the purchase of the mere necessities of life. There is no thought of buying clothing and household requisites, and if people doubt this statement, let them inquire in the milk-shops about the many families with children who are unable to buy their milk ration. Let them question teachers and school physicians so they may know the terrible malnutrition of our children, and how much they lack in clothing. All money goes for food, so that there is none left for clothes, linen, or shoes. Black despair broods over many families, especially in households that have been used to moderate ease and comfort. Can an old couple live now on the 3,000 marks ($45, formerly $750) which constituted a sufficient competence to them in prewar days? Their lives have been ruined by the fall of money values. Thousands who live on annuities or pensions are in utter misery."

The Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* says "the death-rate in Germany, especially among children, is known to the whole world;" and infant mortality in the agricultural districts has reached figures no German would formerly have believed possible. The statistics of a school physician in Saxony show that in Euba two out of 301 children were found to be well fed and in Hertan only five out of 1,143.

Among capable foreign observers in Germany there is no tendency to minimize the seriousness of her affairs, but at the same time we do discover a Germany not so hopelessly wrecked and ruined as some of her howlers over the Treaty would have us contemplate. Thus the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* points out that socially Germany has progressed very considerably since the end of the war. The wave of deep despair that passed over the country was followed by a moral decline in every stratum of society, and its effects are still noticeable. It lasted so long, this informant reports, because of continued political unrest, and it "would not be safe to say that the last has been heard of adventurers who seek short cuts to their goal by methods of violence." The old aristocracy, the landed interests, and the industrialists still profess fear of a "Red" revolution, while, on their side, the working classes murmur a dread of another monarchist *Putsch*. But there are many signs of repair in Germany, and chief among them is "a desire to work." It is doubtful whether crime is more prevalent than it was before the war, but crimes are better advertised, and a false perspective is the result, according to this observer, who continues:

> "There has been a decrease in crime since the beginning of the present year. Public morals were never very high in the great German cities, especially Berlin; to-day one would say from casual observation that they are as bad as ever, but not worse. These phenomena probably march with better employment and with a reawakening of the sense of civic duty as the result of a reaction from public disorder.
>
> "In German cities there is always a scum that is driven to the surface by the forces of social intercourse. To-day it is very apparent in Berlin, tho not so noticeable in Munich or Hamburg. It is this froth that forces itself upon the observation of the passing traveler, leading him to believe that it is the life of the place.



THE DELUGE OF MARKS.
Germany drowning in a flood of paper money.
—*De Notenkraker* (Amsterdam).

"One has to look below the surface to see it for what it is, and then one also finds the real stuff. This boiling scum is given off by the profiteer, who is perhaps the greatest social menace threatening Germany to-day. His gains come easily—a hundred thousand marks may perhaps be made over the telephone before lunch by the lucky holder of a few truck-loads of sugar—and they filter down through his parasites to go just as easily. But the restaurants and cabarets of Unter den Linden and the neighboring streets are as a small patch on a city of five millions. They are as nothing in a country of 70 millions, and one must look elsewhere for the real state of things. It is necessary to predicate at this length because shallow deductions are so constantly being drawn from this single feature of German city life. Nevertheless the constant flaunting of superfluous wealth amid amusement and vice has one very evil effect. It tends to prepare the field for the Bolshevik agitator, who is to-day more insolently active in Germany than anywhere else in Europe."

Yet there is a reawakened feeling for industrial and commercial energy among all classes, we are told, and agriculture, "still the largest industry in Germany," is, of course, best off. With the rest of Germany's industries the case is otherwise, and we read:

"Only in a few trades is there any briskness. There is still a great shortage of raw materials for many industries; one hears complaints of a lack of coal, and orders are not coming in from abroad. There is a great demand for increased capital, and it is being called up in millions. This is a necessary outcome of inflation.

"Just as in the moral field there are controversies at work tending to retard recovery, so there are in the province of industry new problems the effect of which is to maintain an atmosphere of unsettlement highly inimical to the resumption of normal trade. One of these is the question of the socialization of the coal-mines. In its present form the demand is a heritage of the general strike that followed upon the Kapp *Putsch;* a measure of socialization was part of the bargain between the trade-union leaders and the Government for calling the strike off.

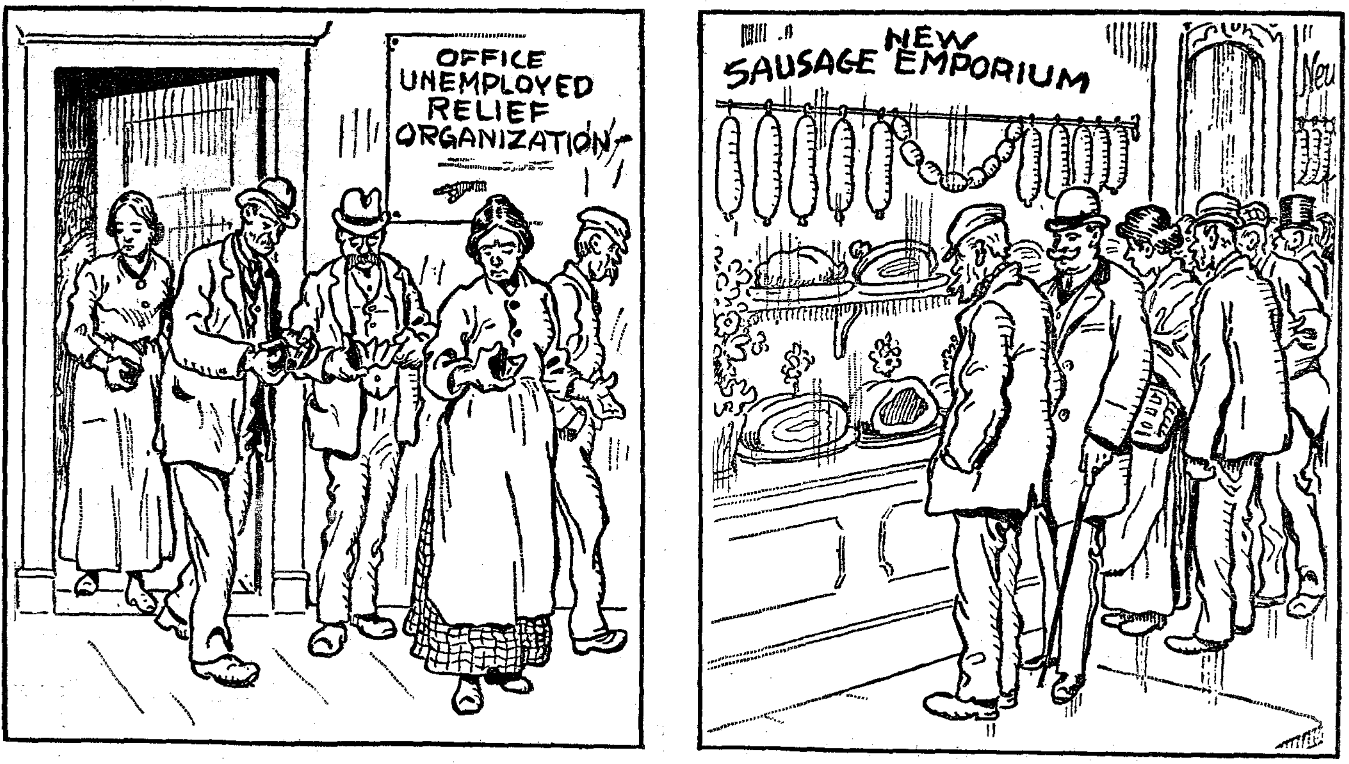
"It has descended, a hopeless heritage, to the present Government. It is an embarrassment to the Cabinet and a constant drag on trade. While it hangs over the country it checks enterprise and development of fresh mining adventures, compelling caution where otherwise a bold policy would be dictated.

"Credit does not appear to present any great difficulty. Large firms, of course, are in a specially favored position with the banks, and small firms sometimes have to pay a rather severe rate of interest for accommodation. This matter is shortly to be regulated by the Government, but meanwhile there does not seem to be any great outcry. German industry may, in fact, be said to have struggled to its knees. It has been a wonderful effort, and in it the German industrial and mercantile classes have shown all their old skill and persistence. Now it is all a question of winning back the old markets and finding new ones."

At the root of the whole matter of the revival of German trade lies the condition of German finances, we are told:

"The funded debt, which was about 5,000 millions of marks in July, 1914, was 91,000 millions on November 1, 1920; and the floating debt, which was 400 millions in July, 1914, was 157,300 millions on November 1, 1920. The total debt is 287,800 millions, and by the end of the financial year it is expected to reach some 330,000 millions.

"But from end to end of Germany you will hardly hear the words 'State bankruptcy' even breathed. The loan interest is paid, the coal deliveries to the Allies are maintained, and thereby the mark continues to maintain a value. As long as it is worth anything or something, trade can go on, and the German merchant can keep a credit in some sort of real money to pay with."



UPS AND DOWNS IN GERMANY.

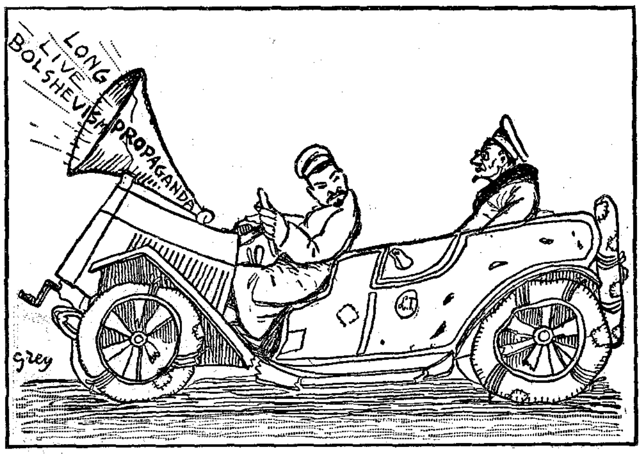
Every time the money ration of the unemployed is cut down—

the cost of food goes up.

—*Wahre Jakob* (Stuttgart).

A BRITISH INVITATION TO AMERICA'S PRESS

DESPITE BRITISH RESENTMENT in some sections of the press against what the London *Globe* calls America's "damned impudence" in meddling in Irish affairs, there is evidence of an opposite view in the request of *The New Statesman*, that the American press "send over an army of its ablest and most trusted correspondents large enough to cover every county in Ireland." This London weekly was moved to such action by the refusal of the Speaker "to allow the House of Commons to discuss the 'reprisals' campaign in Ireland on the ground that there was 'no sufficient evidence' of the occurrence of any of the alleged outrages, that newspaper reports were only second-hand evidence, and that no discussion could properly take place except on the basis of official reports." *The New Statesman* cites the case of a correspondent of the London *Daily News* whose life has been "specifically and directly threatened by the Black and Tans," so that he "dare not sleep in the same place for two nights running." We read then:



THE BOLSHEVIK MODEL OF 1921.

LENINE (to Trotzky)—"The motor goes slower and slower. Only the hooter seems to work well now!"

—*La Victoire* (Paris).

"A matter more important, however, than the life of any journalist is the effect which such a threat may have upon all our sources of information as to what is going on in Ireland. Newspaper correspondents are usually men of more than average courage, but it is asking a great deal of any man to expect him to face death—and probably not a quick death—for the sake of telling the whole truth about events in which he is only professionally concerned. The threat to Mr. Martin threatens all the sources of our real knowledge of the situation in Ireland, and it is a threat which obviously can not be removed by any official disclaimer or assurance as long as the reprisals campaign goes on."

Under these circumstances, and "failing the immediate granting of an independent judicial inquiry," *The New Statesman* sees only one thing to be done and that is to "appeal to the outside world to save us from ourselves," and it adds:

"A number of pro-Irish-Americans have recently constituted a Commission in Washington to inquire into the truth of the struggle in Ireland. The Commission consists of a large number of well-known Americans, but its impartiality is, to say the least, open to question, and we doubt both the real value of its inquiry and the weight which any report it may make will carry in any quarter on this side of the Atlantic. We suggest that there is something much more valuable which Americans can do. Let the American press send over an army of its ablest and most trusted correspondents large enough to cover every county in Ireland. The British Government will then be faced with this alternative: it will either have to exclude these journalists from Ireland—and thus admit all; or else it will have to take effective means to secure that they are not touched or threatened; for insane as it is, it will recognize the impossibility of allowing any American subjects to be 'handled' by the Black and Tans. We are very conscious of the humiliation involved in this appeal. We have never admitted the right of America or any other country to interfere in the Irish question. It is a British, not an international, question. But the ultimate humiliation for Great Britain involved in a continuance of the present state of affairs in Ireland seems to us to be so great and so unbearable as to outweigh every other consideration."

THE WORLD AS LENINE'S OYSTER

WHATEVER RELIEF persons of an easy disposition may take in the thought that Russia's Soviet Government must perish "one of these days," we are warned by some European editors, the indestructible fact remains that the apostles of Bolshevism have taken the world as their field and are cultivating it night and day. They cite the vast machinery of propaganda that Messrs. Lenine and Company began to set in motion in the earliest days of their régime, and produce positive statements showing Bolshevism's world aims. For instance, a Finnish correspondent of the London *Times* at Helsingfors quotes a declaration by Lenine himself, which is vouched for as reported by a "trustworthy source" and has the added emphasis of being made in conversation with "some sympathetic visitors." To these Lenine is reported as saying:

"I regard the Russian Revolution not as an end in itself, but as the first step in a world revolution. The question is, 'How are we to promote a proletarian revolution in western Europe?'

"We must attack France and Great Britain through their colonies and dependencies—as regards France, by judicious propaganda in northern Africa, and in the case of Great Britain by similar propaganda in India.

"We are already working powerfully in these two directions. Success will put the world at our feet, and we shall smash the Peace of Versailles and replace the rule of the Entente Powers by the rule of the proletariat throughout the world.

"The Germans are, above all, our auxiliaries because their hope of escaping from the penal clauses of the Peace Treaty rests on causing disorder and agitation with a view to profit by the general confusion which will then arise. They seek revenge—we, revolution. For the moment our interests are identical. They will diverge and the Germans will become our enemies only when the question arises whether on the ruins of old Europe will be founded a new German hegemony or a Communistic Federation."

A Helsingfors correspondent of the London *Morning Post* calls attention to a speech of Lenine in Moscow in which Russia's boss sheds light on Bolshevism's devious propaganda as follows:

"In signing the concession which we have granted to the Americans, we make acute the relations between America and Japan. We profit by this, as by other similar conflicts between our enemies. Our concessions to foreign capitalists are in reality a moral and material victory for us."

Hague dispatches advise us that the Dutch Government has obtained possession of documents which prove that Lenine still considers Holland the main and most important base for international propaganda, as well as the best field for Bolshevik financial operations. What is more, we are told, in spite of the constant effort of the American Consulate and Legation to bar out undesirables, Lenine still looks upon Rotterdam as the most favorable port from which to sail to America, and in the above-mentioned documents Lenine lays stress on the valuable possibilities of emigration afforded through the crews of the large number of vessels leaving for the United States. Finally, we are told that Holland is now the pivot of Lenine's courier service toward the western hemisphere.

The British press note a new offspring of Bolshevik propaganda in the publication by the Communist party of Great Britain of an English translation of Lenine's new book, "The Left Wing of Communism: An Infantile Disorder." With reference to the situation in England, Lenine classes as "hopelessly reactionary" such political figures as "the Hendersons, Clyneses, McDonalds, and Snowdens," but he disagrees with "Comrade Sylvia Pankhurst's" doctrine that the Communist party must not enter into compromises. Lenine shows Britons the way they should go in these words:

> "The Communist party must offer to the Hendersons and Snowdens a compromise and an electoral understanding. 'Let us go together against the union of Lloyd George and Churchill, let us divide the seats in Parliament according to the number of votes cast by the workers for the Labor party or Communists, not in elections but by a special poll, we to retain fullest freedom of agitation, propaganda, and political activity.'
>
> "Without the latter condition there can be no *bloc*, for this would be treason. British Communists must and will stand up for and maintain the fullest liberty in exposing the Hendersons and Snowdens as did the Russian Bolsheviki for fifteen years (1903–17) in relation to the Russian Hendersons and Snowdens, the Mensheviki."

In the early days of their propaganda the Russian Bolsheviki "spent their money freely" and without due sense of direction, it is pointed out in the Paris *Liberté* by a writer who secured his information from some French citizens lately repatriated from Russia. In haste to spread their doctrines throughout Europe, we are told, they wasted a good deal of money by entrusting it to agents who were much more interested in getting the money than in disseminating Bolshevik propaganda. Results of these campaigns were very disproportional to the amount of money expended, and the Bolshevik leaders saw the need of a change of system, writes this informant, who proceeds:

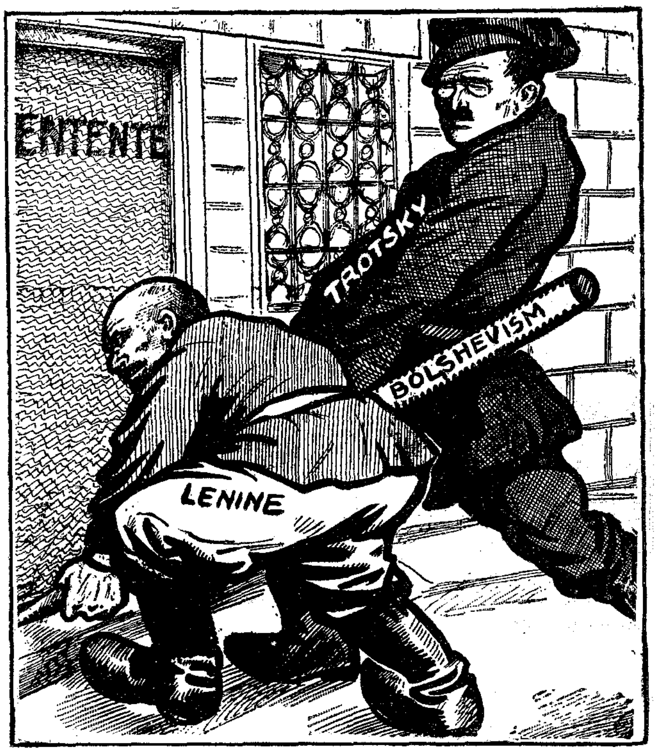
> "At the Congress of Baku last September the new method of propaganda campaign was really elaborated by the Soviet leaders. Notable among its decisions was that to create schools of propaganda in which the agents of each country should be educated in the proper terms of thought and language. Thus it happens that now there are Mussulman, Persian, Hindu, and what-not national schools of propaganda. . . . Incidentally, the promptness shown in opening schools in the oriental languages indicates that the Soviets are much inclined to devote their efforts rather to the Orient than to Western countries, where they have suffered some unmistakable setbacks. On this point we may recall a recent utterance of Trotzky that 'if we do not reach England directly we shall reach her through her colonies.' Recruiting the personnel of teachers in these schools has necessarily been a laborious undertaking. The French school is not open at present, simply because it lacks professors. Yet the Bolsheviki have not been niggardly in their inducements."

Minor officers and all the soldiers of French military missions, we are informed, have been sounded to learn whether they would not consider accepting posts as "French professors," the euphemism by which the Bolshevik representative endeavors to secure adherents and teachers in one person. But the French Army men were entirely too clever to be caught in this trap, and the writer turns then to Bolshevik propaganda in Germany, of which we read:

> "There was an enormous increase in the forces of Bolshevik propaganda in Germany at the time the destruction of the Polish Army seemed inevitable. The Bolshevik leaders made no secret of the fact that they intended to form a liaison with the German Army so that it might have immediate revenge on France, and toward this aim it directed German opinion. What is more, much importance attaches to the fact that a great number of Germans have lately established themselves in Bolshevik Russia. At Petrograd there are several hundred German merchants who have as their customers all the Bolshevik leaders and who are on the very best terms of personal relationship with them. The repatriated French with whom I have talked believe that these German emigrants to Russia will one of these days form the communicating lines between the Soviet Government and Germany, and serve to make way first for an economic *rapprochement* and then for a military arrangement between the two countries. This is a danger pointed out to us by intelligent and well-informed persons, and it is to be hoped that it will be taken note of in time by the Entente leaders, some of whom are too often skeptical when they are warned about Russia."

NORWAY'S TRIAL OF PROHIBITION

THAT NORWAY'S PROHIBITION is either a complete success or a complete failure may not be definitely stated at this time, but its influence upon the habits of the public may be examined, and the record is "unfortunately, far from encouraging." Thus writes a Norwegian correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who relates that at first when the impression prevailed that the restrictions upon the sale of alcohol were a purely war-time measure, vexatious enough in a neutral country, but expected to be short-lived, a distinct improvement in sobriety was observable, and the number of convictions for drunkenness declined noticeably. Not for long, however, we are told, when it became evident that the Government was "clay in the hands of the prohibitionists," who were out to impose permanent prohibition upon the nation by legislation. This informant proceeds:



A HURRY JOB.

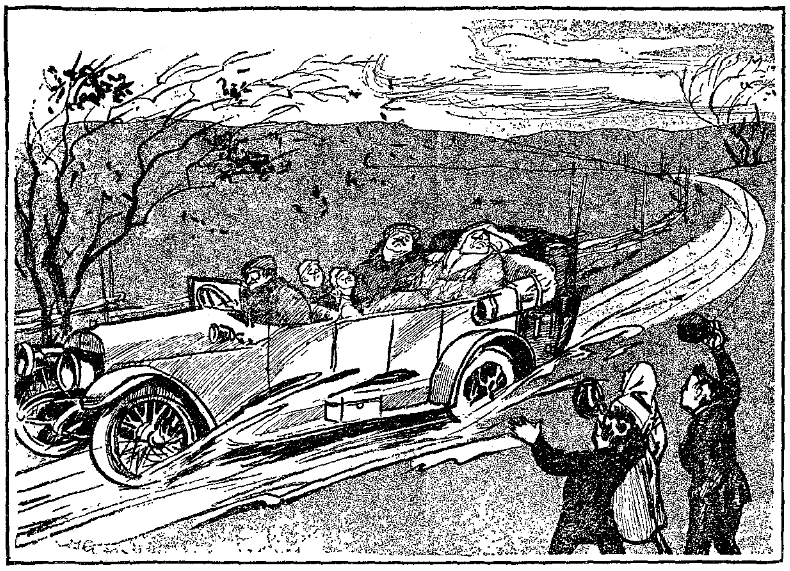
LENINE—"Do you think that we shall manage to break in?"
TROTZKY—"Yes, but we must be quick. Otherwise they will go bankrupt, and we shall get nothing for our pains!"

—*Wiener Caricaturen* (Vienna).

> "As soon as it was realized that prohibition meant more than a passing measure necessary in order to tide over a few critical months of war-time there broke out an epidemic of clandestine distilling, and a frenzied rush commenced to secure any and every sort of substitute for the spirits which were withdrawn from the market. Now, when people are determined to get alcohol, the feat is not a difficult one, always provided that they are not hypercritical as to the quality of the alcohol. To begin with, it is easy enough to contrive a private still which will serve its purpose. In past days it was quite usual for distilling to be carried on at the Norwegian farms, and the museums contain examples of the types of still which were then in use. Prohibition seemed to arouse a curious zeal for the study of antiques. Crowds thronged the museums, animated by a strange and significant thirst for knowledge about old farm furniture. By and by the museum authorities thought fit to close any room where an old still happened to be on view. After that the curious interest in museums waned."

We read then that there set in a period of "disgusting substitutes" for intoxicating drink, from hair-wash down, which induced conditions of very dangerous intoxication, of "delirium, paralysis, and horrible states of collapse which not infrequently ended fatally." The newspapers sometimes reported in a single day several deaths due to intoxication by poisonous alcoholic substitutes, and in some towns the sale of hair-washes had for a time to be forbidden to all customers who were not armed with a permit from the police showing that they could be trusted to use this commodity for the normal purpose. Happily this phase is passed, and the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent writes:

> "Perhaps the restrictions triumphed; perhaps—and this seems to be the right explanation—other methods of procuring better spirits were evolved after a while. Not but what some of the substitutes now in vogue are still dangerous to health, tho to a lesser degree. . . . . . .
>
> "In the meantime, despite all prohibitions and the attendant pains and penalties, drunkenness has not declined; on the contrary, it appears to be definitely on the increase. In Christiania the police statistics show 4,721 more cases of drunkenness in 1919 than in 1918. Three towns show higher statistics last year than in 1916, which was a record year for excessive drunkenness. At the port of Drammen there were 559 arrests and fines for drunkenness in 1918; the total rose to 1,783 in 1919—an increase of about 300 per cent. in insobriety! Moreover, the official statistics show that drunkenness is largely on the increase in country districts, altho the teetotal party draws its strongest support from the peasant population. (It is commonly alleged that the peasants were anxious to score off the townsfolk—for whom they have no love—by imposing prohibition upon them. This was the secret of their enthusiasm for the campaign against alcohol, while they knew that they could secretly distil their own spirits on their isolated farms among the mountain valleys without much fear of detection.) Rumor hath it that in some districts regular distilling is now carried on with impunity at every farm! The police authorities, who originally prest for prohibition, have now to a considerable extent revised their opinions. The chief of the detective force has, in articles published in the press, repeatedly condemned prohibition and all its works."



ONE GOOD EFFECT OF NORWAY'S PROHIBITION.

Profiteer Petersen has left Norway for Paris!

—*Hvepsen* (Christiania).

One of the most weighty commentaries on prohibition in Norway is said to be an interview given to the press by Mr. Christian Michelsen, formerly Premier, who is "universally respected" as a statesman of vision and independence and is famous for the part he took in the "extremely critical negotiations" that resulted in Norway's separation from Sweden in 1905. He describes the situation produced by the prohibition law in the following terms:

> "I consider that the situation brought about by prohibition is a misfortune for the country. It will scarcely promote temperance, and will certainly have a demoralizing effect in far wider circles than its champions have ever dreamed. Before prohibition we were well on the way to becoming a sober people. Now the whole is spoiled, at any rate for the immediate future. I have never seen so much drunkenness and demoralization as in the past year. The explanation appears to be that drunkards always know how to procure the most wretched substitutes of some kind, and that even people who have hitherto never cared for strongly alcoholic wines now react vigorously against this useless and demoralizing policy of compulsion. Private distilling, smuggling, bribery, and other forms of corruption flourish as never before.
>
> "We have become a nation of lawbreakers. It is partly carried on as a form of sport. Young people in town and country, who have never been addicted to alcohol, now make a sport of planning how they may buy, smuggle, or distil spirits—at present more for the sake of the sport than for the sake of the alcohol. Their law-abiding instinct does not react in the slightest against this. And it is rather doubtful how long our controlling authorities will be able to keep their hands clean. And then the corruption will be complete, and its further extension to other fields will be difficult to prevent.
>
> "The fact that a large proportion of our young people lack the law-abiding instinct in this matter has, in my opinion, both its explanation and excuse. This is yet another case in which we encounter the so-called example of our superiors and the modern humbug, with its contrast between theory and practise. Young people have a very limited knowledge of the labyrinths and false alliances of political life. They imagine that a state regulation such as prohibition is seriously intended, and that those who impose upon others a compulsory ordinance, so wide in scope and so closely affecting all private circumstances of life, are themselves strongly convinced of its value, and themselves practise it first of all in their own homes. Then one fine day these young people find that it is not so seriously intended after all. They see how much humbug and political vote-catching are mixed up with the ideal exposition of prohibition's merits. Then comes the reaction. When the authors of the idea do not take it so seriously but that they pluck the forbidden fruit with good appetite on the borderland of their own penal code when they get the chance, then the younger generation see no reason to be more virtuous. And so the whole thing becomes a farce!"

Mr. Michelsen places his finger upon the weakest spot upon the operation of prohibition when he suggests that it trains the nation, especially the younger members, in lawbreaking, remarks the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, who tells us that many highly respectable and hitherto law-abiding citizens "deeply resent what they consider a violation of their personal liberties," and he continues:

> "The future outlook is uncertain. At present light wines and ales are not included in the prohibition. The prohibition party make no secret of their intention to agitate until all alcoholic drinks whatsoever are barred and banished. On the other hand, the antiprohibitionists have hopes that the disastrous results of the prohibition policy will so far open the eyes of the nation that the law will be abandoned."

Some prominent Christiania newspapers point the finger of reprobation at Norway by citing a Finnish paper's review of one year's prohibition in Finland. The Helsingfors *Hufvudstadsbladet* says the attempt to end the drink traffic in Finland through the prohibition law is "a complete fiasco," for there is more misuse of intoxicants in that country than ever before, and illicit manufacture of liquor is not only tolerated but regarded complacently as the natural result of a law not rooted in public sentiment. Both foreign and domestic drinks are consumed to an unprecedented extent, according to this Finnish journal, which thinks that the most deplorable fact of the situation is that prohibition operates to undo what has been accomplished in the way of developing a real temperance sentiment. It concludes by suggesting that the prohibition law be abolished in favor of a system of strict government control. These are the conditions in Norway "to a dot," say certain Christiania dailies, which quote their Helsingfors contemporary and agree with its proposal that the sale of liquor should be under a system of government control.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE DEATH-THROES OF A PLANT

IT IS NOW POSSIBLE to watch, and precisely locate in time, the death-spasm of a plant—to establish definitely the instant at which it ceases to be alive. Professor Bose, the Hindu biologist, probably the greatest living authority on the response of plant tissue to all kinds of stimulation, has also given us this opportunity of fixing the point where all stimulation ceases—where the body of the plant, like that of a dead animal, heeds no more the appeal of sun, or wind, or rain. We have already described in these columns the very delicate instrument devised by Professor Bose to magnify the infinitesimal movements of plants. It is by means of a device of this type that the plant's death-throes are revealed. Writes G. Clarke-Nuttall, in an article contributed to *The Nineteenth Century and After* (London);

"In the plant world freshness of vigor passes through the stages of withering—withered—dead by such apparently imperceptible degrees that there never seems to be that desperate step, that impassable gulf, that clean-cuts in the world of men that which has life from that which has been emptied of life.

"But now the Indian scientist, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, has come forward to testify that he has himself been a witness, over and over again, by means of his uniquely delicate apparatus, of the death-spasms of plants, just as an ordinary onlooker, present at the moment of death, may observe the death-throes of common humanity. Further, he asserts that, just as in animals, *rigor mortis* is followed later by relaxation, so in the plant world the contractile death-spasm is also followed, after a time, by a similar relaxation.

"Every one knows that if a plant be placed in too hot a temperature it will wither and eventually die, and the task before the experimenter was to watch the whole process and determine the exact point at which death supervened and what happened at that moment. The first plant taken for experiment was a mimosa, the well-known sensitive plant, a favorite with investigators because of its habit of quickly and *visibly* responding to an outside stimulus.

"A mimosa in full vigor of life was placed in a lukewarm bath, the water of which was then gradually heated at the rate of 1° C. every minute and a half. (The process reminds one forcibly of the methods of the Inquisition.) A special instrument, known as the morograph, or 'death-point delineator,' which would record and magnify any movement of the plant by means of a spot of light on a semitransparent screen, was attached to the plant, and an observer on the other side of the screen plotted down in a pencil line any motion of the light. In the gradually warming bath the plant was at first stimulated, with the result that each leaf was raised and the spot of light on the screen recorded a slowly rising curve. Then quite suddenly, as the heat of the water touched 60° C. (140° F.), the spot of light abruptly fell, the pencil line following it, and it was obvious that there had been a sudden contraction on the part of the plant. It was its death-throe. The plant was dead; nothing on earth could henceforth revive it. Later on the morograph indicated a slightly rising curve—the usual *post-mortem* relaxation.

"A passion-flower plant exhibited an interesting little episode. The morograph, attached to one of its tendrils, proved that during the earlier stages of the increasing heat the tendril slowly curled; at 57° C. the curling ceased—the limit of endurance was obviously being reached. As the temperature rose through three more degrees the fatal point was attained and the tendril suddenly uncurled with great rapidity in a death-throe."

All sorts of plants and all parts of them were tried with varying results. A French marigold made a sudden up-and-down movement of the petals at the death-point. In a double Indian marigold the outer and lower rings of florets turned down while the younger and more central ones turned up as they quitted their hold on life. Some large garden daisies passed the Rubicon between life and death, folding up their petals, others curved them downward. Mr. Clarke-Nuttall continues:

"Perhaps the particular form of the death-spasm is due to the respective ages of the flowers, but this point has not yet been established. A convolvulus folded up its petal bell at death. From one of the alliums (plants of the onion family) a piece of hollow stalk was cut, its lower end plugged, and its upper end closed by a bit of glass tube having a capillary bore; behind the tube a graduated scale was fixt, and then the stalk, previously filled with water, was placed in the hot-water bath. At the point of death, at the usual critical temperature, it was observed that water was expelled out of the hollow stalk by a sudden jerk owing to the sudden contraction of the plant tissues at that moment.

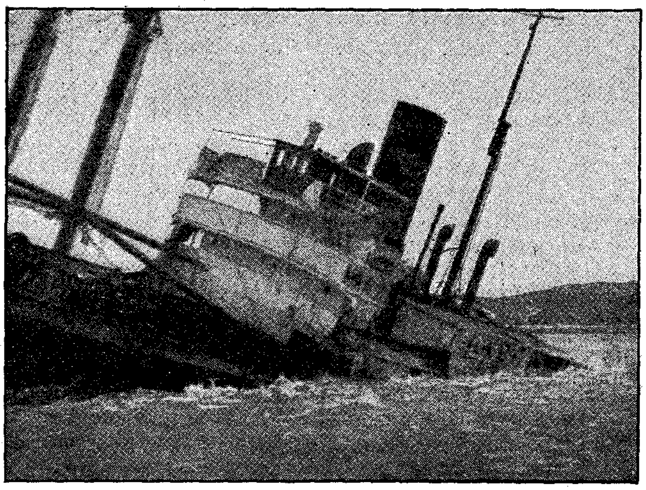
"Another way of detecting the death-point—and that the most delicate possible—is by the use of the galvanometer. If there is the slightest degree of life present it will give an electrical response. The quality of this response is a measure of the amount of the vital activity in an organism. Should 'life' be full and abundant, the electrical response is strong; if poor and feeble, it is correspondingly weak and—and this is the point—directly death takes place all response utterly and completely fails. It is a most notable and corroborative fact that failure of electrical response in a dying plant, as shown by the galvanometer, occurs at exactly the same moment that the death-spasm takes place as indicated by the morograph.

"We find the close correspondence between plant and animal worlds maintained in a really remarkable way when we come to consider the general conditions under which death takes place in the case of plants. It is interesting to find that all ordinary flowering plants have precisely the same death-point (within a degree), given the same conditions, that is to say, plants of the same age, grown in the same season and in equal surroundings, have the same record on the screen of the morograph, and their death-spasms take place at the same point. But naturally the power of resisting death varies in plants, as in animals, with varying conditions. Thus fatigue and exhaustion are always predisposing causes to death in animals, so a fatigued plant dies more quickly than one in the pink of condition. A mimosa, tired after repeated stimulation, died at 55° C., instead of at the normal 60° C., and its death-spasm was correspondingly weaker. A delicate or withering plant, like a weakly animal or one out of condition, also falls a victim to death sooner than one in full vitality, and again its death-throe is less pronounced than in a plant in complete vigor of life. Age is a factor, too, seedlings succumbing before mature plants. In fact, physiological phenomena in both worlds are practically on a footing.

"That plants are susceptible to anesthetics and various chemical reagents has long been known, but a very interesting point was raised during an experiment in which a mimosa was subjected to the action of ether while undergoing the heating-bath test. The curve traced by the morograph made an abrupt drop at a comparatively low temperature—31° C. (about 88° F.), indicating a sudden contraction or spasm on the part of the plant, and then continued its rise until the usual death-dealing temperature of 60° C. was reached, when the real death-spasm and *rigor mortis* took place. Thus there were two spasms with a considerable interval between them. So, again, when a mimosa was treated with hydrochloric acid in the same circumstances a preliminary spasm was shown by the morograph to occur at almost the same temperature as in the previous experiment, followed, after another 27° C. of heating, by the customary death-throe. This 'very suggestive phenomenon,' as the professor calls it, opens up a wide field for further research. The subject all round bristles with interest. What is the significance of these death-spasms, and where does the knowledge of this newly observed phenomenon lead? It has already been pointed out that the discovery of these movements greatly strengthens the line of analogy between the plant and animal worlds. But as to the elucidation of what life really is—why, there we seem to be as much up against the great mystery of experience as ever."

HYPODERMIC SALVAGE

INJECTIONS OF COMPREST AIR to relieve a wrecked vessel of her cargo are the latest thing in salvage operations. A sunken ship, says Robert G. Skerrett, writing in *The Scientific American* (New York), is not to be classed offhand as a total loss. Occasional evidences of engineering resourcefulness, he goes on, show what the scientific mind is doing in this department of human effort. The buoyancy exerted by comprest air is making these advances possible, as shown particularly by the work recently done in raising and freeing the freighter, *Canadian Recruit*, from a very difficult position. We read:



IT LOOKED HOPELESS.

"The run of wreckers along the St. Lawrence looked upon her recovery as exceedingly doubtful."

"The ship, a steamer belonging to the Canadian Government, sailed from Quebec in the latter part of December a year ago, and on her way seaward had to contend with heavy ice. As a consequence of her struggle to get clear she lost her rudder and was driven ashore. In the months that followed, the floes, impelled by the tides, shifted the vessel, and at the same time cut away the river bed under her stern, causing the ship to settle deeper there. She finally came to rest with her after-deck 29 feet below the surface at low water and listed over to port at an angle of 18 degrees.

"The run of wreckers along the St. Lawrence looked upon her recovery as exceedingly doubtful, but one concern having affiliations with United States experts essayed her refloating on a 'no-cure, no-pay' basis. To make the problem harder, it should be pointed out that the steamer was stranded forward in shoal water, and she carried a general cargo which substantially filled her several holds.

"The tides run very strong and have a rise and fall of many feet; and to add to the difficulties the steamer lay in an exposed position with comparatively little water around her forward end for the prosecution of wrecking operations. Her release was primarily contingent upon the removal of much of her freight, and the nature of her cargo was such that it was well worth reclamation. Not only that, but because the stuff stowed aft was made up in part of many cases of glass bottles, ordinary dredging facilities could not be employed to clear the submerged hold. That is to say, had clam-shell buckets been used the bottles would have been smashed, and broken glass would have imperilled the divers at every step. Besides the boxes of bottles, the after cargo space held several hundred bales of hay, some tons of cement, more than 2,000 pieces of heavy lumber, and quite 8,000 bags of flour, rice, and malt.

"The first problem was to get out the lumber and the flour, both of which floated and handicapped the divers continually; next it was essential to success that the rice and malt be sent up to the surface; and then, with the way cleared, the menacing glassware was carefully hoisted from the hold. And now we come to the first of the novel expedients resorted to in dealing with the problem. The flour, owing to its buoyancy, crowded upward in the cargo space and packed itself tightly in the upper section of the hold. It was out of the question for the divers to pull these bags down several feet and shove them into the hatch-openings. Accordingly, comprest air was fed into the upturned area in sufficient quantity to force the water level lower, and this enabled the divers then to push the bags of flour with comparative ease into the hatchways—their buoyancy serving to complete the rest of their journey upward.

"But the malt and rice did not lend themselves to the same solution. Each package of malt weighed something like 200 pounds and was held in two bags—the inner one being of a more closely woven fabric. The bags could not be dealt with quickly and in considerable numbers unless means could be devised to make them easier to move. This was achieved by giving the bags, so to speak, hypodermic injections of comprest air—enough of this air being retained in the mass to make it slightly buoyant. In this condition the malt and rice could be shifted to positions whence they would float free to the surface. The 'needle' for this work was fashioned of a short length of brass pipe pointed at the outer end so that it could be jabbed deeply into the package of malt or rice."

By skilful use of this ingenious makeshift, that part of the cargo was disposed of rapidly. The men did good work under water, as evidenced by the fact that when the *Canadian Recruit* was refloated only four bags out of a total of 4,500 remained inside her. To quote further:

"With her after-hold cleared and some of her cargo taken out forward, the salvors displayed their highest skill in bringing the submerged after-body up.

"The means adopted were two steel boxes devoid of tops and bottoms and fashioned large enough to slip freely into the two rectangular deck-openings. At the top of each was attached a wide, projecting brim or collar, and this had spread enough to reach beyond the hatch-coaming. On the under side of this brim was secured a white-pine plank three inches thick, and upon this yielding material the trunk settled against the hatch-coaming and was drawn tight by numerous hook-bolts—thus providing an air-tight seal.

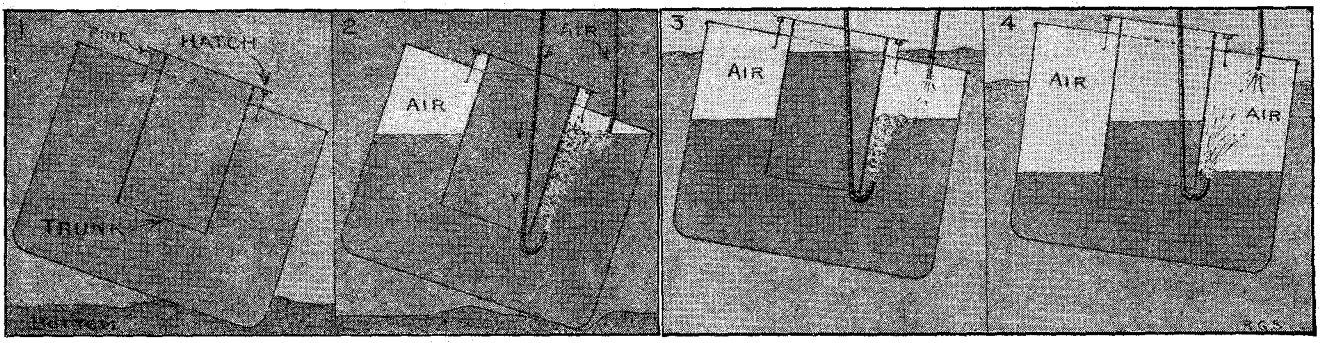
"Their purpose was to permit the cargo space to be filled with buoyant air under pressure and yet to supply a medium for the automatic release of that pressure in a way that would not endanger the hull structure as the steamer lifted clear of the bottom.

"By reference to Fig. 3 it will be seen that the stern of the steamer rose to the surface when sufficient air had been forced into the cargo space; and it will be observed that the level of the water in the trunk coincided with that of the surface of the river. In Fig. 4, however, the moment before the vessel righted herself and ceased to rise higher, it will be noticed that the level of the water in the trunk was below that of the river and yet higher than the surface of the water generally in the hold. This plainly indicates the thrust of the confined air and the manner in which the movement of the column of water in the trunk served to relieve the bursting pressure of the comprest air. A few moments later the air was free to escape upward into the trunk, and the superposed water was blown into bubbles and spray like a sizzling bottle of soda.

Illustrations by courtesy of "The Scientific American."

EVERY BAG BECAME A BUBBLE.

Bags of malt and rice floated by injection of compress air.



HOW THE SHIP WAS FLOATED FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE SURFACE BY COMPREST-AIR INJECTIONS.

"Active work on the *Canadian Recruit* was started on May 16 of the present year, and she was floated clear of the shoals fifty days later, forty days of that interval having been taken up in removing cargo. Ten minutes after air was turned into the after-hold her stern rose clear above the tide."

POISONING IN AN AUTOMOBILE TUNNEL

IN CONNECTION with the proposed Hudson Tunnel for auto traffic, referred to in THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 14, 1920, Prof. Yandel Henderson, consulting physiologist of the United States Bureau of Mines, was quoted to the effect that if exceptional care is taken to limit the concentration of the poisonous oxid of carbon to four parts in 10,000, the tunnel will be safe for traffic. But it is now suggested by Frederick L. Hoffman of Newark, N. J., in a letter to *The Scientific American* (New York), that even this low proportion of the gas, if encountered day by day, may result in slow poisoning. He writes:

"It has been suggested to me by Dr. Georgine Luden, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., who has recently completed some extremely interesting investigations on the clincial after-effects of chronic carbon monoxid poisoning, that in an article on the subject McGurn, in 1917, stated that 'a concentration of 1 to 250,000 inhaled repeatedly for several weeks and months at intervals was found to result in a serious health impairment.' Dr. Luden, therefore, adds that 'people using that tunnel, perhaps daily, are therefore going to inhale repeatedly a concentration that is 100 times greater than that which resulted almost fatally in one of McGurn's cases.' She adds further that 'altho 4 to 10,000 may not appear to do immediate harm, it is certainly capable of doing harm in the long run and likely to produce a large crop of semi-invalids who may not at first be called neurasthenics, but who will end by being ill enough to become invalids for life.'

"I add to the foregoing a reference to the August number of *The Journal of Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics*, in which Henderson and Haggard are very emphatic in their statement that 'within a few hours after profound but non-fatal poisoning with carbon monoxid no trace of the gas is found in the blood. . . . And yet for days, months, and even for life structural degenerations and functional changes, usually either nervous or cardiac, may continue.' The serious effects of continuous exposure to carbon monoxid have been experimentally ascertained by Dr. Luden, who is of the opinion that there is unquestionably a sensitization to the toxic effects, and that therefore repeated exposure on the part of those who may use the tunnel frequently, assuming the air contamination to be to the extent indicated, will have to be reckoned with.

"In a recent dissertation, Dr. Luden calls attention to the extreme toxicity and ubiquity of carbon monoxid in modern civilized life, the health aspects of which do not seem to have been fully recognized. She concludes that 'absence of noticeable odor, however, does not imply absence of danger. Carbon monoxid is an odorless as well as a colorless gas; its presence would never be detected by our olfactory organ were it not for the addition of the other compounds with which it is usually associated. But even the latter may fail to warn us by their odor. For McGurn was able to show that illuminating gas produced severe clinical symptoms in a dilution of 1 to 250,000, while Albaugh has recently emphasized the danger of concentrations of 1 to 2,000. It will be readily conceded that in the first-named dilution the presence of the toxic gas was more than likely to escape notice. I might add that since there is a distinct advantage in visualizing the actual value of concentrations by the use of some familiar comparison, a concentration of 1 to 250,000 may be represented by a small glass of claret diluted in 625 gallons of water, or in the second instance, mentioned by Albaugh, in five gallons of water. These figures show that the toxicity of carbon monoxid is equaled by its imperceptibility.'

"I bring the foregoing to your attention as an interesting contribution toward a health problem of present importance. With the technical aspects of this matter I, of course, have only a very slight acquaintance."

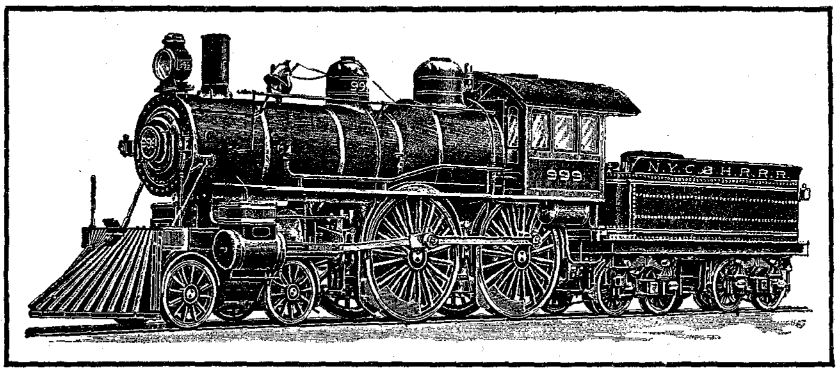
DOES TOBACCO KILL MOUTH-GERMS?

IT WOULD BE of great practical interest, says a writer in *The Lancet* (London), to ascertain definitely what action tobacco smoke may have on the microorganisms of the mouth. During the influenza epidemics every medical practitioner must have been repeatedly asked whether tobacco smoke can kill the influenza microbe. There have been no practical experiments, so that it remains undecided whether the bactericidal power of tobacco, as shown in the laboratory upon many microorganisms, is also manifested in the human mouth or lungs. We read:

"Professor V. Puntoni, of the University of Rome, has undertaken some experiments with the object of ascertaining the real action of tobacco-smoke as a disinfectant under conditions similar to those which exist in the oral cavity. The results of these experiments are interesting. In the first place, it was found that the strikingly disinfectant power that tobacco smoke exercised in glass laboratory vessels did not occur to the same extent in the mouth of the smoker. Bactericidal action was only shown to follow the consumption of very large quantities of tobacco, and then only on the microorganisms of least resistance. It is not admissible that microbes having the resistance of the typhus bacillus or greater can be killed in the mouth by tobacco smoke, and it is absurd to think that the bactericidal action of the smoke could manifest itself in the respiratory tract as a sequel to inhalation. The different qualities of tobacco made use of in these experiments showed a disinfecting power almost equal in relation to the weight of tobacco used; denicotinized cigars acted just as powerfully as ordinary ones. The smoke of tobacco completely decolorized by filtration through compress cotton-wool retained a marked bactericidal action, notwithstanding the loss of all the nicotine and tar products, which are the two elements possessing definite disinfecting power. The disinfectant action of tobacco smoke is due to the activity of many elements, among which may be enumerated with certainty tar products, nicotine, formaldehyde, and pyrrol. It may be recalled that the main constituents of tobacco smoke are basic in character, and germicides, generally speaking, are of the acidic type. Whether this has any significance is not clear, but the experiments recorded remind us of the tradition that during great cholera epidemics those who smoked clay pipes proved immune from the disease, tho surrounded by numerous cases."

A FAMOUS OLD LOCOMOTIVE

THE PASSING of the Hudson's most famous steamer, the *Mary Powell*, was noted recently in these columns. While she was breaking records on the river, an equally renowned traveling-machine, Engine 999, of the New York Central, was smashing them on the shore. The steamboat harked back to an earlier day than the Empire State Express, drawn by this locomotive, but they glimpsed each other every day, each on its own element; and if the train always left the steamer far behind, that is because it is in the nature of trains to outrun boats. Old 999, we are told by a writer in *The Railway Review* (Chicago), is still doing duty, altho it has been renumbered 1086. The New York Central road, by way of refuting a report recently current to the effect that the famous locomotive had gone the way of all scrap-iron, advises that in its twenty-eighth year of service it is hauling passenger-trains Nos. 30 and 37 on the Pennsylvania division, between Avis and Clearfield, Pa. We read in the paper named above:



SHE STILL HOLDS THE SPEED RECORD OF 112.5 MILES PER HOUR.

"No. 999," *from an old cut.*

"This pioneer speed locomotive appears the same to-day as it did when it inaugurated the first really fast train service in America at the head of the Empire State Express, and made the speed record of 112.5 miles per hour in May, 1893, which yet is unequaled. The only change in its general appearance is that the 999 now 'sports' modern regalia, such as an electric head-light and various up-to-date mechanical labor-saving appliances and safety devices. Apropos of the above, *The New York Central Lines Magazine* for October quotes the reminiscence of one of the line's junior officials as follows:

"'When I was nothing but a youngster pounding a key in a local station, the Empire State Express with No. 999 to the fore would whiz by each day. Charley Hogan would be at the throttle while his fireman labored keeping the flames fed in order that each day's run would be no different than any other—arrival at destination on time. As the four-car train would speed by I sometimes would stop and think of the tremendous development railroading had undergone at that time and the thought of what has taken place since seems an impossible dream instead of a reality.

"'For a long time inauguration of fast passenger-trains had been retarded. Many inventions other than heavy engines and cars were necessary before fast express-trains became a possibility. The genius of the late William Buchanan, for many years superintendent of motive power of the New York Central, the man who designed 999, would have gone for naught were it not for the preceding and coincident contributions to the railroad industry made by Dr. Plimmon H. Dudley, then and still consulting engineer of rails, tires, and structural steel for the New York Central Railroad.

"'While Mr. Buchanan was designing his 100-ton locomotive with 20,000 pounds on the driving-wheels in 1889, Dr. Dudley was continuing his already valuable work on steel rails. Prior to 1889, in 1879 to be exact, Dr. Dudley had invented his track indicator and had commenced taking the undulations of the rails on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. Undulation is the expansion and contraction of steel rails caused by various conditions, climatic and otherwise. By means of the track-indicator, Dr. Dudley was enabled to obtain, in about sixteen hours, diagrams of track conditions showing effect of passing equipment, not only upon the rails but the joints, cross-ties, ballast, and road-bed along an entire division.

"'In 1884 Dr. Dudley designed the pioneer 5-inch 80-pound steel rail, which proved to be such a success that he continued his work. In 1892 his 100-pound section, 6-inch rails were rolled for the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

"'In April, 1893, Mr. Buchanan turned out his No. 999 at the West Albany shops. Were it not for Dr. Dudley's 100-pound rail, the 999 would never have made the world's record.

"'When the 999 left main-line service, it was assigned to drawing a mixed train on the R.,W. & O. division, now the St. Lawrence division. Its number was changed October 30, 1913, to 1086, and it was soon afterward sent to the Pennsylvania division, where it has been used ever since, always in a strictly passenger-carrying capacity.

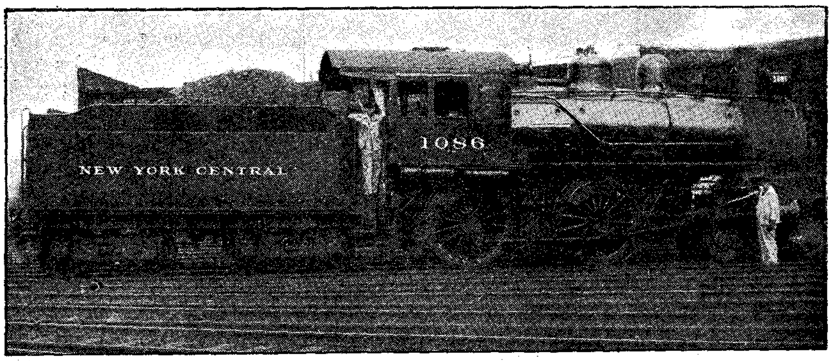
"'When the 999 made its record run, Charles Hogan, now manager of the department of shop labor at Buffalo, was at the throttle. Soon after his record run he was employed by the motive-power department as road foreman of engines, in which position he continued until October 1, 1900, when he was promoted to be master mechanic at West Albany. Since then he has been successively district superintendent of motive power and assistant superintendent of motive power. His promotion to his present post was made this year.'

"Continuing with respect to the history of the 999, the magazine states:

"'A glance at the record card of No. 999 brought attention to a number of interesting facts. The card indicates that the original cost of the engine was $13,000, while thirteen general shop repairs, which included repair work and replacement of parts, cost $14,253.01. These general shop repairs, which cover a period of thirteen years, show that the up-keep of the engine in that period was $1,253.01 more than its original cost.

"'In the nineties an English compound locomotive, known as the Greater Britain and owned by the London & Northwestern Railroad, was shattering all records in the British Isles. A comparison of a typical month's work of the 999 and the Greater Britain shows the American locomotive to have been the superior.

"'The official records show a coal-consumption test July 26, 1894, made of the 999 running light from Albany to Syracuse and return. The total mileage was 296 miles, the coal consumed 3,811 pounds, and the actual coal consumption per train-mile $12\frac{87}{100}$ pounds. This figure looks quite small when compared to the quantity which is used by the modern twelve-wheeled locomotives of to-day.

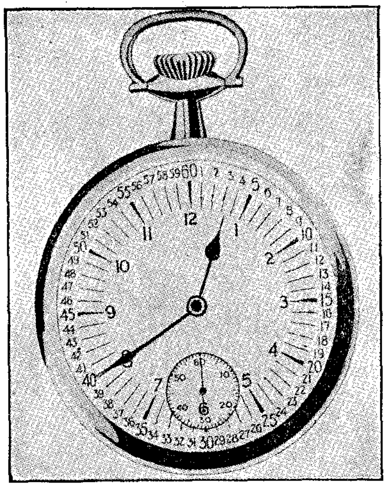


THE SAME LOCOMOTIVE AS SHE LOOKS TO-DAY.

"'Many New York Central veterans have exprest the hope that the 999, when it is finally retired, will be preserved and installed in Grand Central Terminal or some important point on the line and placed on exhibition. It may be stated that plans to do this very thing when the master mechanic at Avis, Pa., says that 999 can no longer remain in train service, are under consideration.'"

A SAFETY WATCH-DIAL

DOES DANGER LURK in the common watch-dial? It would seem to be a fairly innocent and harmless device. And yet when human lives depend on reading its indications to the fraction of a minute, and there is inadequate light for it, conditions may exist that were not anticipated by its original designer. Such, at least, is the opinion of H. S. Montgomery, General Watch Inspector of the Santa Fé Railroad, whose "safety dial," illustrated herewith, is used on several railroads in this country, including his own, and should be, he thinks, adopted universally. At a meeting of the National Safety Council last October Mr. Webb C. Ball, who has ideas of his own on dials, characterized Mr. Montgomery's as "freakish," to which the outraged inventor retorts in *The Railway Age* (New York), by stigmatizing Mr. Ball as "delirious." Eliminating this and other appeals to the reader's baser passions, his letter runs substantially as follows:



THE SAFETY WATCH-DIAL.

"The highest railroad officials in America, government officials, watch-manufacturers, watch-inspectors, and over half a million conductors, engineers, and employees in all classes of service, who use the [Montgomery] safety dial in daily practise, certify that it is the greatest improvement made in watches in the past fifty years. As a safety device it is as essential as the watch itself. The safety dial is the standard for watches and clocks on the Santa Fé. Every clock on the system between Chicago and San Francisco on the west and Galveston on the south is equipped with the Montgomery safety dial. To the practical, thinking man any device which offers a safeguard is worthy of employment in practise. The vital features on a watch-dial are the minutes. The hour numerals are inconsequential in comparison. On the Montgomery safety dial the minutes are numbered, thus absolutely insuring correct reading. Large hour numerals interfere with quick vision of the minutes and are therefore objectionable. Criticism would surely and properly develop against the erection of obstructions which would prevent an engineer from plainly viewing block-signals.

"Mr. Ball says there should be '12 plain upright Arabic figures to indicate the hours.' I agree, and put them in evidence on the Montgomery safety dial. It is an easy matter to misread the time on the dial Mr. Ball sponsors. A mistake of an even five minutes at such divisions as 17 when 22, 37 when 42, is easily made. Numbered minutes prevent such an error.

"When 'lights are dim and obscure' the safety dial presents the minutes, even tho they might appear as a blur, in figures twenty times the size of the dots on the Ball dial. The long lines on the safety dial lead the eye to instantaneous vision of the minute in figures at the end of the minute-hand, and only a blind man could fail to read the time correctly. For the farmer or individual who only cares to read the time approximately, large hour numerals may afford satisfactory results, but for a railroad man, the minutes are the essential factors.

"The safety dial should be adopted as the standard of the nation because of its educational value. The people should be taught to read time as it expires and not in advance of its possible occurrence. For instance, to quote the time as '20 minutes to 1' is a flagrant error. Correctly read, the time would be 12:40. In the pleasure of Providence 1 o'clock might not arrive.

"An improved watch, accurate and dependable, is an important and desirable article; but to equip such a watch with an antiquated dial, when a dial of pronounced utility is available, is a serious mistake. Mr. Ball arbitrarily bars the use of the safety dial on all railroads under his jurisdiction, except the Rock Island. The officials of that road would not be a party to a scheme which prevented the use of a safety device on their lines. It is true he posted a circular prohibiting the use of the dial, but rescinded the order at the instance of the president of the company. So far as I know, Mr. Ball is the only man in the country who is not enthusiastically favorable to the safety dial.

"I do not manufacture watches and have no preference for specials, or various brands, to catch the unwary and increase the price. My inspectors are at liberty to sell any make of watch, even the Ball if one should meet our requirements. I insist upon timekeeping quality; specials, secret order brands, and watches camouflaged with all sorts of deceiving inscriptions are welcome, if they 'run right.'

"The Santa Fé was the first railroad in America to adopt a system of watch-inspection of genuine merit, and the rules are copyrighted. For a quarter of a century this service has proved its worth."

BREAD WITHOUT FLOUR

GRINDING THE WHEAT GRAIN into powder has been found unnecessary for bread-making, as a process of turning the grain directly into dough has been devised. This, we are told by Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz, in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York), is the first change made, during the passage of centuries, in the general process of bread-making. We read:

"Mr. Gross, a German scientist, brings forth a new and startling bread-making process which entirely eliminates the flour stage. And what is more, the dough contains the valuable albuminous matter found in the bran without containing the indigestible cellulose husks. Goats are the only animals that can digest cellulose; that's why they'll eat everything from newspapers to nuts. When a human being eats bread which contains these cellulose husks—and most bread does—he is trying to do as the goats do. He fails to digest them, however, and as a result his system is irritated. And now for the huskless process itself. The grains encased in their thin shells are dropt into a trough containing hot water and are given a strenuous shaking for about half an hour. By this time the shells, or husks, have been detached from their grains and are ready for separation. Whereupon the entire contents of the shaking-trough are dumped into a reservoir containing a continuous supply of clear cold water. The heavier grains and albuminous matter drop to the bottom, while the indigestible husks and all impurities float on the surface, forming a dark layer. Compress air is turned on. It stirs up the husks with such violence that they are carried away by the ever-moving water. At the end of ten minutes they have completely disappeared and the grains can be seen at the bottom of the reservoir through the transparent water. A trap-door in the bottom is released and the grains drop on a rolling-mill below. They pass over a series of granite rolls and are crusht till they form a fine homogeneous dough ready to be made into bread. Salt, leaven, and water (if necessary) are added to the dough. But in most cases the grains have absorbed enough water in the husking process to make the addition of water unnecessary. The dough is now ready to be kneaded. This is done by means of the usual mechanical mixers. A special machine cuts the kneaded dough into pieces of the proper weight and a molding-machine gives them their shape. They are baked in quantity in an electric oven. One man can manage this entire process himself; in fact, one man can take care of a large-sized plant. The loaves of bread made by this method look just like ordinary loaves, but your digestive system will know the difference. Mr. Gross, the inventor of this flourless process, spent twenty years working on it before he perfected it, and the results have been even better than he expected. Not only is the bread highly digestible, but a greater quantity of it can be made from a certain amount of grain than can be made by the old process. From 100 pounds of grain 140 pounds of bread can be made by the Gross process; whereas only 108 pounds can be produced by the usual grinding process. And the time of dough-making is greatly reduced. Half an hour after the grain is dumped into the shaking-trough it emerges in the form of dough."

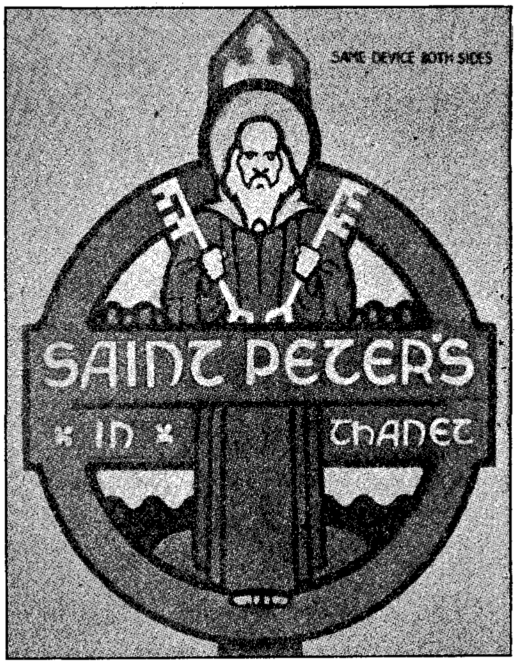
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

ARTISTIC SIGNS FOR THE HIGHWAY

ENGLISH ARTISTS HAD A JOLT when the young Duke of York recommended them, at the banquet of the Royal Academy last spring, to paint village signs. An enterprising newspaper took up the suggestion and offered prizes, and the recent *Daily Mail* Exhibition of Village Signs was a notable example of the effort to make "villages aware of themselves and of their own peculiar beauty and character." The suggestion is so appropriate to any country that the example is bound to find a following. The Prince, having proposed the thing, was the natural chairman of the opening of the Exhibition in London when the submitted designs were shown. He exprest the hope that the exhibition would "mark a big step in the revival of those ancient glories of the road which must always appeal to the traditional sentiment." The exhibition is in the form of an effort to supply the villages with signs, the effort of course being tentative, since it originated not with the villages themselves, and British conservatism may move them to contemn the gift. This is seen by a writer in the Manchester *Guardian* in respect to such a design as that submitted for the village of Lye, where the Russian troops—the mythical Russians—are seen passing through. "Some designs are of the kind that would only amuse the neighboring villages," observes this writer. But the names of many places make easy subjects, like Swanley and Swanage, Swallowfield, Hindhead, Appledore; not to mention the legendary applications of Beddenden Sisters, Widdecombe Jaunt, French Prisoners at Norman Cross. Writing to the Boston *Transcript* on this subject, Mr. J. P. Collins touches on some points that any motorist appreciates:



"THE KEYS OF HEAVEN."

People of St. Peter's, Thanet, will applaud the sign and its implications. It won the first prize in the village-sign competition.

"We may not ask for wonders, but we do ask for signs. Verily there is no good reason why we should not do something to contrive both needs—a reverence for the past and an eye to the utilitarian demand of the present. To skim through strange districts at many miles to the hour, and realize that you are threading your way through famous villages that you want to know and don't, this is the thing that makes calamity of so long journeying. A worse experience still is to pass a village by where you'd intended to stay the night, or to take the wrong one of two parallel roads; or to arrive in some mysterious hamlet or township where the inhabitants are all abed, and never a soul to enlighten you till you waken the dead with a bombardment of doors and knockers. What is the good of all the maps and compasses, a sense of location, and a silver emblem of St. Christopher by way of mascot on your 'bonnet,' if you are surrounded by bucolic dumbness and darkness on the rest of it? Clearly the age calls for reform in all such matters. If every street should have its sign, then all the greater reason for villages to sport their name as well, and if they be picturesque and archaic and quaint, then all the more reason still why their signs should conform to the same standard."

Six hundred designs were submitted and two hundred hung in the exhibition. It was required of the designers that "their conceptions should take the form of a figured or painted plan capable of being executed in suitable materials of durable character, and of being displayed upon a stone or ironwork standard and pedestal totaling some ten or twelve feet in height." Mr. Collins begins by speaking of the first-prize design:

"There is a marked consensus of opinion that the judges have hit on the right one as regards first prize. This, by Mr. Percy Matthews, who is an Essex man and junior designer to a London firm of art decorators, represents that favorite Old-World village (at the back of Broadstairs, beloved of Dickens), which calls itself Saint Peter's-in-Thanet. Thanet, as you know, is the pseudo-island formed at the nether lip of the Thames estuary by the shape of the extinct river Wantsum; and it harbors many nestling and cozy villages like Saint Peter's and Minster, which cherish the fact that it was here many centuries ago that St. Augustine landed to restore the faith to England. The artist has given us a strong and venerable figure, bearded and with a halo, brandishing the keys of heaven, and dominating boldly a kind of orb or circlet with the name of the village ranging well across the whole.

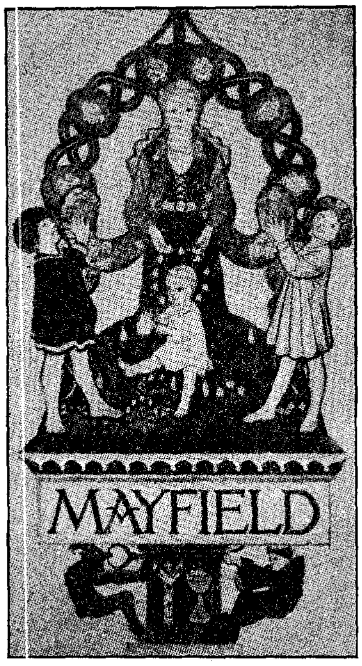
"The other prize-winners have nearly all come from the southern provinces, as might have been expected in the case of a competition which emanates and concludes in London, so the sooner one of the chief north-country papers takes up the matter for the northern shires and vindicates their public spirit in equal degree, the better. Mayfield, in Sussex, which takes the second prize, is a beautiful Old-World hamlet of timbered cottages and substantial manors and convents, not far from the Rother River and Mr. Kipling's Burwash home. Mr. Webb, who has carried off the second prize (£500), is a stained-glass designer, and shows it by the clear-cut and flat-colored treatment of his plan. It depicts a group of children and maids dancing around the May-pole, and this is a legitimate and probable deduction from the name he is working on. As a man has carried off the most ladylike honors with this notion of Mayfield, so a lady has come in with the most trenchant and combative design of all. Miss Dorothy Hutton, of Chelsea, who carries off the third honors and £200, is an artist who has studied architecture and exhibited pictures at many prominent galleries. Her choice is the Sussex town of Battle, where Normans and Saxons met for the last of their struggles, and altho many competitors have tried the same theme, she has won by reason of the fact that she has followed out the style of the drawings in the Bayeux tapestry on which Mr. Hilaire Belloc so notoriously dotes."

There are many beautiful signs, and many of course with church associations. Mr. Collins dwells on some of those of humorous connotation:

"One of the best of the Devon designs, tho not so meritorious in execution, is one of Widdecombe in the Moors, immortalized in the old road-chantey. It represents Tam Pearce's gray mare, duly borrowed and lent, but bestridden as in the song, not by the borrower alone, but by 'Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter

Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh, and all,' and a comic procession they make along the bony spine of that unfortunate beast. Well they warrant the 'gashly' fate that befell her when the fair was over and the procession larruped her home, not to the owner, but into her grave. Then we have the racy figure of John Gilpin scattering everything in his involuntary flight, to represent Edmonton; the three wise men to represent Gotham, in Nottinghamshire; a set of Noah's-ark trees to misrepresent Henley in Arden—a case where the artist had plenty of Shakespearian associations to work on and threw them away; a group of old wives in the churchyard to represent Ormskirk, in Lancashire; a pig and a tinker to stand for Swaffham in Norfolk; and the proverbial steeple to indicate Tenterden in Kent. . . . . . .

"Take a Muirhead guide to England, and it is easy to run through the long and musical list of place-names scattered up and down the land with a view to picking up ideas for designs like these. A knowledge of British history supplies many such notions, and there are plenty of designs at Australia House to prove this, all of them utilizing well-known characters of the past, either actual or legendary, to make the place's identity live for a moment in the eyes of the beholder. In this way we get Queen Bess in various aspects representing Beddington in Surrey and Ditchling in Sussex; Rufus figuring at Minstead in the New Forest; John o' Gaunt at Lancaster; John Hampden at Kimble, in Buckinghamshire and Great Kimble, its neighbor; Raleigh at Mitcham, the home of Surrey's best lavender; Anne Boleyn and her castle at Hever; King Alfred and his half-brother at Cleeve Prior, in Worcestershire; Henry the First at Eling, in Hants; and no sign of Milton, strange to say, in the design for Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire."



THE SECOND-PRIZE WINNER.

Made for a Sussex village, Mayfield, near Kipling's home at Burwash.

GERMAN MUSIC IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

CONCILIATION seems to be carried to such lengths in England that many find their feelings outraged over the willingness to overlook the conduct of the Germans during the war. It was a subtle irony that led the organist of Westminster Abbey to choose a composition of Max Reger to play at a concert in aid of the fund for the preservation of the Abbey. Max Reger is now dead, but it is alleged that during the war he ardently desired the destruction of the historic old pile by German *Zeppelins*. The Manchester *Guardian* is one of those English organs that are trying to still international rancors, and is not much imprest with the outcry of those who voice their protest and thus overlook the different way he, being dead, is yet made to speak—

> "We do not know what Max Reger or his friends may have said or left unsaid about the Abbey. He was a composer very definitely modern German, and for the special purposes of the concert in question a composition by him was not a good choice. To say this, however, is not to tie oneself down to the principle that an artist's work is at all times to be regarded in the light of his every-day opinions and morals. Max Reger in Westminster Abbey just now ruffles a current sentiment for reasons which sensible people must hope are transitory, but it does not follow from this that Max Reger's music should never be heard however many silly or nasty things he may have said. For no matter how hotly one kind of moralist may argue to the contrary, the bulk of us stedfastly refuse to insist that an artist, to be tolerated, must in real life be as good as his art. We realize, perhaps crudely but none the less clearly, that the artist is above himself when he creates—just, indeed, as most of us are above ourselves when we are under the influence of his work. A Wagner is a god himself when he writes the 'Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla,' and so, too, are his audiences for the moment uplifted. But the moment the spell is broken and the creative impulse is over, Wagner becomes an ordinary and rather mean-minded fellow, and we who have been thinking and feeling nobly during the opera now drop down to earth also, and perhaps take our share aggressively enough in the old familiar cat-and-dog struggle for the car home. 'Who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat,' said Dr. Johnson, and, let it be added, he who achieves nobility and beauty in art may easily be no more noble and beautiful in real life than his neighbors. If Max Reger ever did abuse Westminster Abbey, or even said shameful things about the British Constitution itself, he certainly did not put his unworthy words into his music. He is dead now, and only his master works remain, and from these you would no more dream that he ever had anything in him of ignoble littleness than you would dream from the 'Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis' that Villon was a robber of churches."

GATHERING ROOSEVELT ANECDOTES

WHERE is our Washington yearbook, or our Publications of the Hawthorne Fellowship, or the magazine of the Whitman Society? Of course the answer is they are not yet. But the general lack is to be supplied by beginning with the Roosevelt Memorial Association. Its purpose is to gather authentic data about Roosevelt, and any one who possesses biographical material is invited to communicate it to Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, the secretary of the association, whose address is 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. "Authentic anecdotes" are asked for, and specimens are here submitted as a guide:

> "A number of men were dining at the White House one day during a period when President Roosevelt was having a particularly difficult time with Congress. Among them were Carl Akeley, the big-game hunter, and a certain Congressman from Illinois.
>
> "Akeley had been telling how one evening in the heart of Africa he had seen sixteen lions coming out of one cave. The President's eyes shone.
>
> "'By George!' he exclaimed. 'I wish I could turn those lions loose in Congress!'
>
> "'But, Mr. President,' interposed the Congressman, 'aren't you afraid they might make a mistake?'
>
> "Roosevelt snapt his teeth together.
>
> "'Not if they stayed long enough!'"

Here is another:

> "At South St. Joseph, Mo., the old postmaster had recently died and his widow was temporarily filling the place. A local stock-dealer named Donovan determined, if he could, to have the old lady permanently appointed.
>
> "Donovan, going East on business, called on President Roosevelt, and explained how the salary of the postmistress would enable her to complete the payments on her little house in a year or so, when she could surrender the position and live out her years on her savings.
>
> "The President, having his own reasons, perhaps, for suspecting Donovan of some obscure political scheme, asked him, 'Why do you come to me on this matter?'
>
> "'I don't know,' drawled Donovan, 'unless it's because you and I belong to the same lodge.'
>
> "'What lodge is that?' asked Roosevelt sharply.
>
> "'Why, the lodge of common, decent American manhood.'
>
> "'The — finest — lodge — in — the — world! Loeb! Loeb! Where's that appointment I signed—postmaster—South St. Joseph! Tear it up! Write a new one! What did you say her name was, Mr. Donovan? Mrs. Eggleston? Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Donovan. The finest lodge in the world!'"

The New York *Tribune* prints the comment of Mr. Gifford Pinchot on the purposes of the new association:

"It is the conviction of the committee on the perpetuation of Roosevelt's ideals that the most important work for the Memorial Association to undertake at the moment is the collection, collation, and dissemination of information about Theodore Roosevelt's life and personality, his governmental principles, and his social ideals. We can not have Roosevelt with us in the flesh. No more can we spare him as a vital force in American affairs. We ought never to lose our touch with his fearless, wise, American soul, or the way he dealt with the problems of his own time.

"We need a symbol of him in stone or bronze, but we need equally a memorial of a different sort that will keep Roosevelt the American alive in the hearts and minds of America's youth. Such a memorial will grow with our knowledge of his greatness and will bring his spirit and point of view to bear on the difficult problems which we must face in the years to come."

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HACKETT IN "MACBETH."

"Gigantic of stature and full of old-fashioned dignity," says London.

This new departure in America emphasizes our backwardness in comparison with other nations in the matter of preserving the memorials of great men of the past. The New York *Evening Post* reminds us:

"Germany began publishing the Bismarck *Jahrbuch* in 1894. Both Germany and Britain have established a considerable number of memorial associations for great authors which keep up a fairly steady stream of biographical and critical publications. The Goethe *Gesellschaft*, publishing a *Jahrbuch* and a series of '*Schriften*,' dates from 1885, and there are Goethe societies in Vienna and England. The first Shakespeare Society was founded in 1819, and there have been a dozen in England, America, and Germany. . . . Even the Brontë Society's publications are well known."

AN AMERICAN "MACBETH" IN LONDON

THAT WE HAD ENOUGH SHAKESPEARE to leave some over for export would never be inferred from a casual glance at our theatrical offerings. Yet Mr. Hackett is playing *Macbeth* in London and winning more golden opinions than were ever accorded him here. Five years or so ago he played the haunted Scot in scenes designed by Urban and with a competent company, but Broadway resents Shakespeare except in homeopathic doses. No performer of the Bard of Avon with American flavors has made a trial of London since Sothern and Marlowe went there in 1907. Their experiment was too costly for repetition, tho they won from an independent critic like Arthur Symons praise for what he declared was "great acting." The newspapers were less hospitable; but the newspapers are all for Mr. Hackett to-day. Thus the critical whirligig shows itself true to form. "We liked him," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and shows that there is much of him to like:

"Gigantic of stature, full of the old-fashioned dignity that the classic actors of America have got by a direct tradition from the ancestral sources that we share, a naturally big, masterful, but sympathetic personality, Mr. Hackett is easily better than any *Macbeth* of our own within memory—which is saying nothing at all, because we have had not a single good one!

"His deep-voiced elocution—tho he has not so varied and finely modulated a voice as Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson—is an object-lesson to those of our younger actors who imagine that there is no such thing as elocution because they have not learned it.

"Besides being noble at the heart of it, Mr. Hackett's reading was intelligent always, and above everything sincere. The whole of his playing in the last act—the grave, fatalistic resignation of the 'To-morrow' speech, followed by a Titanic outburst of sheer power, was a superb clinching of his own view of the character.

"It was not, to be sure, an absolutely ideal *Macbeth*—more nerves, more poetry, more nimbleness and fire would go to the making of that. But in its own massive, dignified way it was a creation and a performance to which our English stage has every possible reason to pay friendly—and, let us hope, emulative—homage."

A writer from London to the Manchester *Guardian* speaks of Mr. Hackett as "a tragic player of the richest quality," and declares that "his *Macbeth* was masterly in every mood." The London *Times* is more restrained. In its first notice it spoke of the actor's lack of abandon, his care about his verbal points, as tho he were giving a lecture on *Macbeth* rather than playing him. In the weekly *Times* some of these criticisms are smoothed away:

"Mr. Hackett is an eminently reasonable, not to say reasoning, *Macbeth*. He desires to make *Macbeth's* observations, which are sometimes introspective and sometimes discursive, perfectly clear to his audience. But *Macbeth's* phraseology is, in fact, often obscure and his vocabulary now and then obsolete, and the actor, bent on clearness, is driven to an emphasis that sounds expository and almost pedagogic. He is so solicitous that we shall be in no doubt about the matter of the speeches that he is apt to let us miss some of their music. As *Macbeth* was much of a dreamer, given to falling from action (and at most inconvenient moments, too) into contemplation, when he would say things of great lyrical beauty about sleep, life, the passage of time, and so forth—in a word, was a poet *à ses heures*—we can not help feeling that the music of his utterances is of prime importance.

"We do not say that Mr. Hackett is prosaic, but his *Macbeth* is more notably sensible and intelligible than contemplative and lyrical. His voice is clear and resonant rather than melodious. You get, then, a good, sound, competent performance, but you do not get a performance of rare beauty. It is a performance that satisfies your reason rather than affects your nerves; you are convinced, but not thrilled by it; it does not shake and haunt you. It may be that the character is better to read and ruminate over than to see acted. Acting always tends to bring into undue prominence the flesh-and-blood, the matter-of-fact element of a part, to the detriment of the sheer poetry. Perhaps that is why few actors are recorded to have been at their best in *Macbeth.* We are still looking for the ideal, the wonderful *Macbeth*, and very likely are crying for the moon. Meanwhile, Mr. Hackett gives us his good, sound, competent performance, and we must be content with that. The audience were apparently more than content, to judge from the volume of their cheers. Probably, however, these were in part a tribute of hospitality to a stranger within our gates. Mr. Hackett is an American actor—tho it would be a finer ear than ours that could detect anything American in his accent."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell played *Lady Macbeth.* Indeed, the company, aside from Mr. Hackett, was wholly English, so the production was international. *The Times* found Mrs. Campbell "a good match for Mr. Hackett's *Macbeth.*" It adds:

"Her choicest talent, as Mr. Bernard Shaw once remarked, is vituperative, and when *Lady Macbeth* has to upbraid her husband she is fully equal to the situation. But her sleep-walking scene is not exquisitely pathetic—and, indeed, her sleep-walking is rather too wide-awake."

The Westminster Gazette says:

"Mrs. Patrick Campbell as *Lady Macbeth* improved at the end of the play. Her sleep-walking scene was much the best thing in her performance. But for the greater part of the play one found it difficult to like her version of the part. Her *Lady Macbeth* gave one the impression of being a neurotic, emotional woman, not a strong woman. There was, moreover, a certain monotony about the way in which Mrs. Campbell played the part. Not enough distinction was made between the moments when *Lady Macbeth's* will is tense and firm and those when it is momentarily relaxed. The final breaking of the will, as depicted in the sleep-walking scene, was, as we have already indicated, very well rendered. But the signs of weakening appear before this scene and should be clearly portrayed."

London plainly likes its Shakespeare straight, and resents modern "atmospheric" innovations, as these further words on the production from the article in *The Guardian* plainly show:

"The production murdered the acting as surely as *Macbeth* murdered *Duncan.* Who was responsible the program did not state. But somebody allowed the witches to have a fine time of it off the stage, so that their shrieks and screams came eternally interrupting. Somebody allowed Mr. Norman O'Neill's incidental music to drone on interminably, so that the terrific speed of the drama was broken. Did ever a play race off the mark like 'Macbeth'? Yet here we were aching for more and being held up by slow music and choral voices 'off.' This is neither sense nor Shakespeare.

"When Shakespeare wrote 'Macbeth,' hurling scene after scene at us without a moment to take breath, he knew what he was doing. When he wanted music or a song he said so. When he wanted the witches he summoned them. But these modern producers know better. They must give the poet 'atmosphere.' So on with the music, on with the chanting, on with the hee-hawing of the witches in direct disobedience of the author. Atmosphere, indeed! As if Shakespeare, with his tumultuous torrent of verse, could not make atmosphere enough; as if this beating, pulsing, galloping drama wanted anything but to be let alone! Mr. Hackett's producer may have meant well by Shakespeare, but his kindness was killing. And shoddiness of conception was all the more regrettable because it was clouding the bright virtues of some superb acting. Mr. Hackett should place more confidence in Shakespeare and himself. They both deserve it."

Gratification over Mr. Hackett's London success leads critics here to recall his American appearance, Mr. De Foe in the New York *World* saying:

"Mr. Hackett's *Macbeth* was first seen in New York four years ago, when he made a richly staged revival of the tragedy at the Criterion Theater as a contribution to the tercentenary celebration. It met with public encouragement, but the run was cut short on account of the actor's injury to his knee. As we recall his performance, it was effective, but chiefly on its objective side. In other words, Mr. Hackett's interpretation was on the plane of melodrama of a high order. Its deficiency was that it failed to grasp—or at least to convey—the character's subjective meaning. Externally he emphasized *Macbeth's* preliminary misgivings and hesitations, and also consequential revulsion and regret. What he did not make tragically vivid was the image of a powerful, resolute being wrecked at the hour of the fulfilment of ambition by superstition-goaded terror and soul-corroding remorse. The greatness of any interpretation of *Macbeth* lies in an actor's ability to express powerfully this more impressive spiritual meaning of the character."

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THE "LADY" IN THE CASE.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who plays *Lady Macbeth* with Mr. Hackett, is said to show "a neurotic, emotional woman, not a strong woman."

RESENTING GRIEG IN RAGTIME—"All the art lovers of Norway have been filled with horror" at the temerity of those who have reduced Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite to ragtime and made records of it. And no wonder, thinks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which finds a goodly company of sympathizers who will share with Norway the same horror. Thus:

"The thing will be resented by millions of the lovers of Greig's music in this country only less strongly than by the Norwegians. Familiarity with the irreverence of the syncopaters has led to an easy tolerance of them here, so that we merely shrug our shoulders and escape from the sound of their degradations of noble music where we should actively resent them.

"Grieg's music holds a place in Norway like that of Longfellow's poetry here in the last half of the nineteenth century. There is something in turning a beautiful air into a ragtime akin to the parodies of beautiful poems, but there is this fundamental difference: Few fine poems have been killed by parodies, but the ragtime into which such solemn music as 'Ase's Death' or the tender loveliness of the 'Mourning Voices' may be distorted vitiates the ear of its hearers and helps to kill their taste for the originals. It is harder to lead lovers of ragtime to like good music than it is people little accustomed to either form. Ragtime is well enough in its place, stirring, amusing, and inspiring to dance by. But there are tunes enough that can be 'ragged.' Those 'composers' whose long suit is syncopation should at least respect masterpieces in their search for material. There is no need for them to kill the love of better music in order to find their own fun and their own royalties."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CHURCH UNION AS A "GREAT ILLUSION"

A UNITED CHRISTIANITY has been for years the dream of many leaders in religious thought, but just at present a feeling of disillusionment, almost of despair, clouds their vision as so many overtures looking to its realization seem to be meeting with indifferent success. Tho their sincerity is applauded, the Lambeth proposals and the more recent movement begun at the Geneva Conference on World Faith and Order to unite Christendom in "one flock under one Shepherd," are everywhere finding the barriers of belief and doctrine interposed. Rome declines to consider any other plan except reunion under the Pope, and the innumerable divisions of Protestantism cling with all their old fidelity to the tenets enunciated by Calvin, Knox, Luther, and other reformers, finding themselves unable to surrender any of the spiritual independence which they gained at so much cost. As it is pointed out in the church press, religious thought varies like political belief, and it is questioned whether in such a unity there would be strength, whether several branches of Christ's symbolic vine are not preferable to one. And some thoughtful Christian leaders are beginning to feel that the only possible and practical unity is the cooperation of existing bodies in specific works of Christian endeavor. Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Outlook* (New York), sees no gain in outward unity, holding that the basis of Christian catholicity is Christ, not ordination, nor confessions, nor liturgies; and he insists that a visible united Christendom has already been tried, and has failed. Critics among several of the larger denominations are not cordial to the idea. The Unitarians were left out of the fold embraced in the Interchurch World Movement, and could not be considered in the union now proposed. At their recent convention the Lutherans declared by resolution that "we hold the union of Christians in a single organization to be of less importance than the agreement of Christians in the proclamation of the Gospel," an echo of which view is heard in other quarters. The trouble in a nutshell, says *The Watchman-Examiner* (Baptist), is that "if two would ride a-horseback, one must ride behind," and the question is, "Who shall ride behind?" The Baptist reply is:

> "The Roman Catholic assumes that he can not because his is the only 'True Church,' and all others are schismatic and anathema. The Anglican Church—in this country the Protestant Episcopal Church—can not because, having the 'Apostolic Succession' and 'Holy Orders,' it can not play second fiddle to any mere 'sect.' The Pedobaptist communions can not, or will not, because, against all reason and consistency, they still insist on maintaining that hoary Romanist error of infant baptism, altho they know, or their scholars know, that the practise is not 'agreeable to Scripture.' The Baptists can not, because, holding a position with regard to the initiatory rite of the gospel, acknowledged by the scholarship of the world to be absolutely correct, they can not compromise it for the sake of any advantage or any fellowship, however attractive. And there you are!"

It is suggested that "there be a fresh start all around," that "in the projected world conference on Church unity all 'man-made' creeds and confessions and preconceptions and claims of superiority be laid aside," and that the "New Testament be adopted as the sole determining authority in all matters of faith and practise." What is pleaded for "is an honest, unbiased exegesis, made by men who approach the study, not as Roman Catholics, not as Anglicans, not as Presbyterians, not as Baptists, but as humble seekers after the truth." But our critic doubts that the time for this is at hand, and is "sorry."

The Geneva meeting, at which eighty churches and forty nations were represented, was preliminary in scope to a greater conference to be held some time within the next two or three years, perhaps at Jerusalem, to which an invitation was extended by the Eastern Orthodox Patriarch, Damianos. Questions of faith were amicably discust by delegates from the Eastern Orthodox Church and the numerous divisions of Protestantism. The Lambeth proposals were submitted by Bishop Gore, and overtures were made by the Greek Orthodox patriarchs. These included suggestions for an interchange of students; a cessation of proselyting; a united effort for the persecuted Church wherever it suffers; love for one another; study and knowledge of one another; examination of our differences in a kindly spirit, and elimination of political questions. The statement for the non-Episcopal bodies was made by Professor Vernon Bartlett, of Oxford, and Prof. Anderson Scott, of Cambridge. The harmony of idea and feeling reported to have been displayed resulted in the appointment of a continuation committee, consisting of about fifty members from all parts of the world, with its executive force in America, to work out definite plans regarding program, time, and place of meeting.

But the harmony reported to have existed in Geneva is not so generally indicated at home. For to one observer Geneva, where Knox and Calvin wrought what it is now sought to undo, affords no avenue to reunion. *The Presbyterian* regards the Swiss conferences as—

> "Simply meetings between Catholics and those inclined to be rationalistic and indefinite. The rationalists hope to negative all differences between the two. The Catholics will never admit this negativism. They hate it as modernism. They think and hope that rationalism is rapidly wearying, and when full exhaustion comes, many, like Voltaire, will rush back to the Catholic Church. . . . The whole thing is evangelically dangerous, and the evangelical church should resist it."

Such a conference of diverse tongues was "significant," agrees Floyd Keeler in *America* (Catholic); but they were all united in only one thing:

> "That the Pope is *not* the Vicar of Christ, and that his terms can not be acceptable. From the pomp and ceremony of the most elaborate Byzantine rite to the bald service of the most 'hard-shelled' Baptist is a far cry in externals, but they are all united by this one internal principle, and so long as they are there is nothing further that can be said or done to further Christian reunion. The Church is one, it does not have to be made one."

But Bishop Charles H. Brent (Protestant Episcopal), who was chairman of the preliminary meeting of the conference, believes the contrary. He writes to the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) that "some day there will be one flock under one Shepherd. We pilgrims register our active belief in this fact and promise to pursue our journey until we reach the heaven where we would be."

But one could not turn away from the Swiss conferences "without reflecting how impossible it will ever be to expect anything like outward similarity among the Christians of the world," writes Finis Idleman in *The Christian Century* (Disciples). For—

> "Influenced by varying forms of government, separated by languages that carry varying contents and that breathe unlike emotions, isolated by seas and ancient prejudices, having unequal contact with the currents of world thought, and different

widely in the privileges of and the yearning for culture, we must not be disappointed in the long delay of a fond ideal. But we shall discover something infinitely more precious: a common yearning for a lost world, and a common devotion to him who is forever 'Son of Man'—son of *all* mankind. There will come a unity of Christian speaking, a unity of Christian ideals, and a unity of endeavor among all Christ's followers the world over. It must come, or the scepter will pass from the Church."

BUDDHISM'S FORWARD MOVEMENT

BUDDHISM IS VYING with Christianity in evangelical effort throughout the world, we are warned by several Protestant journals which view with serious alarm the Buddhist anti-Christian campaign in Japan and its increasing propaganda in this country. In Japan, according to the Nashville *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), the Buddhists "have caught the spirit and adopted the methods of a branch of Christian workers." They maintain a regular Buddhist Salvation Army, "which, with tambourine and baby organ, holds meetings on the street-corners and under great emotional stress strives to make converts to Buddhism." This fact is regarded as sufficient to arouse the Christian Church to a greater activity; but "the situation becomes more alarming to us when we reflect that Buddhism is extending its evangelistic efforts to our own shores." The result will be "that unless we convert the heathen by sending our missionaries to them, the heathen will spare no effort to convert us by sending their missionaries over here." According to figures of the United States religious census for 1916, as noted by *The Continent* (Presbyterian), there are 12 Buddhist temples, with 34 priests and 5,639 members, in the United States. These statistics include one Shinto temple, with its members. Colorado has one temple, with 911 reported members, while the others are found in California. Methods of Christian organizations have been adopted, we are told, and the Buddhist authorities are not only actively engaged in propagating their faith among the Orientals in this country, but are also making an attempt to reach the white people. The religion is proving to be "wonderfully pliable," remarks *The Christian Observer* (Presbyterian), and it warns us:

> "It is active in Asia as never before. It feels the menace of Christianity, and thus it has adopted from it whatever it found of use. It has its missions and missionaries and revivals and Y. M. B. A. and Y. W. B. A., even a Salvation Army.
>
> "Its opposition to Christianity is active and subtle and it avails itself of every possible opportunity and means to foster this spirit of opposition. It dominates the schools of Japan and China, and has learned the lesson of the impressionability of little children, and therefore gathers them for instruction as we do in our Sunday-schools. The great missionary struggle is only fairly begun. We know what the end must be, but between the attainment of this ideal and the present there lie long leagues of hard-fought battle-ground. There never was such a call to foreign missionary work as we hear to-day."

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"IT'S HARD TO BEAT A PRAYING TEAM,"

Agree "Bo" McMillin, all American half-back, and captain of the Centre College football team (here seen in uniform), and Charles Moran, the coach, who believes in prayer. Centre, it will be remembered, held Harvard to a 31—14 score and ended its season by a 103—0 victory over Georgetown College, Kentucky.

THE PRAYING FOOTBALL TEAM

PRAYER AND FOOTBALL may seem incongruous to some, but not so to Charles Moran, coach of the famous Centre College football eleven, and his players. As the world knows, they prayed before they went on the gridiron against Harvard—and lost. But that did not affect the players' belief in the efficacy of prayer. They played their all to win; but they prayed only that they might be able to give that all, that they might be kept free from injury, from mistakes and errors. In an interview with Lawrence Perry, of the New York *Evening Post*, reprinted in *The Central Christian Advocate* (Methodist), the renowned football coach and professional athlete explains that prayer is not offered by his stalwarts for victory, because "we don't get to decide what is best for us." At least he says, "that isn't the way we pray at Centre."

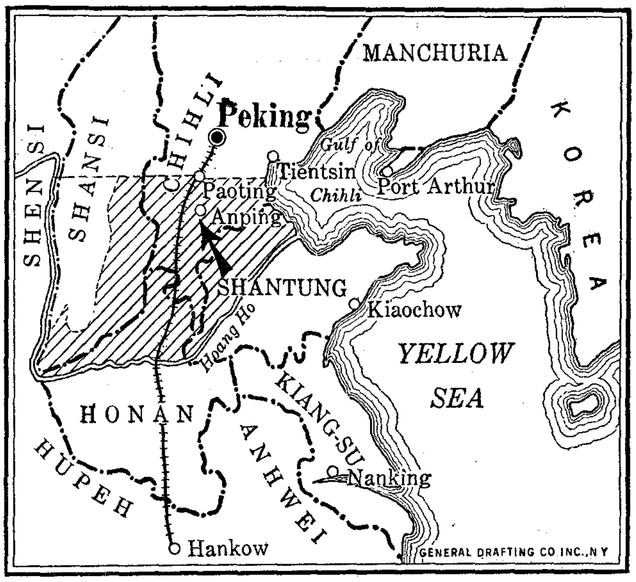
> "The way the boys pray before a game is this way: They ask first for protection, so that they'll be able to go clean through the game without injury which would put them out of it. Then they ask that they will be permitted to apply their full strength and ability in the game—that they will be kept free from mistakes and errors. They pray that they will be able to give their all and state that if in giving their all they give their lives with it they are ready to go. That's the way they pray."

The interviewer inquired whether Moran believed in prayer for an eleven as a psychological preparation or as a matter of pure faith. He replied that he believed in prayer every day, and that "when a boy with a clean mind and square instincts prays, his prayer is bound to be answered—if he is praying for what's right to have and to be." It makes no difference whether one is Protestant or Catholic. Both faiths are represented on the Centre eleven, and, as has been proved, "it's hard to beat a praying team." Charles Moran is a National League umpire as well as a coach, says the interviewer, who continues:

> "He once played big league baseball and professional football on the Massillon Tigers. He has the chest and shoulders of Anak—and a wallop in either hand. He bears a facial resemblance to John McGraw in the days before McGraw was as beefy as he is to-day. He has knocked all over the country as a professional athlete, but he retains the simple religious faith of Horse Neck Cave, Ky. One doesn't have to be a pussyfoot to hold religious convictions, he said. He's taken his share of hard knocks, and has given them.
>
> "'But it's always been stand up, face to face. Down in my country I never heard that being a Christian took anything out of a man. In fact, you take a clean, right-thinking, upright man and put him against some one with a mean, dirty mind and unrighteous disposition, and see who comes out on top. Yes, you may print all this if you want. I'd like to have you, because I'm proud of it. Don't let any one tell you that because they have faith and believe in prayer Centre College players aren't battlers. Ask any team that's played against 'em. Ask West Virginia.'"

CHINA'S STARVING MILLIONS

EUROPE'S STARVING MILLIONS have been enough to give the parliaments of charity pause, but now comes word that China is scourged by the worst famine in forty years and calls to humanity for aid. Reduced by want, tens of millions in the northern provinces face death from hunger because they can not be reached, and others, even if now assisted, can not be kept fed until the June harvest. Many instances of cannibalism and wholesale suicide are reported by missionaries, who are sending out a general appeal to relieve what the Peking and Tientsin *Times* describes as one of the greatest catastrophes that have befallen the world. Even the slow-moving Chinese Government is so alarmed by the peril that it is resorting to drastic measures to succor the stricken peoples. Officials found guilty of graft are beheaded out of hand, it is said; railroad tariffs have been raised on condition that the increase go to the relief funds, and 20 per cent. of their salaries for three months is deducted from the incomes of all government employees. Reports made to the Methodist and Presbyterian boards of Foreign Missions and appealing letters received from missionaries in the stricken areas recite that the suffering is so wide-spread that even oft-smitten Cathay is appalled by the immensity of the tragedy. In some places, it is stated, not a blade of grass is growing; "every leaf has been taken from the trees, and even the bark has been consumed." Everywhere whole families are drowning themselves in the rivers; others are selling their daughters into slavery, and there are some whose hunger drives them to the flesh of their own kind. For nearly two years no rain has fallen over a wide area covering parts of the provinces of Chihli, Shantung, and Honan, the most densely populated section in China, writes Dr. Iuming C. Suez, Chinese Consul, to Columbia University students; and a condition of "unprecedented horror" has resulted. An extract from letters he received from missionaries tells the tale:



After a map in the Chicago "Tribune."

WHERE 20,000,000 CHINESE ARE STARVING.

The shaded portion of the map shows where the Chinese famine is most severe. American relief headquarters are at Anping.

> "Summer has gone and still there is no rain, so there is not the least hope for the autumn harvest. The condition is especially bad around the southern districts of Chihli. Cases of horrible happenings are reported every day of the thousands who are emaciated and finally subdued by starvation, of those who with their whole family commit suicide by poisoning or drowning in order to escape the more horrible necessity of eating human flesh or selling members of their families. Dead bodies are floating down the river to Tientsin in such frequency that the city water-works are forced to close down their refining tanks because the water is absolutely unsafe for use."

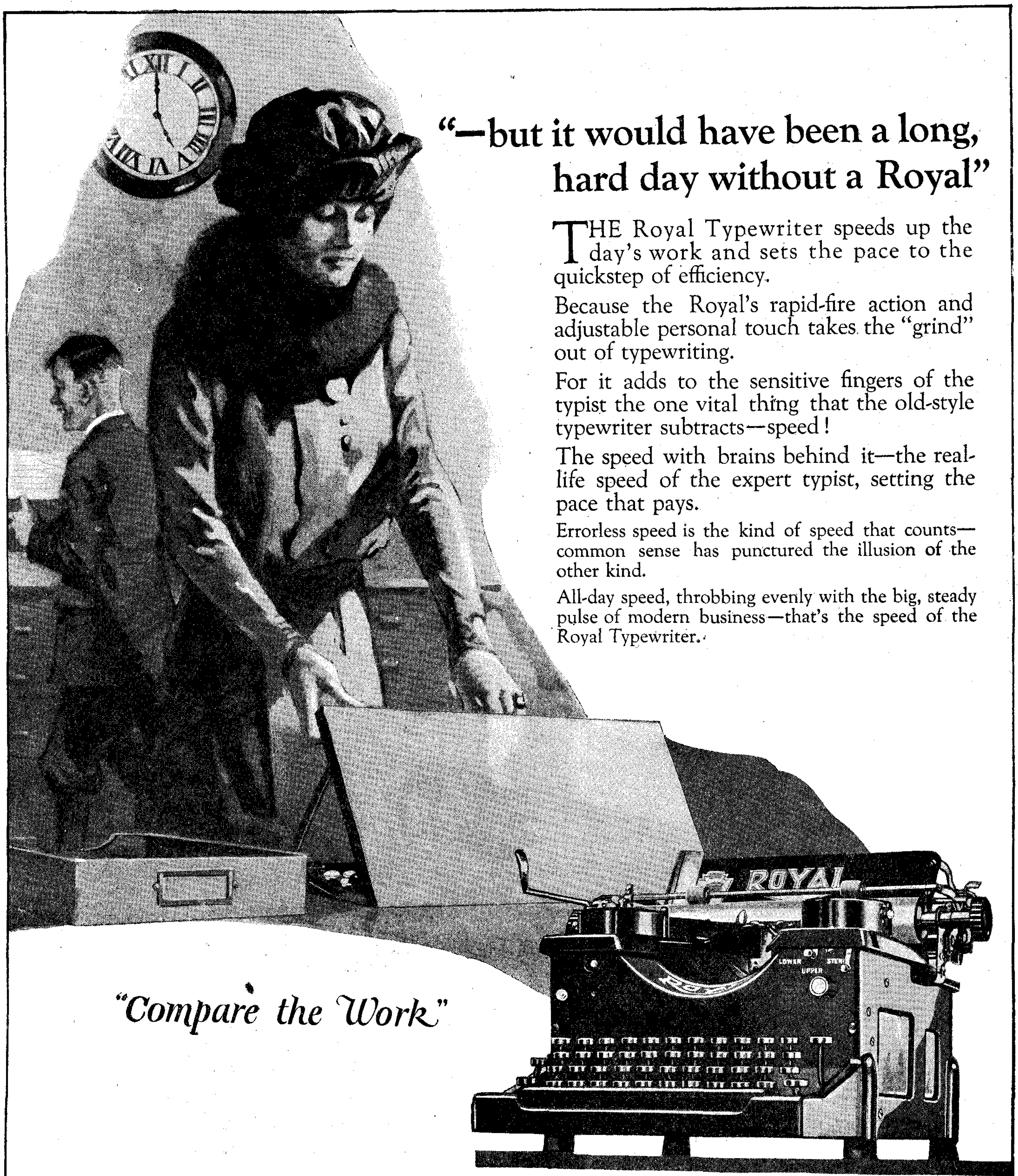
According to press reports, Bishop Wilson Lewis cables from Peking to the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions that in the stricken areas people "are now living on grass, which has sprung up under the influence of the later rains, and on the leaves and bark of trees. Thousands are starving and tens of thousands will have died before relief can possibly come." Dr. Ralph A. Ward, secretary of the Methodist Board, states that—

> "More people face starvation in China this winter than perished on the battle-fields of the war. A thousand are dying daily. Fathers and mothers are committing suicide rather than watch their children starve, while others are forced to abandon them to more fortunate people who can care for them as their own. Multitudes of refugees flee from the foodless districts only to die of exposure and hunger in distant cities where 'rice lines' are not sufficient. Able-bodied men, old women, and children scramble over one another in the streets in their rush for a copper flung them by a passer-by. Children are often crusht at the stations of inadequate food-distribution.
>
> "The work of social rebuilding in the large is a thing to which the Christian Church has committed itself, but for the present we have no time to spend on mere hopes and theories. People are starving. They need help now—help to maintain life and keep homes intact."

Measures of relief are being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and various organizations have lent themselves to the tremendous task. The American Red Cross, it is announced, has appropriated $500,000 for immediate relief; the Chinese are personally giving $12,500,000 (Mex.) and the British-American Tobacco Company has appropriated $100,000. In addition many of the missionaries are sacrificing themselves in a frantic endeavor to stay the peril. Effort is now being made by an American relief expedition to save certain districts which can be reached before water transportation is blocked by ice, and which will be open to relief until crops replace the want, writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. But other districts must be left to their fate. The correspondent paints a dark picture of conditions in some of the areas where not a green thing survives. In the region of Anping 130,000 men, women, and children, or about 70 per cent. of the population, are starving and can not last until June without aid. Some miles to the east of the region through which the relief cargoes will pass is Hsinhsin, where the entire population is starving. This is reported to be the blackest spot in all China, but, being nearer Tientsin, it may be reached by supplies later. Anping has been selected as the relief center by the Rev. A. J. Griffith, one of the relief-workers, and supplies from Manila brought by the American army transport *Warren* are being hurried through before freezing ends water transportation. Here there is sufficient food to sustain 10,000 people until June; for the rest of the population, 120,000, there is no hope. Similar conditions exist elsewhere, and so tremendous is the task that, continues the correspondent:

> "At conferences at Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, and elsewhere it is agreed that it would be a waste of food to feed any part of the population and later leave them to starve. So it was resolved that no food would be sent to any district where it would be impossible to continue the supply until harvest time. . . . The decision reached means that from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 persons must die, for it is possible to save lives only by sending food to districts which could be given continuous supply."

American assistance is going forward from Manila, and the whole work is being undertaken by the United International Famine Relief Committee. In expressing his appreciation for the American donations already given, Chow Tze Chi, Chinese Minister of Finance, added the prayer: "We hope that your great country will realize our need and, with your famous promptitude and generosity, aid our suffering."



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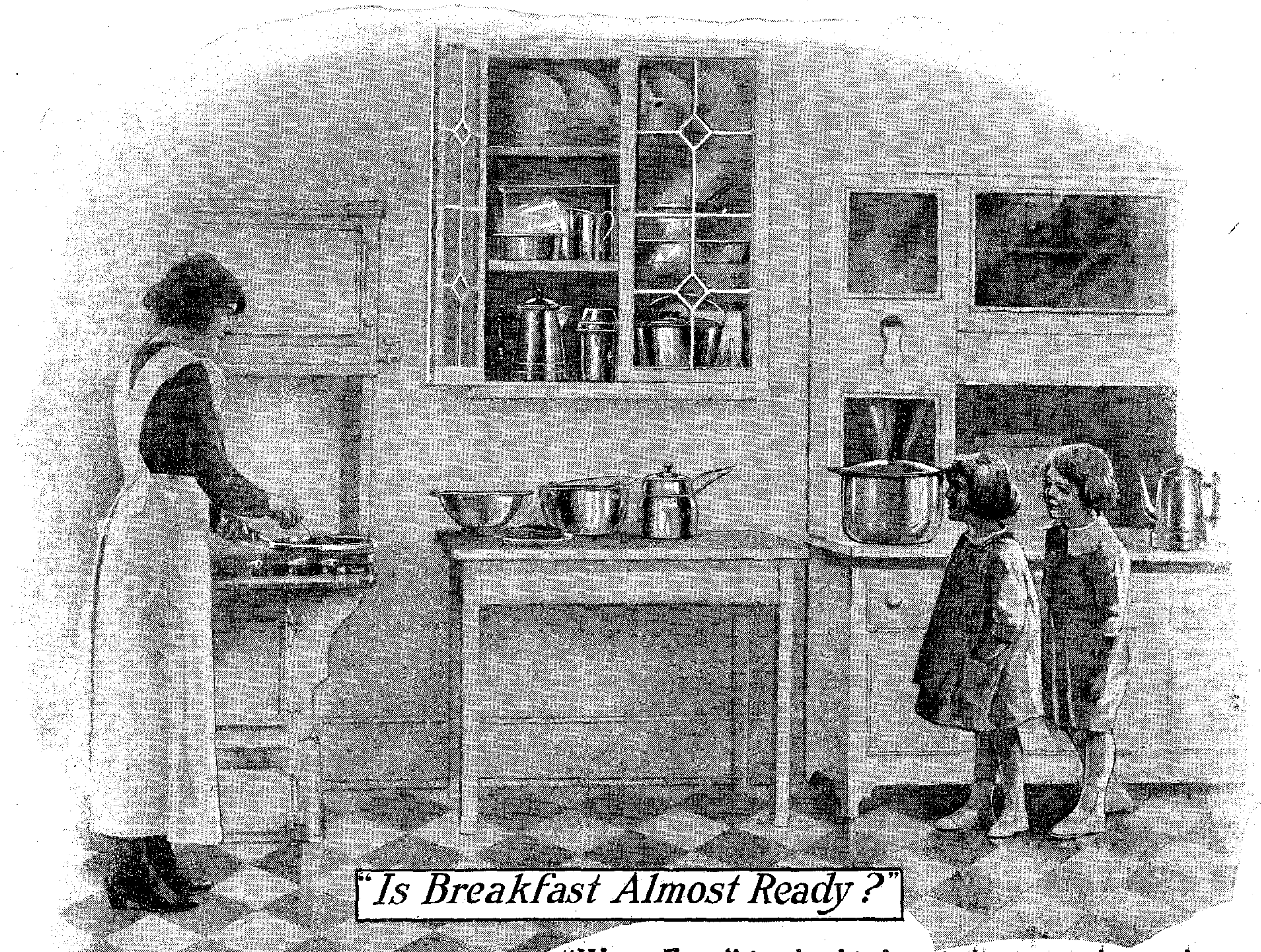

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"Wear-Ever" in the kitchen indicates a thorough appreciation of the influence of this important room upon health and happiness.

Christmas 1920 will be one that Mother will remember during the years to come if you give her a set of beautiful, silver-like

"Wear-Ever"

These bright, cleanly utensils will make more cheerful the hours she spends in the kitchen.

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

are so bright and cleanly that food prepared in them is always appetizing—always seems to taste better than food prepared in ordinary utensils.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made without joints or seams in which particles of food can collect. Cannot chip—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out
with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil

Write for free booklet, "The 'Wear-Ever' Kitchen," which tells how to save fuel, food and work. Address Dept. 10.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by
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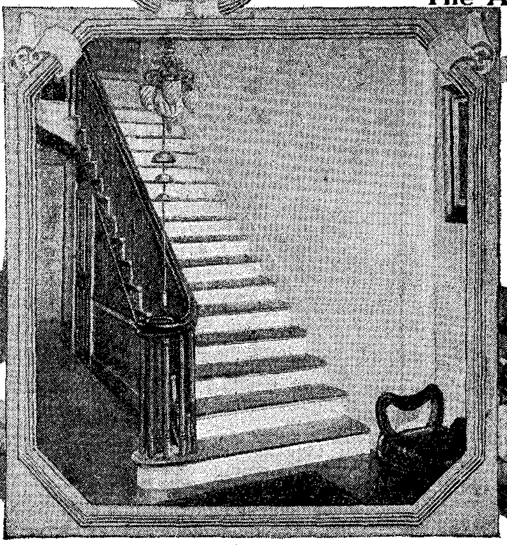

The more modern a home is in its furnishings, the more certainly "Wear-Ever" will be found in its bright, cheerful kitchen

CURRENT - POETRY

THERE is poetry in many souls, tho the power to express it is deficient. Here are some verses that might be named "A Ballad of Forsaken Wives," but no title is given to them. They occur in the *Brown County Democrat* (Indiana), and express the tragedy of a deserted wife:

A BALLAD OF FORSAKEN WIVES

BY MRS. HENRY MOBLEY

My husband's gone and left me
In the hills of Brown;
Forsaken me on account of
Others of this little town.

He's always been a blacksmith;
I treated the man well;
The last words he told me
Were, I'd better go to hell.

It was awful hard to swallow,
Hard to get it down;
Now he's forsaken me for
Others of this little town.

He wants a younger woman
In his older day;
He says I'm getting old,
And am turning gray.

I always tried to treat him right
And do the best I could;
But the worst words he could
Say to me always done him good.

Now, he's gone and left me
In the hills of old Brown;
Forsaken me on account of
Others of this little town.

He is getting old and
I am getting gray;
But he'll see the time he'll wish
He hadn't went away.

He's gone and left me,
And left me all alone;
Perhaps he'll take one with him
He can call his own.

He's gone and left me
In the hills of Brown;
Forsaken me on account of
Others of this little town.

He's mine; let him go;
God bless him where'er he may be;
He can travel the wide world over
And never find one like me.

WITH better art but less poignancy the same situation is presented by an English poet whose muse leads him to the grays of life. The former poem stops when the facts have been presented. This one from *The English Review* (London) has a final verse that is more the poet's than Ellen Chester's.

ELLEN CHESTER

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

After working all day at the tan-pits,
With strong hands tanned horny and hard,
And stained by the bark brown as leather,
He would come every night from the yard.

And I from my work at the laundry,
With hands soused in suds clean and white
And soft to the touch as old linen,
Would meet him half-way every night:

I'd met him half-way every evening,
Tho always I shuddered to feel
Those hard fingers gripping my fingers,
And crushing my soft hands like steel.

But now I'm forgot and forsaken;
And eagerly waiting he stands
For a girl coming home from the gardens
With weathered and grubby red hands.

As unseen in the dark of a doorway
I watch him alone and apart,
My cold fingers fumble my bosom
To loosen his clutch on my heart.

HERE is an idyl of endurance. The situation is one that might have produced another tragedy such as the two former poems depict, but G. S. B. in the New York *Tribune* probably records the commoner experience:

"TIME, YOU THIEF! . . . PUT THAT IN"

BY G. S. B.

Can it have been near twenty years ago,
After a day's exacting office work,
I saw that shop I had not seen before?
Within two gas-jets fluttered in the dusk
Through which I peered. "Few," so I thought,
"come here.
Perhaps I shall find something if I look."
Upon that ancient chaos lay a dust
That marked one's clothes and stained the hands
like soot;
And when I drew a volume from its shelf,
A fog of dust-motes rose and floated out.
I fancied that some dim Egyptian tomb,
For centuries sealed, might, when men entered it,
Have such a dusty smell. At last appeared
The shopman; he was very dusty, too.
His loose frock coat bore a close nap of dust;
Dust mingled with the texture of his skin,
Clouded the lenses of his spectacles,
Clung to the fringes of his grizzled beard.
He seemed a stranger to sharp-dealing ways
That I had known in many of his tribe;
For when I chanced, in a dust-laden bin,
Upon a 32mo Horace—done
At Amsterdam by Daniel Elzevir,
With annotations in quaint-fashioned script,
Made by a patient scholar long ago—
The old man set a very trifling price.
Then, as we talked, he told me he had been,
For his best years, a printer. "Yes," he said,
"I printed posters for stage-folk and had
All I could do. My work was popular.
Now, here is something special I got up
To please Parepa-Rosa." From a drawer
He brought to me a faded lithograph—
Parepa-Rosa's pretty head tricked out
With blossoms, in a style you may have seen
In "Godey's Lady's Book"; not without charm.
"Why," the old fellow said impressively,
"This took Parepa-Rosa's fancy so
When she first saw it that she kissed me, sir" . . .
We stood there, that old dusty man and I,
In that old dusty shop and spoke of one
Who had been dust these many, many years.
Pulvis et umbra sang the overtone
Of Horace 'round us. And we did not hear
A door behind the shop flung open, nor
A footstep at our backs. Then suddenly
A woman's voice: "That threadbare yarn again!
Come in to tea before it all gets cold!"
With deprecating nod the old man went.

IF *Mr. Punch* should read the three preceding selections he might be led to say, "The more I see of men the better I think of pelicans." Without revealing the author, *Punch* (London) gives us this picture of a famous London Park not yet recovered from its war-dismantling:

IN PRAISE OF THE PELICANS

The pelicans in St. James's Park
On every day from dawn to dark
Pursue, inscrutable of mien,
A fixt unvarying routine.
Whatever be the wind or weather
They spend their time in peace together,
And plainly nothing can upset
The harmony of their quartet.

Most punctually by the clock
They roost upon or quit their rock,
Or swim ashore and hold their levée,
Lords of the mixed lacustrine bevy;
Or with their slow, unwieldy gait
Their green domain perambulate,
Or with prodigious flaps and prances
Indulge in their peculiar dances,
Returning to their feeding-ground
What time the keeper goes his round
With fish and scraps for their nutrition
After laborious deglutition.

Calm, self-sufficing, self-possest,
They never mingle with the rest,
Watching with not unfriendly eye
The antics of the lesser fry,
Save when bold sparrows draw too near
Their mighty beaks—and disappear.

Outlandish birds, at times grotesque,
And yet superbly picturesque,
Altho resignedly we mourn
A Park dismantled and forlorn,
Long may it be ere you forsake
Your quarters on the minished Lake:
For there, with splendid plumes and hues
And ways that startle and amuse,
You constantly refresh the eye
And cheer the heart of passers-by,
Untouched by years of shock and strain,
Undeviatingly urbane,
And lending London's commonplace
A touch of true heraldic grace.

WE have quoted several poems of old age recently. In most of them a greater dignity is allowed to old age than this one in *Everybody's Magazine* permits. Youth evidently has its resentments:

THE OLD MAN

BY OSCAR C. WILLIAMS

A shadow lost in autumn shadows kind,
He sits and dreams the dreams that old men
dream;
His dusk-filled window frames a lamp-post's
gleam
Beneath which lads their lasses seek and find.
But he—he does not see; his rusted mind
Is rummaging among a pile of old
And worn-out memories, thinned threads of
gold,
All that was his, ere sight had made him blind.

He does not see the miracle of Youth
Wring from the autumn, yearning of the spring,
Wrench from the dusk the dawn's wild coloring—
He dreams of dead desire and costly truth. . . .
Outside Youth's laughter peals its many
bells. . . .
Blind eyes are blind even to miracles!

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BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

WORLD-WIDE-TRADE-FACTS

FRUITS AND NUTS

(Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.)

THE MOST STRIKING FACT in the appended table showing imports from foreign countries and exports from the United States of domestic-grown fruits and nuts is the wide difference between the 1919 and 1920 imports of currants and raisins. In the nine months ending in September of this year the United States imported more than eight times the amount of currants imported in the same period last year, and roughly twenty million pounds of raisins as against a mere hundred and thirty thousand pounds in 1919. At the same time this country exported less than half the amount of raisins exported to various countries in 1919. The amount of peanuts imported this year was almost three times as much as the 1919 figures, while we did not export half as much of this commodity as in 1919. Other figures follow:

NINE MONTHS ENDING SEPTEMBER—

IMPORTS	1919		1920	
	Quantity	Value	Quantity	Value
Fruits—				
Bananas...bunches, free	29,295,184	$12,436,430	31,241,624	$15,109,557
Imported from—				
Central America	19,109,035	7,986,613	21,440,063	10,159,814
Jamaica	5,465,071	2,244,305	5,681,943	2,867,055
Cuba	1,441,870	583,016	1,573,671	773,467
Columbia	3,114,440	1,540,504	1,973,507	923,948
Other countries	164,768	81,992	572,440	385,273
Currants...lbs., duty	5,310,216	817,286	43,247,005	4,592,857
Dates...lbs., duty	9,690,685	430,421	10,201,954	835,124
Figs...lbs., duty	7,278,752	684,813	9,942,112	1,218,669
Grapes...cu. ft., duty	33,636	51,463	31,629	64,310
Grapefruit	...	404,785	...	297,367
Lemons...duty	...	1,980,537	...	2,644,409
Olives...galls., duty	3,212,997	1,879,197	4,131,574	4,483,110
Oranges...duty	...	13,990	...	33,291
Pineapples...duty	...	1,022,546	...	1,389,139
Raisins and other dried grapes lbs., duty	130,268	36,648	20,395,425	3,523,322
Fruit, preserved...duty	...	799,684	...	1,875,324
All other...free	...	2,826,850	...	2,520,329
All other...duty	...	568,033	...	1,155,799
Total fruits	...	$23,952,683	...	$39,742,607
Nuts—				
Almonds—				
Not shelled...lbs., duty	3,152,591	437,022	3,750,332	605,440
Shelled...lbs., duty	18,749,353	6,493,700	13,489,667	5,237,817
Coconuts, in the shell..No., free	60,649,699	2,554,738	66,038,596	3,264,906
Coconut meat, broken, or copra—				
Not shredded, desiccated, or prepared...lbs., free	198,958,877	12,489,634	167,031,345	11,365,538
Imported from—				
Dutch East Indies	11,972,029	718,857	22,066,589	1,418,201
Japan	...	...	991,335	67,413
Australia	58,839,937	3,536,860	38,650,631	3,020,121
Other British Oceania	49,959,613	3,512,508	34,303,990	2,802,870
French Oceania	10,757,548	589,395	16,409,275	1,369,428
Other Oceania	...	...	22,815,671	1,438,158
Philippine Islands	13,156,385	630,507	20,855,129	342,548
Other countries	54,273,365	3,501,507	10,938,725	906,799
Shredded, desiccated, or prepared lbs., duty	15,801,348	1,968,738	28,129,820	4,556,078
Cream and Brazil...lbs., duty	41,538,520	2,921,729	13,152,862	1,774,257
Filberts—				
Not shelled...lbs., duty	7,793,770	1,534,596	9,858,120	1,376,292
Shelled...lbs., duty	1,877,474	536,845	4,811,292	1,281,833
Marrons, crude...lbs., free.	727,059	40,280	8,812,988	639,385
Palm, and palm-nut kernels lbs., free.	5,517,785	282,822	5,334,629	344,783
Peanuts—				
Not shelled...lbs., duty	3,504,591	230,359	8,563,773	763,340
Shelled...lbs., duty	20,824,910	1,635,939	110,135,354	10,519,666
Walnuts—				
Not shelled...lbs., duty	5,995,800	896,101	9,206,064	1,552,817
Shelled...lbs., duty	8,109,704	4,055,553	15,323,066	5,907,506
Total walnuts...lbs.	14,105,504	$4,951,654	24,529,130	$7,460,323
Imported from—				
France	3,394,322	2,258,929	12,951,702	4,781,070
Italy	602,303	139,225	511,522	122,791
Spain	...	...	901,839	368,849
Chile	2,264,079	357,653	56,093	8,430
China	3,264,856	692,263	6,490,116	1,415,787
Japan	1,172,693	151,460	2,610,341	430,941
Other countries	3,407,251	1,352,124	1,007,517	332,455
All other...free	...	...	...	...
All other...duty	...	448,480	...	604,621
Total fruits and nuts	...	$60,479,219	...	$89,536,893

NINE MONTHS ENDING SEPTEMBER—

EXPORTS	1919		1920	
	Quantity	Value	Quantity	Value
Fruits—				
Apples, dried...lbs.	20,526,716	$3,276,364	5,437,194	$1,113,428
Apples, green or ripe... bbls.	1,240,576	10,349,256	585,555	5,437,116
Exported to—				
Denmark	29,477	354,547	11,079	129,553
Norway	116,133	1,339,948	45,287	521,265
Sweden	32,767	426,494	12,055	136,251
United Kingdom	910,285	6,935,847	303,530	2,892,154
Canada	94,518	713,761	124,855	824,074
Mexico	13,432	109,063	16,252	149,711
Cuba	5,862	57,091	7,757	71,083
Argentina	6,586	89,882	20,773	244,763
Brazil	11,718	140,284	19,498	223,924
Other countries	19,798	182,339	24,469	244,338
Apricots, dried...lbs.	24,746,084	5,272,698	8,421,221	2,236,820
Exported to—				
Belgium	1,544,657	320,213	344,828	108,146
Denmark	4,269,708	1,075,926	950,687	250,630
France	5,136,243	1,263,583	1,821,002	551,680
Netherlands	266,690	71,492	104,010	31,238
Norway	2,683,821	657,389	104,385	28,620
Sweden	4,341,386	810,467	317,482	75,091
United Kingdom	4,465,497	640,822	3,687,571	891,172
Canada	516,327	84,969	453,251	107,787
Australia	85,875	22,477	1,585	414
Other countries	1,435,880	325,360	636,420	192,042
Berries	...	953,610	...	671,094
Lemons...boxes	247,689	1,054,989	232,580	958,899
Oranges...boxes	1,377,527	5,899,612	1,224,530	6,138,172
Exported to				
United Kingdom	43,727	233,489	9,611	60,529
Canada	1,270,344	5,342,309	1,139,383	5,646,890
Other countries	63,456	323,814	75,536	430,753
Peaches, dried...lbs.	3,319,621	514,727	6,825,976	1,252,267
Pears, green or ripe	...	1,113,366	...	1,063,843
Prunes, dried...lbs.	59,765,435	8,555,184	60,754,789	9,520,325
Exported to—				
Belgium	3,115,434	552,238	1,854,743	308,437
Denmark	5,927,665	956,699	1,134,639	193,877
Finland*	...	...	932,828	143,063
France	8,720,060	1,420,616	16,184,922	2,681,514
Italy	...	...	353,275	80,063
Netherlands	510,773	111,543	1,855,312	268,671
Norway	6,219,594	914,404	560,005	106,192
Sweden	6,473,726	1,279,274	855,480	146,112
United Kingdom	19,937,222	2,146,621	23,677,784	3,474,477
Canada	5,071,207	548,116	8,115,843	1,115,952
British Oceania	296,348	37,707	973,512	134,633
Other countries	3,493,406	587,966	4,256,446	867,334
Raisins and other dried grapes, lbs.	72,924,189	7,713,460	33,562,936	5,237,476
Exported to—				
Denmark	2,051,725	265,615	99,880	17,035
Norway	4,630,001	655,488	138,862	21,802
Sweden*	...	...	35,585	5,845
United Kingdom	39,231,584	3,919,144	14,379,573	2,132,843
Canada	21,017,855	2,044,189	14,058,992	2,206,505
Japan*	...	...	208,062	38,741
New Zealand	277,300	25,387	1,176,167	187,829
Other countries	5,715,724	803,637	3,465,815	626,876
Waste, cannery (pulp, cores, etc.) lbs.	...	...	380,244	33,451
All other fruits—				
Dried	...	1,198,915	...	1,723,793
Green or ripe	...	3,405,333	...	3,062,980
Preserved—Canned—				
Peaches	...	5,939,984	...	4,847,118
Pears	...	...	...	3,779,126
Pineapples	...	...	...	2,246,934
All other	...	19,743,544	...	5,863,341
Total	...	25,683,528	...	16,736,519
Exported to—				
Belgium	...	478,138	...	439,673
France	...	1,010,341	...	926,132
Norway	...	277,048	...	195,503
United Kingdom	...	21,621,927	...	9,247,754
Canada	...	497,962	...	1,587,184
Cuba	...	517,683	...	1,610,416
British India	...	48,390	...	290,706
Dutch East India	...	154,263	...	208,352
Other countries	...	1,077,776	...	2,230,799
All other preserved fruits	...	3,548,609	...	1,527,120
Total fruits	...	78,539,651	...	56,713,303
Nuts—				
Peanuts...lbs.	15,310,761	1,580,245	6,558,029	854,183
All other	...	875,836	...	580,022
Total fruits and nuts	...	$80,995,732	...	$58,147,508

* Not separately stated prior to 1920.

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE UP-TO-DATE LEGENDARY RULER OF RUSSIA

"A LAND OF LEGENDS, peopled by legendary figures," one of the Soviet Republic's recent interpreters calls it. "And that is well," asserts Maxim Gorki, the Russian novelist, writing in the strongly pro-Soviet *Liberator* (New York). It is this legendary character, especially in Bolshevism's leader, he believes, which is turning the faces of the world's workers toward Moscow. Of course, to those who do not believe that the sort of legends emanating from Moscow are likely to turn many faces in that direction, Mr. Gorki's views may not appeal. "From the far-off villages of India," he writes, "coming hundreds of miles over mountain paths and through forest, hiding, risking their lives, there arrive at Kabul, at the Russian Soviet Embassy, Hindus representing the millions crusht under the ancient yoke of British officialdom; they arrive at last, and ask: 'Who is Lenine?' And at the other end of the world we hear the Norwegian laborers say: 'Lenine is the honest lad. There has never been his equal on earth.'" The fundamental purpose of all Lenine's life is "the happiness of humanity," concludes Gorki. . . "His private life is such that in an epoch of great religious faith we would have regarded Lenine as a saint." On the other hand, there is the word of Winston Churchill, a man of the best British education and the highest British culture, who considers Lenine "the most ferocious and most execrable of men." And Capt. Francis McCullagh, of the British Army, after diverse troubles in Russia, writes to the New York *Herald* that Lenine's "head was bald, but with a dull, mottled, and not a shiny, billiard-ball hairlessness; his eyes far apart, and with a cast in one of them; his cheek-bones high; his face broad and with a dim, disturbing suggestion of Asia which half-prepared one for his monstrous theories."

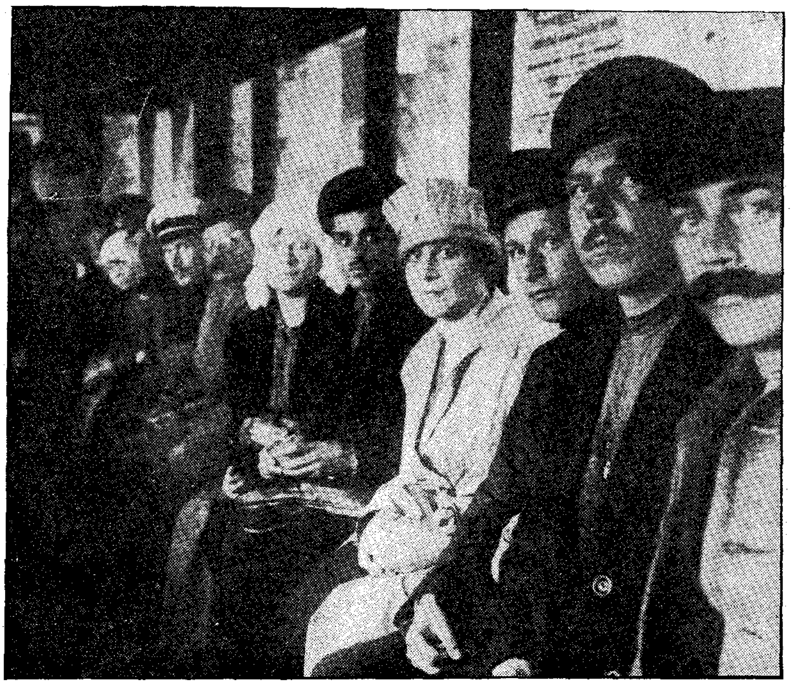


Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

FACES OUT OF SOVIET RUSSIA.

These are some of the subjects of the world's most powerful autocrat. "The happiness of humanity," declares Maxim Gorki, is the sole object for which Lenine strives, but it is a happiness strictly regulated by government authorities. The pay of these workers is said to consist principally of "small quantities of black bread."

The most recent, and perhaps most intimate, view of this "severe realist who has become a legendary figure" is contained in a series of copyrighted articles by Mrs. Clare Sheridan, an English sculptress, cabled to the New York *Times*. She went to Moscow to model some of the Soviet chiefs, and the diary which she kept has an every-day intimacy which removes most of the legendary character from the Russian Dictator. Under the date-line of October 7 she writes:

A friend of mine from the Foreign Office accompanied me to the Kremlin and took me up to Lenine's room. We went in through his special door, guarded by a sentry, and on the second floor we went through several doors and passages, each guarded, and finally through two rooms full of women secretaries. The last room next to Lenine's contains about five women at five tables, and they all looked at me curiously, but they knew my errand and one pointed to a white baize door, and I went through. It did not latch, but merely swung to behind me.

Lenine was sitting at his desk. He rose and came across the room to greet me. He has a genial manner and kindly smile, which put one instantly at ease.

He said he had heard of me from Kameneff, and I in turn apologized for having to bother him. He laughed and explained that the last sculptor had occupied his room for weeks and that he got so bored with it that he had sworn it never should happen again. He asked how long I needed, and offered me to-day and to-morrow from 11 to 4, and three or four evenings if I could work by electric light. When I told him I worked quickly and should not require so much, he said laughingly that he was pleased.

My stands and things were then brought into the room by three soldiers, and I established myself on the left. It was hard work, for he was lower than the clay and did not revolve, nor did he keep very still. But the room was so peaceful and he on the whole took so little notice of me that I worked with great calm till 3 45 without stopping for rest or food.

During that time he had but one interview, but the telephone was a great assistance to him. When a low buzz accompanied by the lighting up of a small electric bulb signified a telephone call his face lost the dulness of repose and became animated and interesting. He gesticulated to the telephone as tho it understood.

I remarked on the comparative stillness of his room and laughed.

"Wait till there is a political discussion," he said.

Secretaries came in at intervals with letters. He opened them, signed the empty envelop and gave it back—a form of receipt, I suppose. Some papers were brought him to sign, and he signed, but while looking at something else instead of his signature. I asked him why he had women secretaries. He said because all the men were at the war, and that caused us to talk of Poland.

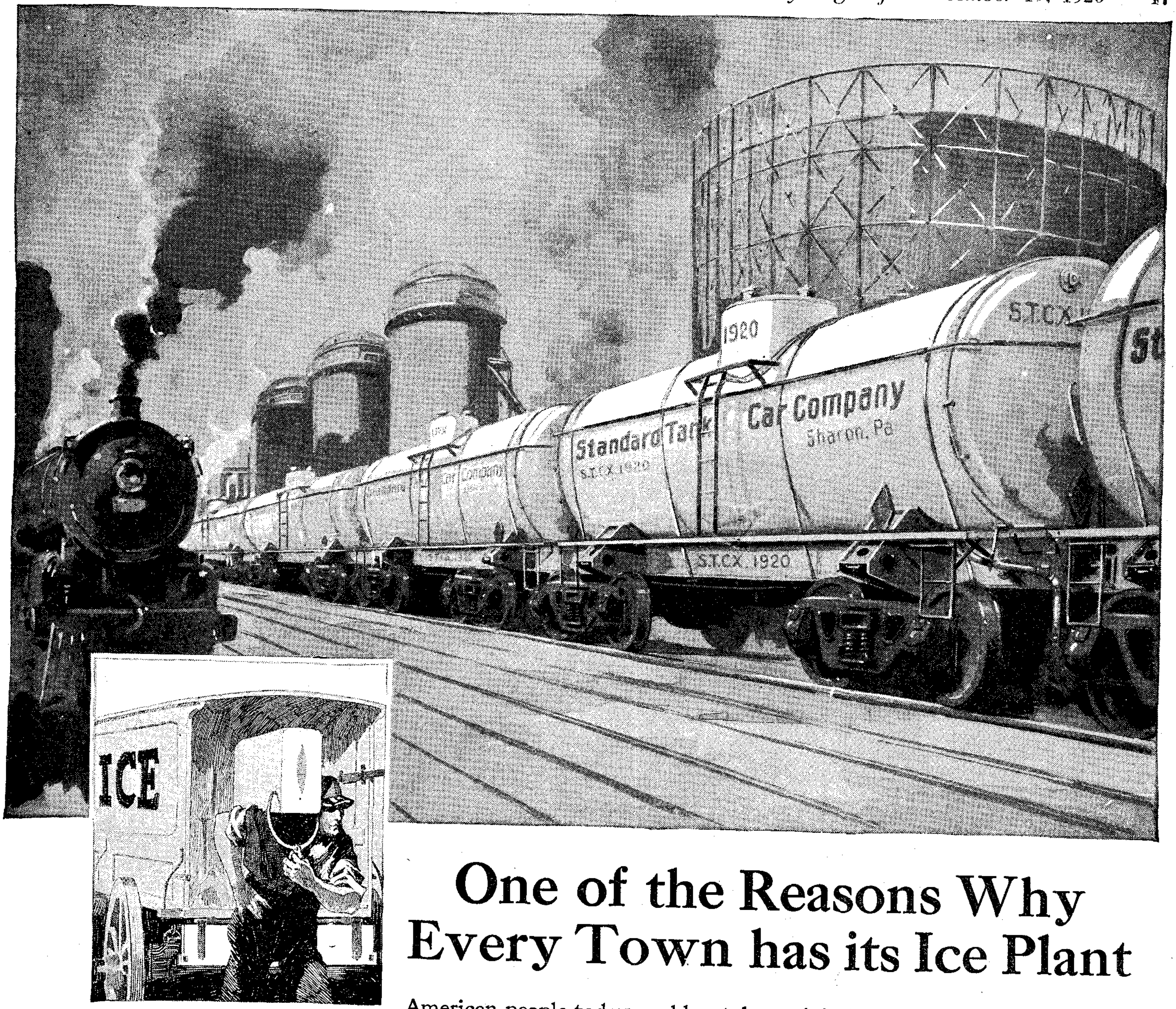
I understood that peace with Poland had been signed yesterday, but he says no, that forces are at work trying to upset the negotiations and that the position is very grave.

"Besides," he said, "when we have settled Poland we have got Wrangel."

I asked if Wrangel was negligible, and he said that Wrangel counted quite a bit, which is a different attitude to that adopted by other Russians I have met, who have laughed scornfully at the idea of Wrangel.

We touched on H. G. Wells, and he said the only book of his he had read was "Joan and Peter," but that he had not read it through. He liked the description at the beginning of English intellectual *bourgeois* life.

He mentioned Winston Churchill [Mrs. Sheridan is a cousin of the British Minister of War] apropos of something, and I asked him if Winston was the most hated Englishman. He shrugged his shoulders and then added something about Churchill being the man with all the force of capitalists behind him.



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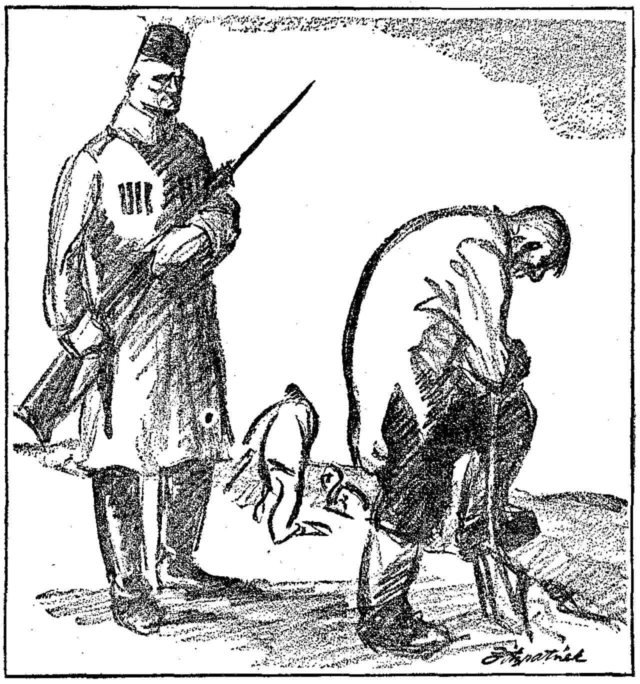
During these four hours he never smoked and never even drank a cup of tea. I have never worked so long on end before, and at 3:45 I could not hold out any longer. I was blind with weariness and hunger and said good-by. He promised to sit on a revolving stand to-morrow. If all goes well, I think I ought to be able to finish him. I do hope it is good. I think it looks more like him than any of the busts I have seen yet. He has a curious little Slav face, and how ill he looks.

When I asked for news of England he offered me three latest *Daily Heralds* he had, dated September 21, 22, and 23. I have brought them back and we have all fallen upon them, Russians and Americans alike. As for me, I have spent a blissful evening reading of the Irish rebellion and miners' dispute as if it were yesterday's news, and the Irene Munroe murder and Bamberger case. Goodness! One feels as tho one had looked through a window and seen home on the horizon.



THE RUSSIAN WORKMEN'S GOVERNMENT.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

October 8—I started work again in Lenine's rooms. I went by myself this time and got past all the sentries with the pass that I had been given. I took my kodak with me, altho I had no necessary kodak permission. I put a coat over my arm, which hid it.

I don't know how I got through my day. I had to work on him from afar. My real chance came when a comrade arrived for an interview, and then for the first time Lenine sat and talked facing the window, so I was able to see his full face and in a good light. The comrade remained a long time and the conversation was very animated. Never did I see any one make so many faces. Lenine laughed and frowned and looked thoughtful, sad, and humorous, all in turn. His eyebrows twitched. Sometimes they went right up and then again they puckered together maliciously. He seemed to be displaying his faces for me to select.

I waited, watched, hesitated, and then made my selection with a frantic rush. It was his screwed-up look. It is wonderful. No one else has such a look. It is his alone. When the comrade left the room he stopt and looked at my work and said the only word that I understand, which is *carrasho*, which means "good," and then said something about my having the character of the man. So I was glad.

After that Lenine consented to sit on a revolving stand. it seemed to amuse him very much. He said he never had sat so high. When I knelt down in front of him to look at the face from below, his face adopted an expression of surprize and embarrassment.

I laughed and asked, "Are you not accustomed to this attitude in women?"

At that moment a secretary came in, and I can not say why they both were so amused. They talked in rapid Russian together and laughed a good deal.

When the secretary had gone he became serious and asked me a few questions. Did I work hard in London? I said it was my life. How many hours a day? An average of seven. I then showed him photographs of my busts of Asquith, Winston, Marconi, Dick, and my "Victory." He was emphatic in not liking the "Victory," his point being that I had made it too beautiful. I protested that the sacrifice involved made victory beautiful, but he would not agree.

"That is the fault of *bourgeois* art; it always beautifies."

I looked at him fiercely. "Do you accuse me of *bourgeois* art?"

"I accuse you," he answered, with his eyes twinkling, then held up a photograph of Dick's bust. He said: "I do not accuse you of embellishing this, but I pray you don't embellish me."

He then looked at Winston. "Is that Churchill himself? You have embellished him." He seemed to have this on the brain.

I said: "Give me a message to take back to Winston."

He answered: "I have already sent him a message through the delegation, and he answered it not directly, but through a bitter newspaper article in which he said I was a most horrible creature and that our army was an army of *puces*—how you say *puces* in English? You know, the French *puces?* Yes, that is it, an army of fleas. I do not mind what he said. I was glad; it showed that my message to him had angered him."

"When will peace come to Russia? Will a general election [in England] bring it?" I asked.

He said: "There is no further news of a general election, but if Lloyd George asks for an election it will be on anti-Bolshevism and he may win. The capitalists, the Court, the military, all are behind him and Churchill."

I asked him if he were not mistaken in his estimate of the power and popularity of Winston, and the importance and influence of the Court.

He got quite fiery. "It is an intellectual *bourgeois* pose to say that the King does not count. He counts very much. He is the head of the army. He is the *bourgeois* figurehead, and Churchill is backed up by him."

He was so insistent, so assured, so fierce about it, that I gave up the argument. Presently he said to me:

"What does your husband think of your coming to Russia?"

I replied that my husband was killed in the war.

"In the capitalist imperialist war?"

I said: "In France, 1915—what other war?"

"Ah, that is true," he said. "We have had so many, the imperialist, the civil war, and the war for self-defense."

We then discust the wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism with which England entered upon the war in 1914, and he wanted me to read "Le Feu" and "Clarté" of Barbusse, in which the spirit and its development are so wonderfully described.

Then the telephone gave its damnable, low buzzing. He looked at his watch. He had promised fifteen minutes on the revolving stand and given me half an hour. He got down and went to the telephone. It did not matter. I had done all I could. I had verified my measurements and they were correct, which was a relief, and so, it being nearly four o'clock and I mighty hungry, I said good-by.

He was very pleased and said I had worked very quickly. He called his secretary and discust it with her. He said it was "*carrasho.*" I asked him to give orders to have it removed to my studio in Room 31. Two soldiers arrived and carried it out.

I asked Lenine for his photograph, which he sent for and signed for me, and, by the way, he allowed me to do three snapshots of him while he was on the revolving stand. I hurried after the two panting soldiers with their load. We passed to our floor, to the interest of the passers-by. At last he was safely in Room 31, and they returned to Lenine's room for the stands. It was a good long way and they were tired and dripping with sweat when the job was done.

To my intense embarrassment, they refused money, tho I offered piles of paper notes. They refused very amiably but firmly. I made signs of imploration and signs of secrecy, but they laughed and just pointed to their Communist badges and offered me of their cigarets, which were precious, being rationed.

Maxim Gorki, the Russian writer mentioned in the introduction as a recent eulogist of Lenine, is himself briefly presented by H. G. Wells, the English novelist, in one of a series of articles lately cabled to *The Times.* Gorki and Wells were friends in the days before the war. Wells writes of him:

> Gorki's position in Russia is a quite extraordinary and personal one. He is no more of a Communist than I am, and I have heard him argue with the utmost freedom in his flat against the extremist positions with such men as Bokaiev, recently head of the extraordinary commission in Petersburg, and Zalutzky, one of the rising leaders of the Communist party. It was a very reassuring display of free speech, for Gorki did not so much argue as denounce, and this in front of two deeply interested English inquirers.
>
> But he has gained the confidence and respect of most of the Bolshevik leaders, and he has become by a kind of necessity the semiofficial salvage man under the new régime. He is possest by

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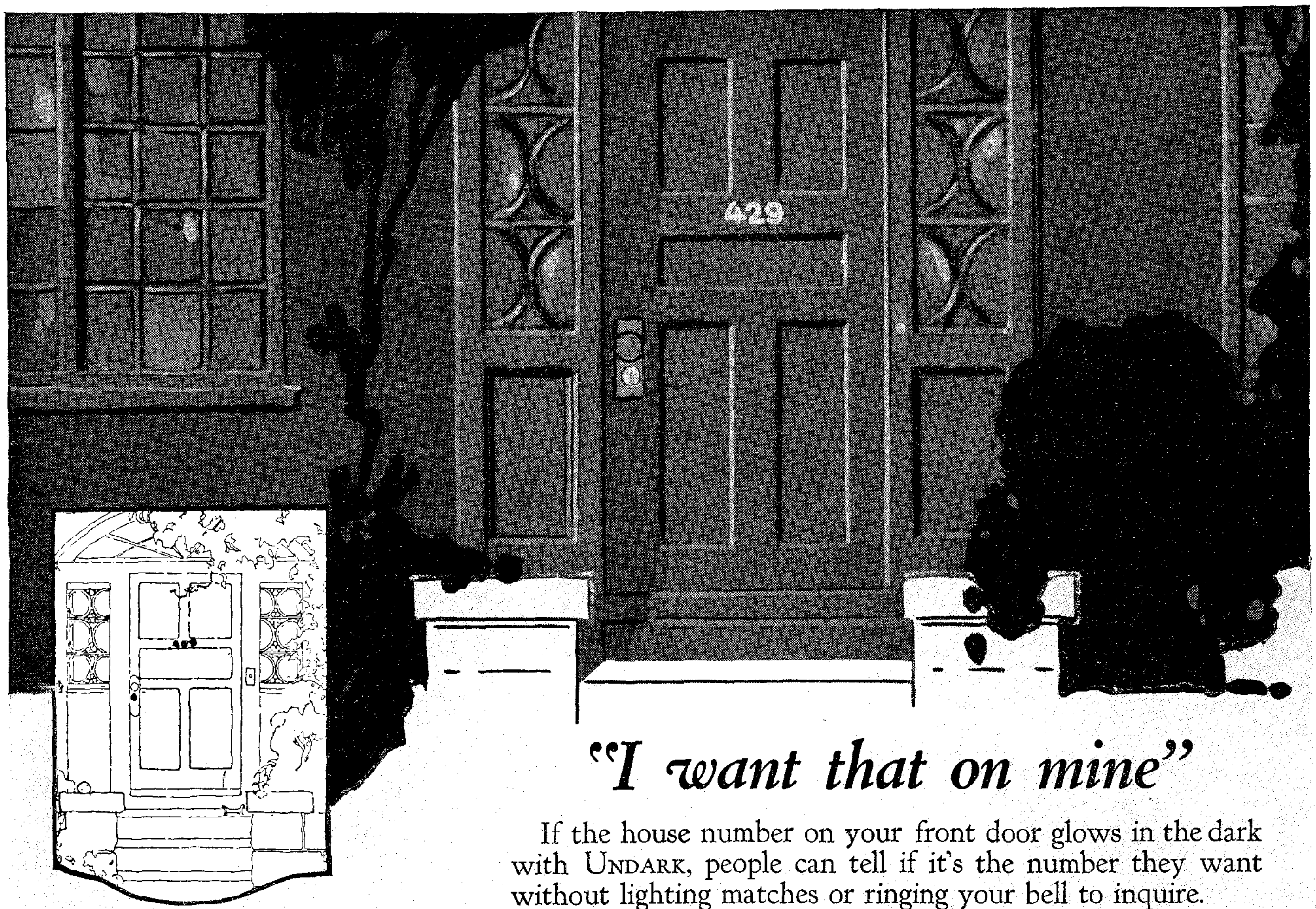

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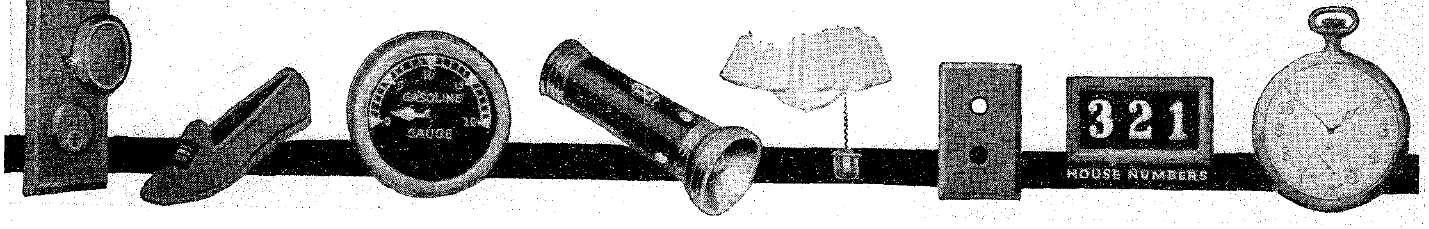
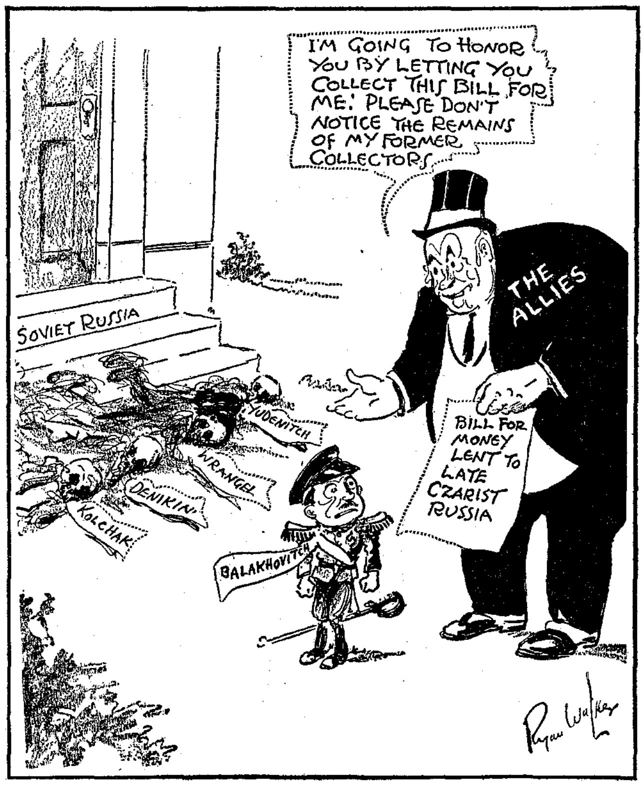


> a passionate sense of the value of Western science and culture and by the necessity of preserving the intellectual continuity of Russian life—through these dark years of famine and war and social stress—with the general intellectual life of the world. He has found a steady supporter in Lenine. His work illuminates the situation to an extraordinary degree, because it collects together a number of significant factors and makes the essentially catastrophic nature of the Russian situation plain.

From other sources it appears that Gorki holds an official position under the present Soviet Government, and has turned from a bitter opponent of it to a sort of official apologist. With these facts in mind, Gorki's recent article defending the "Red" dictator may be measured at something like its true value. The reason for the novelist's change of attitude is summed up in this revelatory paragraph:

> In these lines I have discust a man who has had the audacity to begin the process of European social revolution in a country where a vast number of peasants wish to become well-fed property-holders, and nothing more. Many regard this audacity of Lenine's as madness. I began my work as an instigator of the revolutionary spirit with a hymn to the madness of the brave. There was a time when a natural pity for the Russian people compelled me to consider this madness as almost a crime. But now when I see that these people know much better how to suffer in patience than to work consciously and honestly, I sing anew my hymn to the sacred madness of the brave. And among them Vladimir Lenine is the first and the maddest.

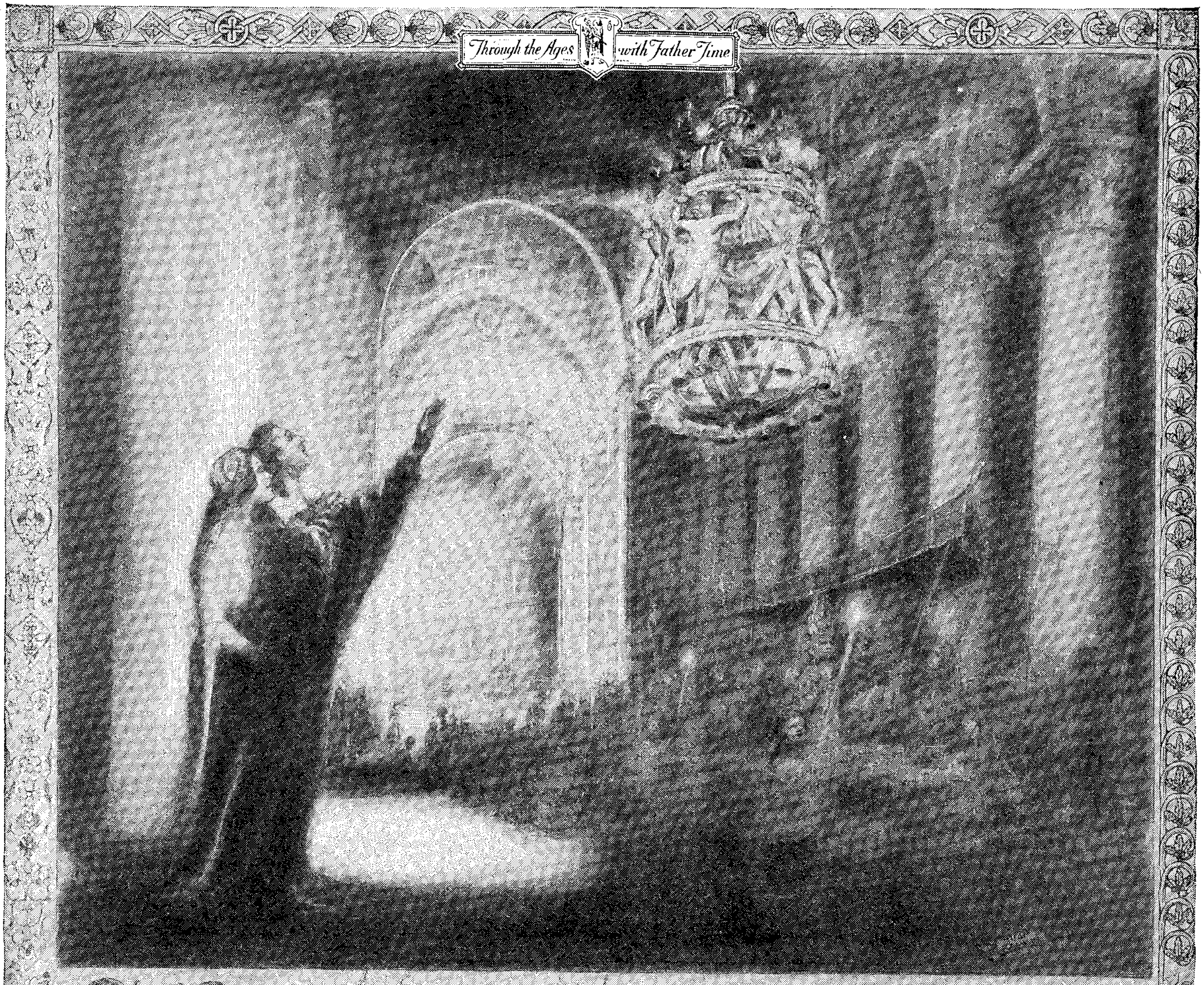
Of Lenine himself Gorki presents a series of flashes, well interlarded with Bolshevik propaganda. He writes, under the head-line, "In Praise of Lenine":


I'M GOING TO HONOR YOU BY LETTING YOU COLLECT THIS BILL FOR ME! PLEASE DON'T NOTICE THE REMAINS OF MY FORMER COLLECTORS
THE ALLIES
SOVIET RUSSIA
YUDENITCH
WRANGEL
DENIKIN
KOLCHAK
BALAKHOVITCH
BILL FOR MONEY LENT TO LATE CZARIST RUSSIA
Ryan Walker

THE NEW COLLECTOR.

Ryan Walker, *in the pro-Soviet* New York *Call*, has a grim little joke at the expense of recent anti-Bolshevik failures. The will of one man, Vladimir Ilyitch Lenine, says Gorki, has been the single essential force in sustaining the Soviet régime.

> Vladimir Ilyitch Lenine appears to me a source of energy so powerful that without his dynamic influence the Russian Revolution could not have taken the form it actually has taken. I say this in spite of my belief in a theory of human history which assigns to the individual an insignificant rôle in the great process of cultural development.
>
> To Lenine's will history has given the terrible task of digging up from the bottom this desultory, misbuilt, slothful, semihuman ant-hill which we call Russia. But to me it seems that the significance of Lenine as the initiator of social change in Russia is of less moment than his importance as a world-revolutionary. The terrific energy of his will, the impact of which is remolding Russia, goes farther; it is a tireless battering-ram under whose blows the monumental architecture of the capitalist states of the West, and the ancient piles of those execrable despotic empires of the East, are already staggering to their downfall.
>
> I think now, as I thought two years ago, when I opposed Lenine, that to him Russia is only the first material to hand in a gigantic social experiment conceived on a planetary scale. In the face of this idea I was overwhelmed by a sentiment of pity for the Russian people, the victims as it seemed to me of this experiment, and I was indignant against the experimenter. But since then, observing the course of events in the Russian Revolution, seeing its revolutionary effects broaden and deepen, I have realized that it is actually awakening and organizing more and more effectively such forces as are really capable of destroying the foundations of capitalism. I now feel that if Russia is destined to serve as an object of social experiment, it would be wrong to blame the man whose endeavor it is to hasten the progress of this social experiment by transforming the potential energy of the working masses of Russia into effective, kinetic energy.
>
> I have no intention of writing a discourse in defense or justification of Lenine. That is not necessary either to him or to me. But I know him a little. Mistakes—if it is necessary to speak of them—are not crimes. The mistakes of Lenine are the mistakes of an honest man, and the world has yet to see an infallible reformer. But those who oppose and condemn Lenine, the Lloyd Georges and the Clemenceaus and their followers, are infallible in their own rôle of criminals and assassins; they are condemning a whole people to the torments of hunger and cold by supporting the continuation of an insane civil war. Yes, insane—for aside from the Bolsheviki there are no parties in Russia able to take the powers of government into their own hands, able to awaken the forces of the exhausted country, able to call out and use the energy indispensable for productive labor.
>
> In considering Lenine I put aside my personal affection for the man and consider him as a human being under my observation, a phenomenon interesting to me as a writer describing the life of my own country.
>
> I see him making a speech at a meeting of workers. He uses extremely simple terms; he speaks with a tongue of iron, with the logic of an ax; but in his rude words I have never heard any vulgar demagogism nor any banal seeking after the beautiful phrase. He always speaks of the same thing: of the necessity of destroying to the root the social inequalities of men, and the means of accomplishing the task. This ancient truth resounds upon his lips with a sound harsh, implacable: one feels always that he believes unshakably in it: one feels how calm is his faith—the faith of a fanatic, but of a fanatic-scientist, and not of a metaphysician or a mystic.
>
> It seems to me that what is individual interests him hardly at all; he thinks only of parties, of masses, of states. And in dealing with these he has the gift of foresight, the intuitive genius of the experiment-thinker. He possesses that happy clarity of thought which is attained only by means of intensive and constant intellectual labor.
>
> Sometimes that audacity of imagination necessary to a man of letters puts before me this question: "How does Lenine visualize the new world?" And before me there unrolls the splendid picture of the earth become a gigantic jewel, faceted with beautiful evidences of the labor of a free humanity. In this new world all men are reasonable, and each has the feeling of personal responsibility for all that is done by him and around him. Everywhere city gardens enclose majestic palaces. Everywhere the forces of nature, conquered and organized by man, work for him. And man himself has become—at last—the real master of the world.
>
> I do not think that I have here imputed to Lenine a dream which is alien to his mind. I do not think that I "romanticize" this man. I can not represent him to myself without this superb vision of the future happiness of all mankind, of a life become bright and joyous. The greater the man, the bolder his dream. Lenine is more a man than any other of our contemporaries. And altho his thoughts are obviously occupied in the main with political problems which romantic minds would describe as "narrowly practical," I am persuaded that in his rare moments of release this militant spirit allows himself to be carried in thought far away toward a future of beauty, where he sees much more than I myself can imagine.
>
> The fundamental purpose of all Lenine's life is the happiness of humanity. And for that reason he must have glimpses in the distance of the age to come, of the end of this magnificent process, to the unfolding of which he has consecrated all his energies with the courage of an ascetic. He is an idealist, if one understands by that the devotion of all the forces of one's nature to a single idea—the idea of world-wide human happiness. His private life is such that in an epoch of great religious faith we would have regarded Lenine as a saint.
>
> I know that this statement will put the petty *bourgeoisie* in a fury. Also, many of the comrades will make fun of me, and Lenine himself will greet my statement with a joyous burst


Through the Ages with Father Time

Galileo's Pendulum:

PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

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Watch it sway, as Galileo and Marina watched it three hundred years ago, and you may notice a peculiar thing: the *distance* of its swing varies, but the *time* remains the same.

Countless eyes had idly gazed at it, but Galileo's were first to read its secret—the principle of isochronism, or "equal time." The seventeen-year-old philosopher had discovered *the law of the Pendulum!*

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of laughter. Saint! that is indeed a paradoxical and comic term, applied to a man for whom, as the old man-of-God, the ex-revolutionary N. Tschaikowsky, said, absolutely nothing is holy.

It seems to me necessary to note also that Lenine is not exempt from the sentiments of friendship, and that in general nothing that is human is alien to him. I feel a little embarrassed and ridiculous in mentioning this; but the petty *bourgeoisie* of the whole world are so frightened at Lenine's inhuman intellectuality—and Mr. Churchill, with his gaze fixt anxiously on the Orient, rages so furiously, that one fears he will do injury to his health—and as I have a tender heart, I feel obliged to give some slight reassurance to these frightened and furious people.

It sometimes happens that Lenine judges the virtues of people too much in their own favor, and to the detriment of the cause. But his unfavorable judgments—even those which seem at first without foundation—are almost always confirmed utterly by the conduct of these people. This perhaps proves that Lenine senses the faults of men better than their virtues; but also that in general there are many more harmful than useful men.

It must be understood that one could say of him as an individual many more things than what is said here. But the modesty of this man, so completely devoid of ambition, embarrasses me. I know that the little I have said will appear to him superfluous, exaggerated, and ridiculous. All right. Let him laugh, as he knows so well how to do. But I hope that many people will read these lines not without profit to themselves.

"IF AMERICA AND JAPAN WENT TO WAR"—A JAPANESE VIEW

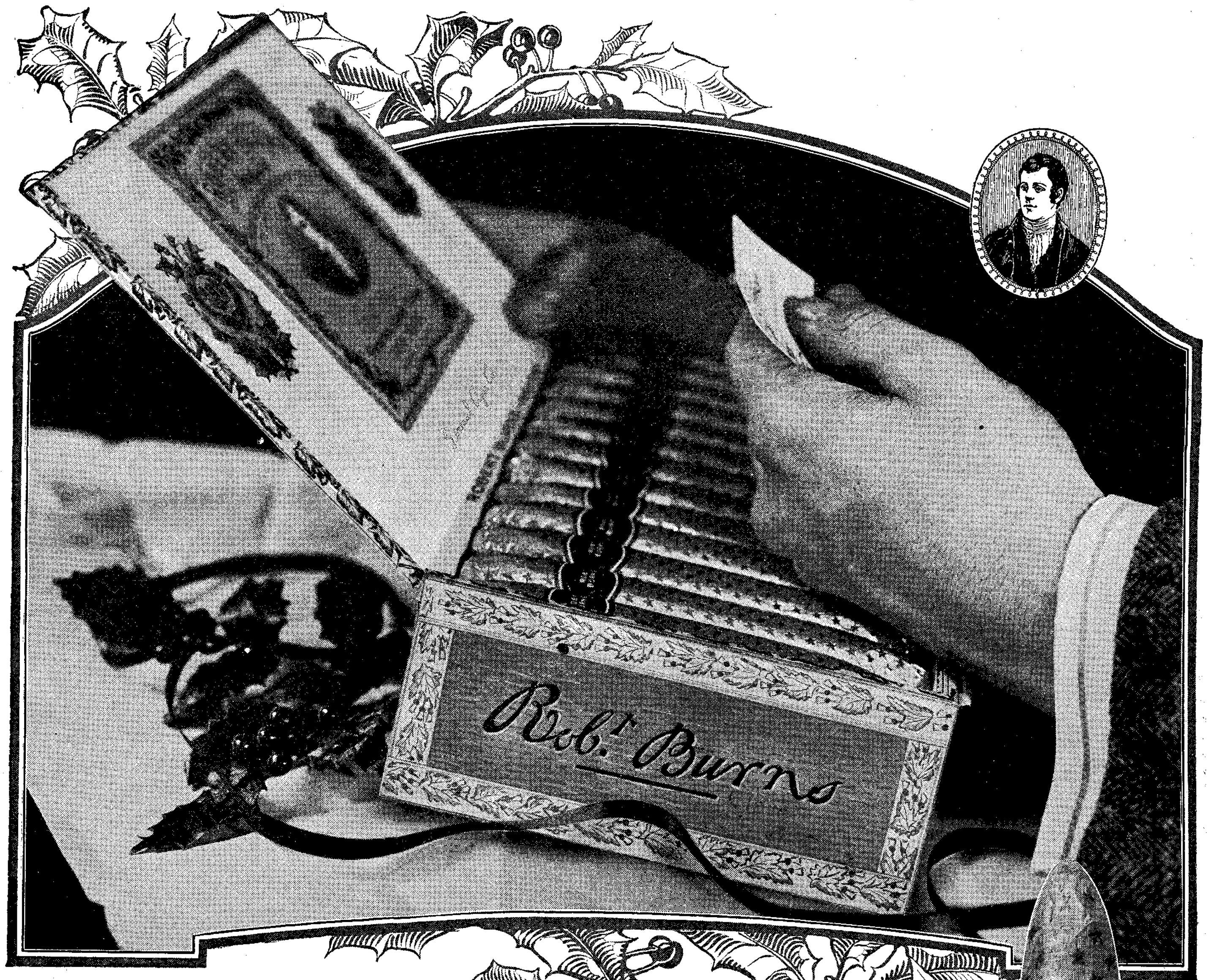
LIEUT.-GEN. KOJIRO SATO, of the Japanese Army, is giving serious thought to a possible war in which Japan will be matched against America. He is the author of a series of articles in a Tokyo newspaper, *Hochi*, in which he gravely discusses the possibility of an American invasion. Supposing America invaded Japan, he gets some comfort out of his remarkable idea that "the American troops, unaccustomed to warfare in hilly country, would find the greatest difficulty in resisting the Japanese." Both Guam and the Philippines furnish possible naval bases, he points out, for an American attack on the Japanese nation, but these islands would be so liable to attack by the Japanese Navy that he believes America would hesitate. "Putting Japan in the place of America, she would not shrink from waging war in the face of these difficulties," he observes. "But I do not think that America can summon up the courage to disregard these obstacles and think of sending an expedition to a country so far removed from her as Japan." Thus the conclusion of the article is pacific, even if the grounds aren't altogether complimentary to American valor.

The Japanese general is quoted in the Peking *Daily News*, which is no friend of Japanese militarism, and doubtless makes the most of the Japanese Bernhardi, whom it seems to have discovered in the person of General Sato. To quote from *The News's* translation of one of the General's recent articles:

> When America's program of naval extension is completed, she will have 40 old and new battle-ships, 37 cruisers, 258 torpedo-destroyers, more than 300 submarines, and 5,000 seaplanes. There will be a corresponding increase in the mercantile shipping, which, on the completion of the plans now under way, will enable America to put in commission 1,039 ships of various descriptions, totaling 5,924,700 tons. America had an army of 120,000 men in prewar days, but it is contemplated to increase the forces to 300,000 at a bound. While she is thus striving to augment her national defense, America is steadily going on with the scheme of giving military training to 650,000 young men of military age every year. Looking at the American preparedness as indicated in the circumstances above mentioned, one is apt to come to the conclusion that Japan is no match for America in point of military strength.
>
> But what was the result of the battle of Bunei? At the sight of Genghis Khan, who had carried everything before him in Europe, most of the observers here dwelt on the necessity of taking precautionary measures against emergencies arising from the ambition of the Mongolian chieftain. Kublai Khan, who had succeeded in his plan of world-conquest, had brought under his control the Chinese continent, and had turned to us to satisfy his insatiable territorial greed. Japan was in a far less advantageous position from a military point of view than she is now as against America. And yet the result of the conflict ended in victory for Japan. In considering the causes of Japan's victory in this battle, some observers attribute them to the invisible help of Providence, but these observers clearly reveal their ignorance of the condition in which Japan was at that time. How Japan, in order to stem the crushing force of Kublai Khan, endeavored to strengthen her defense and armaments, can be seen by inspection of the historic remains. Suppose that Japan had had no Tokimune, the attitude of Japan toward Kublai Khan would have been swayed by the negative policy of the authorities, and her territory would have passed under the control of China.
>
> History repeats itself. In the era of Ansei, Japan was confronted with a similar danger from outside, and in this conflict Japan, notwithstanding innumerable difficulties, ultimately gained the day. If there was anything that contributed to the victories over foreign enemies, it was the spirit of bravery. Japan is now face to face with a menace from America. Have the Japanese the courage to brave the situation—the courage which helped their fathers to frustrate the efforts of foreign countries to subdue Japan in past times? It is my settled conviction that if Japan to-day had such great men as Tokimune, Saigo, Ckubo, or Kido, to inspire the flagging spirit of the people, I have no doubt they would be able to show a united front to the enemy.
>
> We hear sometimes that the Japanese were never more devoid of manly and chivalrous spirit than to-day, and that, considering the state of the public mind, it is doubtful whether the Japanese of to-day are capable of rising to the occasion. But these misgivings will be found groundless in consideration of the condition of society in those days when Japan was menaced by Mongolians. Needless to say, the present-day Japan has much need for a great man, but there is another means of arousing the public opinion in regard to Japan's attitude toward America. If an appeal is made to the loyalty of the people, I have no doubt that the same degree of patriotism which was aroused by the Nikoliaevsk affair will be shown in regard to the menace from America.

From the middle of the Hojo era down to the closing days of the Shogunate, the General observes, Japan was reduced to a very precarious position, viewed from the point of view of foreign politics, but the fact that foreign countries did not attempt anything in the way of conquering Japan was due to its geographical position as well as to the bravery of its people. He goes on:

> Altho the Japanese of to-day can not be esteemed braver than their forefathers, they have not yet lost entirely the virtue of courage, which is inherent in the Yamato race. As for the geographical position of Japan, she is as difficult of access as ever. Even if Japan had no navy, it is highly improbable that any foreign country could land troops on her shores, however strong that foreign country might be. Again supposing that a foreign country succeeded in invading Japan, all classes of the people, young and old, would unite against the invaders, and it is unthinkable that the invading troops could be able to hold the conquered territory for any length of time. Unaccustomed to warfare in hilly country, the American troops (supposing America invaded Japan) would find the greatest difficulty in resisting the Japanese, and it is probable that they would ultimately be compelled to evacuate the occupied territory by the almost insuperable difficulties attending the transportation of ammunitions.
>
> Altho the Japanese Navy is inferior to the American, America would find it an absolute impossibility to land her troops in any part of the Japanese territory, so long as there exists the Japanese Navy. Even if America possest the greatest navy in the world, she would not think of conquering Japan. As long as there remains the last man in this land ready to lay down his life for his country, the American Navy, however strong, would have little chance of possessing any part of Japan. Moreover, if America proposed to attack Japan, she must first have some suitable naval bases from which to carry on operations. America has, indeed, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, but there is much room to doubt the value of these islands as naval bases to attack Japan.
>
> Guam is a land which is highly suitable in some respects for a naval base to carry on naval operations against Japan, but its harbor can not accommodate a larger squadron than eight or nine large ships, and what makes that island more undesirable is that as the hills surrounding the port are low in height, it is exposed to fire from the sea. The Philippines have many decided advantages over Guam, but they also would not constitute ideal bases, in that the communications with these islands are liable to be attacked by the Japanese Navy. Putting Japan in the place of America, she would not shrink from waging war in the face of these difficulties; but I do not think that America can summon up the courage to disregard these obstacles, and think of sending an expedition to a country so far removed from her as Japan.



Christmas again - and Robt. Burns

(A last minute suggestion to Mothers, Wives,
Sisters and Sweethearts of Men Who Smoke)

IF you gave him a box of Robt. Burns Cigars *last* Christmas, you will remember how delighted *he* was — and how pleased *you* were, at having chosen so wisely.

Are you giving him a box of Robt. Burns *this* Christmas? With the man who smokes, nothing quite takes the place of mild Robt. Burns.

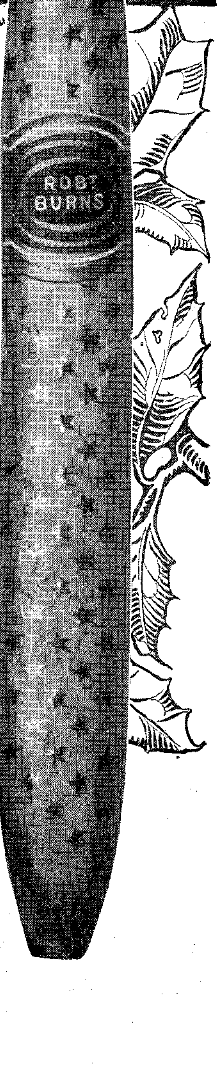
He knows that Robt. Burns has a *full Havana filler*—that this Havana is cured to an agreeable mildness—that his outer leaf or "wrapper" is imported from Sumatra.

A good tobacconist in your vicinity will sell you a Christmas box of Robt. Burns *Longfellows* or *Invincibles*.

General Cigar Co., Inc.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Robt. Burns Cigar

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE LATELY?



ROBT. BURNS
Longfellow
(actual size)
Foil-wrapped
17c
3 for 50c
Box of 25—$4
Box of 50—$8

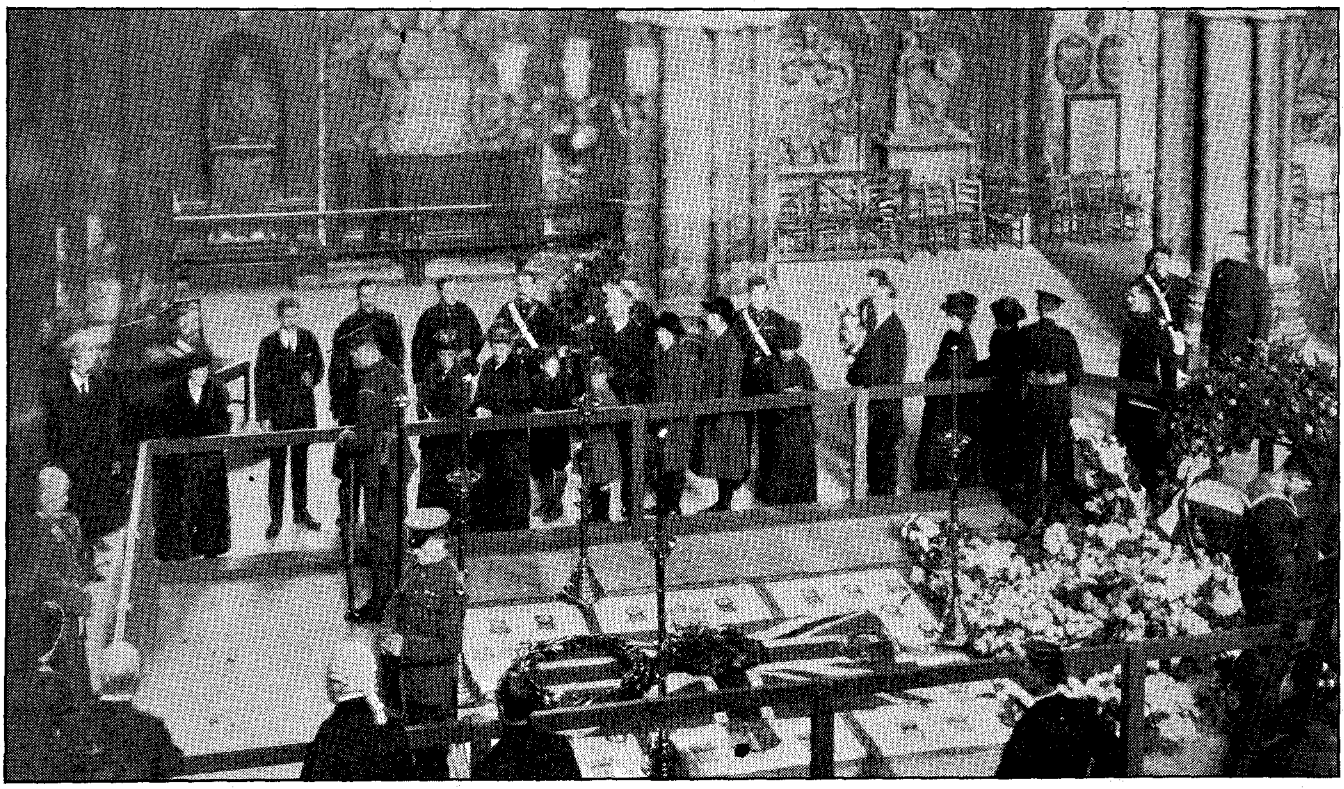


Photo by Colonial Press Service.

LAID TO REST AMONG THE MIGHTY ONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

An unknown British "Tommy," typifying the thousands of private soldiers and sailors who laid down their lives during the war, has been buried in Westminster Abbey, with honors only surpassed by those customary at the funeral of a reigning monarch. All future kings of England will walk across this grave on the way to be crowned, a reminder of the sacrifice on which their pomp is founded.

NAMELESS DEAD SOLDIERS HONORED BY ENGLAND AND FRANCE

NO MILITARY POTENTATE of high rank or great achievement who died in the course of the war received such a funeral as fell to the lot of a nameless *poilu* who was buried under the Arc de Triomphe on Armistice day, in token of the eternal gratitude of the whole nation to the common soldiers who sacrificed their lives for France. The unknown *poilu's* only rival in honor was a nameless British private who, on the same day, was borne through the streets of London, with King George of England as his chief mourner, to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Sir Philip Gibbs writes the obituary of this nameless British warrior of the ranks, in whom the Empire memorialized thousands of his comrades, known and unknown. The English correspondent, knighted for the services which his pen rendered to his country during the war, thus describes the funeral in a special dispatch to the New York *Times:*

It did not seem an unknown warrior whose body came on the gun-carriage down Whitehall where we were waiting for him. He was known to us all. It was one of "our boys," not warriors, as we called them in the days of darkness, lit by faith.

To some women, weeping a little in the crowd after an all-night vigil, he was their boy who went missing one day and was never found till now, tho their souls went searching for him through dreadful places in the night.

To many men among those packed densely on each side of the empty street, wearing ribbons and badges on civil clothes, he was a familiar figure—one of their comrades, the one they liked best, perhaps, in the old crowd, who went into the fields of death and stayed there with the great companionship.

It was the steel helmet, the old "tin hat," lying there on the crimson of the flag which revealed him instantly, not as a mythical warrior aloof from common humanity, a shadowy type of the national pride and martial glory, but as one of those fellows, drest in the drab of khaki, stained by mud and grease, who went into the dirty ditches with this steel hat on his head and in his heart the unspoken things, which made him one of us in courage and in fear, with some kind of faith not clear, full of perplexities, often dim in the watchwords of those years of war.

So it seemed to me, at least, as I looked down Whitehall and listened to the music which told us that the unknown was coming down the road. The band was playing the old Dead March in "Saul" with heavy drumming, but as yet the roadway was clear where it led up to that altar of sacrifice as it looked, covered by two flags, hanging in long folds of scarlet and white.

About that altar cenotaph there were little groups of strange people, all waiting for the dead soldier. Why were they there?

There were great folk to greet the dust of a simple soldier. There was the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London and other clergy in gowns and hoods. What had they to do with the body of a soldier who had gone trudging through the mud and muck like one ant in a legion of ants, unknown to fame, not more heroic, perhaps, than all his pals about him, not missed much when he fell dead between the tangled wire and the shell-holes?

There were great generals and admirals, Lord Haig himself, Commander-in-Chief of our armies in France, and Admiral Beatty, who held the seas; Lord French of Ypres, with Horne of the First Army and Byng of the Third, and Air-Marshal Trenchard, who commanded all the birds that flew above the lines on the mornings of enormous battle.

These were the high powers, infinitely remote, perhaps, in the imagination of the man whose dust was now being brought toward them. It was their brains that had directed his movements down the long roads which galled his feet, over ground churned up by gun-fire, up duckboards from which he slipt under his heavy pack if he were a foot-slogger, and whatever his class as a soldier ordained at last the end of his journey, which finished in a grave marked by a metal disk—"unknown."

In life, he had looked upon these generals as terrifying in their power "for the likes of him." Sometimes, perhaps, he had saluted them as they rode past. Now they stood in Whitehall to salute him, to keep silence in his presence, to render him homage more wonderful, with deeper reverence, than any general of them all has had.

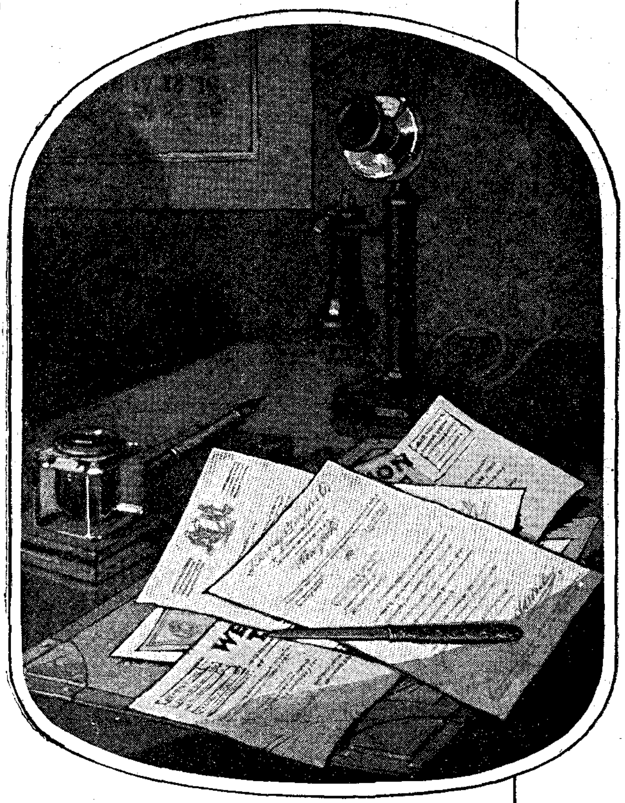
There were princes there about the cenotaph, not only of England but of the Indian Empire. These Indian rajas, that old white-bearded, white-turbaned man with the face of an Eastern prophet—was it possible that they, too, were out to pay homage to an unknown British soldier?

There was something of the light of Flanders in Whitehall. The tattered ruins of Cloth Hall at Ypres used to shine white in a mist, suffused a little by wan sunlight, white as the walls and turrets of the War Office in this mist of London. The tower of Big Ben was dim through the mist like the tower of Albert Church until it fell into a heap under the fury of gun-fire.

Presently the sun shone brighter so that the picture of Whitehall was etched with deeper lines. On all the buildings flags

The Burden of Every Printer's Mail is

'When?'



MOST of the letters he gets, most of his telegrams, all cry, "When—when—when will my job be finished?"

Most of his too-frequent telephone calls are to find out when he will finish a piece of work.

Most questions that begin with "when" are grossly unsympathetic.

Whistler, in reply to the "when?" of an impatient sitter, suavely answered, "perhaps never"—an answer, of course, which no printer can make. For, no matter how much art is expected of a printer, his customers refuse to treat him as anything but a business man—and a very resourceful and wonder-working business man at that.

In addition to Better Paper, the printer requires something else before he can produce Better Printing. And that is the element of moral support from his customers.

To aid materially in the prompt production of more beautiful work, S. D. Warren Company offers to printers and buyers of printing a dozen standard grades of printing papers. But in addition S. D. Warren Company bespeaks for your printer, and for all printers, a higher degree of sympathetic support, a little less insistence on "when," and a little more patience with him when he encounters difficulties in his efforts to give you work that will make money for you.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Briefly classified, Warren's Standard Printing Papers are

Warren's Warrentown Coated Book
Glossy surface for fine half-tone and process color work

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book
A recognized standard glossy coated paper

Warren's Printone
Semi-coated. Better than super, cheaper than coated

Warren's Artogravure
Developed especially for offset printing

Warren's Cumberland Machine Book
A dependable, hand sorted, machine finish paper

Warren's India
For thin editions

Warren's Cameo
Dull coated for artistic half-tone printing

Warren's Silkote
Semi-dull surface, noted for practical printing qualities

Warren's Lustro
The highest refinement of surface in glossy coated paper

Warren's Library Text
English finish for medium screen half-tones

Warren's Cumberland Super Book
Super calendered paper of standard, uniform quality

Warren's Olde Style
A watermarked antique finish for type and line illustration

better paper
better printing

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

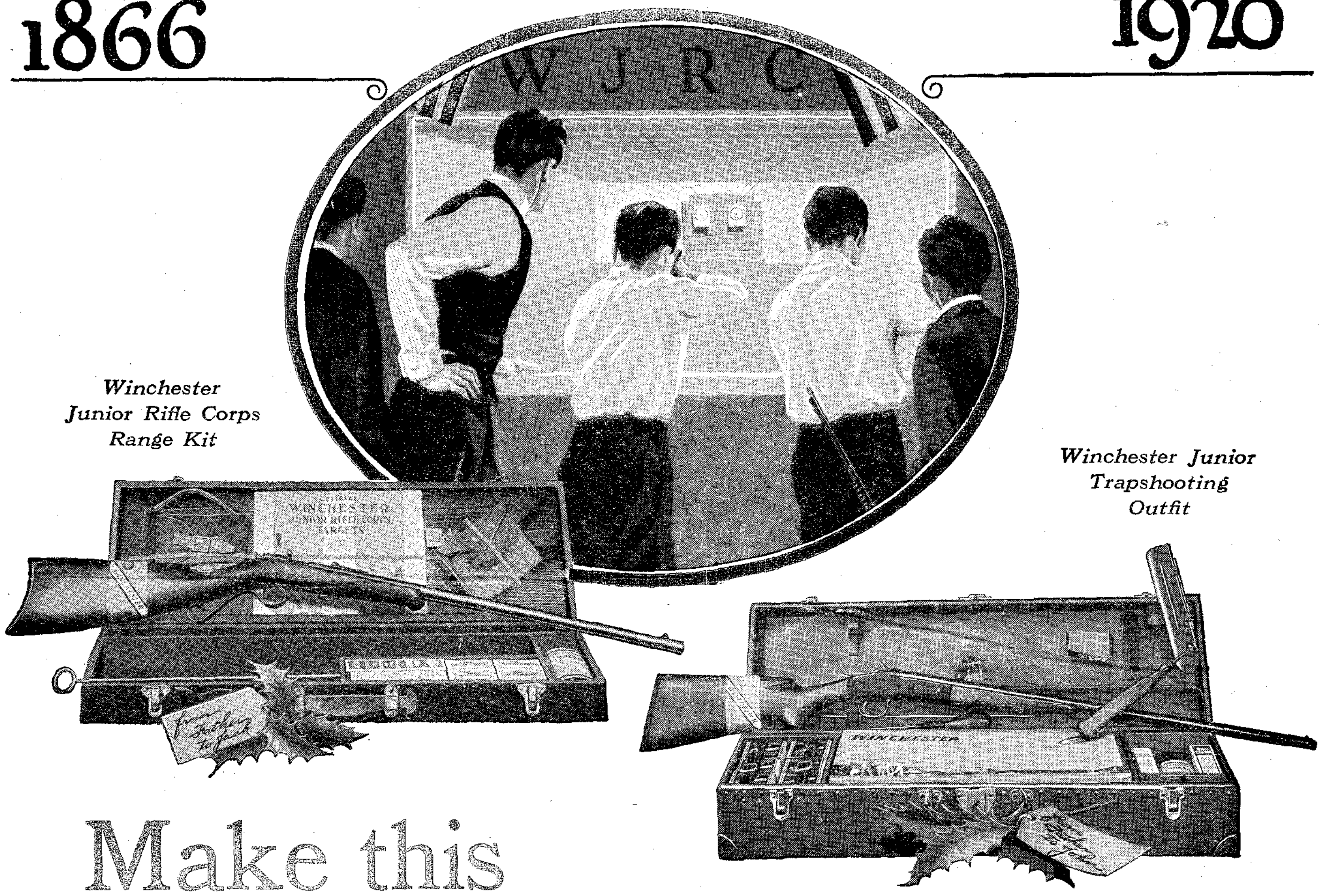
> were flying at half-mast. The people who kept moving about the cenotaph were there for mourning, not for mere pageantry. The Grenadier officers, who walked about with drawn swords, wore crape on their arms.
>
> Presently they passed the word along, "Reverse arms," and all along the line of route soldiers turned over their rifles and bent their heads over their butts. It was when the music of the Dead March came louder up the street.

A number of black figures stood in a separate group apart from the admirals and generals, "people of importance, to whom the eyes of the crowd turned while men and women tiptoed to get a glimpse of them." Men foremost in the Government of the British Empire stood in that group:

> The Prime Minister and Ministers and ex-Ministers of England were there—Asquith, Lord Curzon, and other statesmen who in those years of conflict were responsible for all the mighty effort of the nation, who stirred up its passion and emotions, who organized its labor and service, who won that victory and this peace. I thought the people about me stared at them as tho conscious of the task that is theirs, now that peace is the test of victory.
>
> But it was one figure who stood alone as the symbol of the nation in this tribute to the spirit of our dead. As Big Ben struck three-quarters after ten the King advanced toward the cenotaph, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Prince's two brothers, and the Duke of Connaught. And while the others stood in line looking toward the top of Whitehall the King was a few paces ahead of them alone, waiting motionless for the body of the unknown warrior who had died in his service.
>
> It was very silent in Whitehall. Before the ordered silence the dense lines of people had kept their places without movement and only spoke little in their long time of waiting, and then, as they caught their first glimpse of the gun-carriage, were utterly quiet, all heads bared and bent.
>
> Their emotion was as tho a little cold breeze was passing. One seemed to feel the spirit of the crowd. Above all this mass of plain people something touched one with a sharp, yet softening thought.
>
> The massed bands passed with their noble music and their drums thumping at the hearts of men and women. Guards with their reversed arms passed and then the gun-carriage with its team of horses halted in front of the cenotaph where the King stood, and every hand was raised to salute the soldier who died that we might live, chosen by fate for this honor which is in remembrance of that great army of comrades who went out with him to No Man's Land.
>
> The King laid a wreath on this coffin and then stept back again. Crowded behind the gun-carriage in one long vista was an immense column of men of all branches of the navy and army moving up slowly before coming to a halt, and behind again other men in civilian clothes and everywhere among them and above them flowers in the form of wreaths and crosses.
>
> Then all was still, and the picture was complete, framing in that coffin where the steel hat and the King's sword lay upon the flag which draped it. The soul of the nation at its best, purified at this moment by this emotion, was there in silence about the dust of that unknown.
>
> Guns were being fired somewhere in the distance. They were not loud, but like the distant thumping of guns on a misty day in Flanders when there was "nothing to report," tho on such a day, perhaps, this man had died.
>
> Presently there was a far-off wailing like the cry of a banshee. It was a siren giving the warning of silence in some place by the river.
>
> The deep notes of Big Ben struck eleven and then the King turned quickly to a lever behind him, touched it, and let fall the great flags which had draped the altar. The cenotaph stood revealed, utterly austere except for three standards with their gilt wreaths.
>
> It was a time of silence. What thoughts were in the minds of all the people only God knows, as they stood there for those two minutes which were very long.
>
> There was dead stillness in Whitehall, only broken here and there by the coughing of a man or woman, quickly hushed.
>
> The unknown warrior! Was it young Jack, perhaps, who had never been found? Was it one of those fellows in the battalion that moved up through Ypres before the height of the battle in the bogs?
>
> Men were smoking this side of Ypres. One could see the glow of their cigaret ends as they were halted around the old mill-house at Vlamertinghe. It rained after that, beating sharply on tin hats, pouring in spouts down the waterproof capes. They went out through Menin Gate. Shelling began along the duckboards by Westhoek Ridge, gas-shelling, every old thing.
>
> Fellows dropt into the shell-holes full of water. They had their packs on, all their fighting-kit. Some of them lay there in pits where the water was reddish.
>
> There were a lot of unknown warriors in the bogs by Glencorse Wood and Inverness Copse. They lay by upturned tanks and sank in slime. Queer how fellows used to drop and never give a sound, so that their pals passed on without knowing.
>
> In all sorts of places the unknown warrior lay down and was not quickly found. In Bourlon Wood they were lying after the battle among the riven trees. On the fields of the Somme they lay in churned-up earth, in High Wood and Delville Wood, and this side of Loupart Wood. It was queer one day how the sun shone on Loupart Wood, which was red with autumn tints. Old *Boche* was there then, and the wood seemed to have a thousand eyes staring at our lines newly dug. An airplane came through the fleecy sky, apparently careless of the black shrapnel bursting about it. Wonderful chaps, those airmen.
>
> For the man afoot it wasn't good to stumble in that ground. Barbed wire tore one's hands damnably. There was a boy lying in a tangle of barbed wire. He looked as tho he were asleep, but he was dead all right. An airplane passed overhead with a loud humming song.
>
> What is this long silence, all this crowd in London streets two years after the armistice peace? Yes, those were old dreams that have passed, old ghosts passing down Whitehall among the living.
>
> The silence ended. Some word rang out, bugles were blowing, they were sounding the "Last Post" to the unknown warrior of the Great War in which many men died without record or renown. Farther than Whitehall sounded the "Last Post" to the dead. Did the whole army of the dead hear that call to them from the living?
>
> In the crowd below me women were weeping quietly. It was the cry from their hearts that was heard farthest, perhaps. The men's faces were hard, like masks, hiding all they thought and felt.
>
> The King stept forward again and took a wreath from Lord Haig and laid it at the base of the cenotaph. It was the first of a world of flowers, brought as the tribute of loving hearts to this altar of the dead. Admirals and generals and statesmen came with wreaths and battalions of police followed, bearing great trophies of flowers on behalf of the fighting men and all their comrades.
>
> And presently, when the gun-carriage passed on toward the Abbey, with the King following behind it on foot with his sons and soldiers, there was a moving tide of men and women, advancing ceaselessly with floral tributes. They waited until the escort of the coffin had passed, bluejackets and marines, air force and infantry, and then took their turn to file past the cenotaph and lay their flowers upon the bed of lilies and chrysanthemums, which rose above the base.
>
> As the columns passed they turned eyes left or eyes right to that tall symbol of death if they had eyes to see. But there were blind men there who saw only by the light of the spirit, and saluted when their guides touched them and said, "Now."
>
> It is two years after the "cease fire" on the front, but in the crowds of Whitehall there were men in hospital blue, who are still casualties, not too well remembered by those in health. Two of them were legless men, but they rode on wheels and with a fine gesture gave salute as they passed the memorial of those who fought with them and suffered less, perhaps, than they now do.
>
> Memories of old days of the war, when all the nations were mobilized for service, came back through Whitehall with figures which belong more to yesterday. In many countries the agony of peace is worse than that of war, and even in our own dominions there is not peace, but strife between class and class and between one people and another.
>
> For a time at least, among some of us, spiritual faith has given place to jaded cynicism, but in Whitehall all day long around the cenotaph spirituality revived again, and the emotion of multitudes was stirred by remembrance so deeply, so poignantly, that the greatest pessimist must see new hope. Surely some such faith as that, some such confession of failure which may yet be turned into victory, stirred in the hearts of those crowds who, when the soldiers and sailors had passed and all the pageant of this funeral to the unknown comrade, came from many little homes to pass in ceaseless tide before the coffin in the dim light of the Abbey.
>
> This tide of people swirled about Westminster, through Whitehall, along Charing Cross Road, not in a disorderly torrent, but as a wonderful living channel. Every man and woman and child took his place in the column and moved slowly with its movement until access could be gained to that shrine where the unknown warrior now lies among the great heroes of the nation.
>
> At the door leading to Parliament Square Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, in purple and gold-embroidered cape with his

WINCHESTER

1866 1920



Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Range Kit

Winchester Junior Trapshooting Outfit

Make this the best Christmas of all

DON'T you want to make this your boy's happiest Christmas—a day that he will date history from?

Don't you want to give your boy the thing he wants more than anything else in the world?

Here's the way to do it. You know he wants a gun. But you don't know how much he wants it. He can't tell you. It's beyond words.

To have a gun—not just a mere gun—a WINCHESTER—to be put on a level with Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) and Colonel Roosevelt and Admiral Peary—a real Winchester of his own—you simply can't imagine what it means to him!

Give him a Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Range Kit. Or, if he already has one, give him the Winchester Junior Trapshooting Outfit. Or better yet, give him both!

Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Range Kit contains a .22 caliber, Model 04 or 02 rifle, 200 rounds of ammunition, 50 official targets, cleaning preparations and cleaning rod, cartridge pouch, belt and gun case.

Winchester Junior Trapshooting Outfit contains a Winchester .410 gauge shotgun, 4 boxes of shot shells, 100 small clay targets and hand trap, cleaning preparations and cleaning rod.

Go and talk to your Hardware or Sporting Goods dealer about it. That's what he's there for. Let him make your boy's happiest Christmas your happiest, too!

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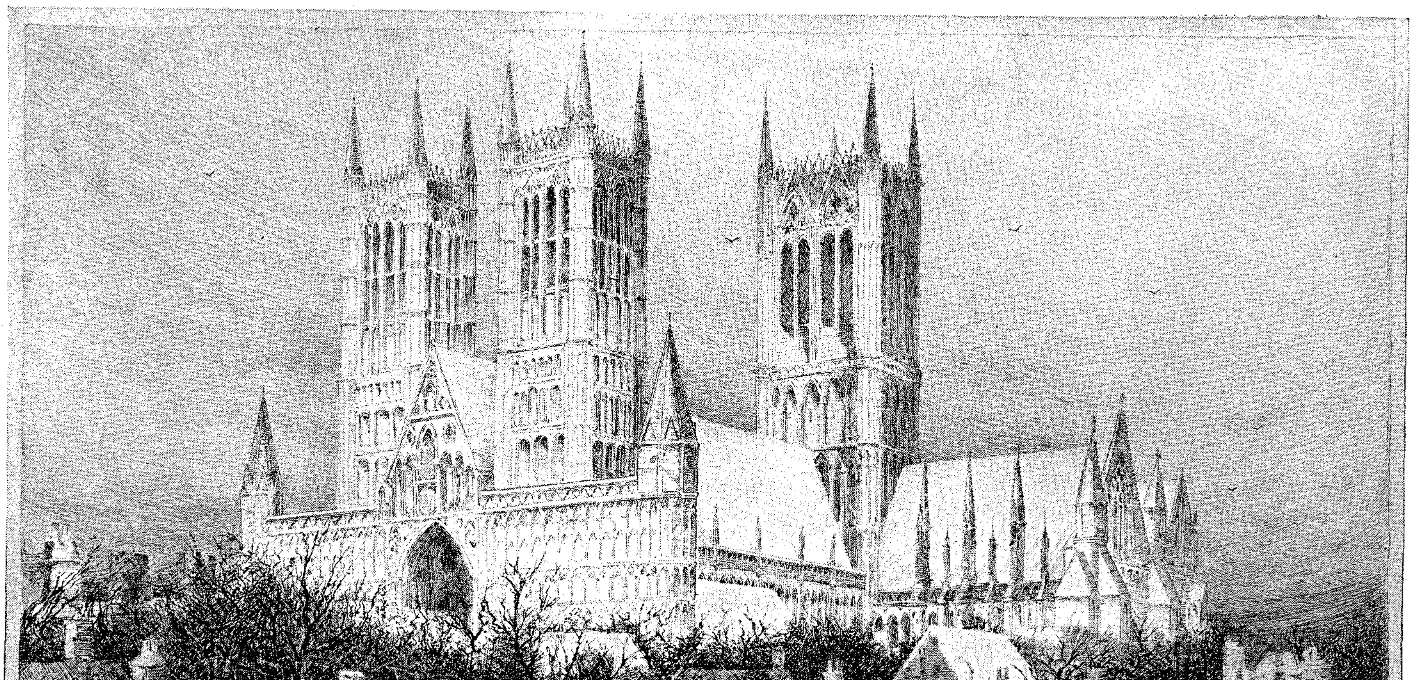
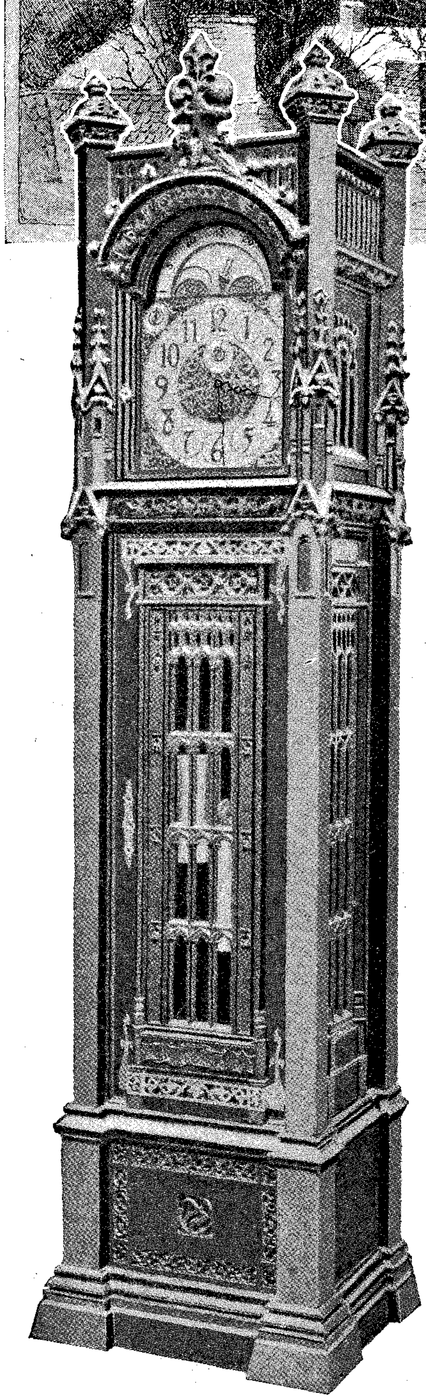




Waltham Cathedral Clock No. 972
The movement plays Westminster, Whittington and Oxford Chimes
Prices of Waltham Hall Clocks range from $300 to $1,500 or more depending upon movement and case

The Beauty and the Joy of Christmas

CHRISTMAS is beautiful with the beauty of unselfishness. The joy of giving enriches life. Love and friendship are idealized and strengthened, for in every Christmas gift we enshrine ourselves.

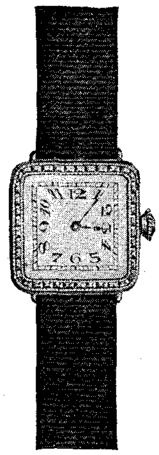
Here are two beautiful examples of the clock and watchmaker's art most suitable for Christmas gifts.

They demonstrate the genius of Waltham. The horological skill that created this tiny Ladies' Wrist Watch (the movement no larger than a dime) also built the noble Grandfather's Clock that will add dignity to the furnishing of any home.

And the genius that can build within the circumference of the tiniest movement the time-keeping quality that has given Waltham a world supremacy expresses itself in great variety.

You will find the name "Waltham" upon every kind of clock — Desk, Boudoir, Mantel, Mirror Clocks, that are as beautiful as they are dependable.

And the many exclusive constructional features in the Waltham Watch Movement is an additional reason for your insisting upon Waltham Clocks and Watches as the gift which enshrines most truly the beauty and the joy of Christmas.



Waltham 7½ Ligne

The movement is actually smaller than a dime in diameter

$250 to $1,500 or more depending upon the case

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

canons and choir, met the body. It was carried shoulder high by eight tall guardsmen and on the war-worn Union Jack that covered it lay a shrapnel helmet, a crusader's sword, and a wreath of laurel.

Through the transept lined with the statues of statesmen and past the high altar the unknown warrior was borne and then through the choir into the nave where already many famous fighting men sleep.

Just within the west door a great purple square, bordered with white, marked the site of the grave. It is in the pathway of kings, for not a monarch can ever again go up to the altar to be crowned but he must step over the resting-place of the man who died that his kingdom might endure.

Four ladies sat apart and rose to greet this great unknown—Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra of England, Queen Maud of Denmark and Queen Victoria of Spain, and behind them were grouped Princess Mary and other women of royal blood.

Waiting, too, near his grave were men of the warrior's own kind. He passed through the ranks of soldiers, sailors, airmen, and civilians in mufti, strangely mixed captains stood next to seamen, colonels by enlisted men, for all wore the Victoria Cross, and that earned them the right to attend.

The mournful strains of the Croft-Pursell setting of the funeral sentences were chanted unaccompanied as the procession passed through the Abbey. And as the grave was reached, the King, as chief mourner, stept to its head. Behind him stood the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the royal family, and ranked in the rear were Lloyd George and Asquith, the two war Premiers, and the members of their Cabinets; three or four Princes from India, and a score of more leaders of British life.

The pall-bearers, chiefs of the army and navy—Haig, French, Beatty, and Jackson among them—took their stand on either side of the coffin and the service began.

It was as simple as in any village church in the land. The twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," was sung to the familiar chant, and then came the account read by the Dean from Revelation, of the "Great multitude which no man could number out of every nation and of all tribes and all peoples and tongues standing before the Throne."

As the coffin was lowered into the grave, "Lead, Kindly Light" was sung, and then came the committal prayer as the Dean spoke solemnly the words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The King as chief mourner stept forward and from a silver bowl sprinkled the coffin with soil brought from France. A few more prayers, "Abide with Me," and Kipling's Recessional concluded the service.

And as the words of blessing died away, from far up among the pillared arches came a whisper of sound. It grew and grew and it seemed that regiments and then divisions and armies of men were on the march.

The whole cathedral was filled with the murmur of their footfalls until they passed and the sound grew faint in the distance.

It was a roll of drums and seemed to symbolize that host of glorious dead which has left one unknown warrior forever on guard at the entrance to England's old Abbey.

Charles A. Selden, in a special dispatch from Paris to the New York *Evening Post*, tells the story of France's homage to an unknown *poilu*, honored not less by his *Patrie* than was the nameless Tommy by England. Mr. Selden's account runs:

France has received her nameless soldier in her Panthéon, where only *Les Grands Hommes* may enter, and buried him beneath her Arch of Triumph as a symbol of her gratitude for that great victory which he and his countless brothers have won for her.

This soldier is not nameless to-day. He has a score of names. He is Jean and Pierre and Gustave and Émile. And the great Panthéon was both château and cottage when all France stood at the portal to receive that body from his comrades. And later the great Place de l'Étoile, where stands the arch, became in the hearts of the multitude the burial-ground of a thousand villages throughout France.

The Panthéon ceased to be an empty vault of silent gloom, with its great dreary wastes of space, which generations of critics have condemned as cold and meaningless. It was filled with color and the harmonies of choir and orchestra.

There were marshals and ministers, generals, admirals, diplomats, and judges of great courts in scarlet robes and ermine. They gave color, but took no other part, for they all have great names in war, politics, literature, art, and science, and this is the day of the nameless, of the *soldat inconnu*—the day of the father, mother, widow, orphan, each with a name on the family record of the soldier forever missing, who stood there beside President Millerand when he delivered his tribute.

No man could have done it better than this rugged, white-haired chief of France, the sort of French father to whom any French soldier would most like to come home dead or living.

From the Panthéon on the Hill of St. Genevieve the body was carried through the city to the Arc de Triomphe by many troops of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—for every branch of the service may claim the unknown soldier for its own. The detonation of cannon announced the arrival of the body to the Arch long before the end of the mighty escort had passed over the bridge a mile below. For hours the bayonets, flags, and trumpets of the known thousands poured across the Seine in waves of that horizon blue uniform which on this grayest of gray Parisian November days was lost to sight under the trees as the endless column made its way up the Champs Elysées from the Place de la Concorde. The arch itself was lost in the haze and the great dome of the tomb of that French soldier who was never nameless, who wished to be buried on the bank of the Seine, was blotted out.

All this afternoon other thousands of civilians, men, women, and children, without rhythm of military bands but with grief and gratitude of the entire French nation in their hearts, are passing the body of the unknown soldier which at sunset will be placed forever in the grave under the arch.

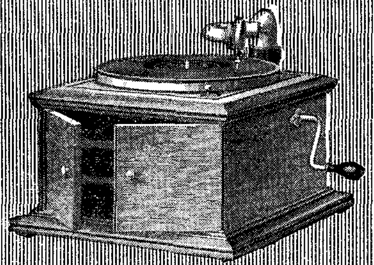
Of course, they ask themselves questions. Who was he? Where was he killed and when? Did the bullet find him two years ago this very day, just before the armistice order to cease firing, or in 1914? When was he on last leave from the front, walking with his wife or girl under this very arch on the way for a holiday in Boulogne Woods, assuring her the war soon would be over? Did he play under this arch years ago as a little Parisian boy or did he come from the Pyrenees, or the coast, or the valley of the Loire?

It makes no difference. He was a child of all France. To names of victories of the Napoleonic wars engraved on that arch the body of this soldier adds a newer and better significance and memory, a memory that strengthens a thousandfold in the hearts of the French people the links of that iron chain in the Place de l'Etoile symbolizing the vow that never again shall enemy troops march down this avenue of Elysian fields.

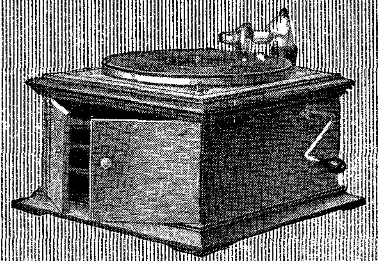
MALATESTA'S HOBBIES ARE ANARCHY AND CANARIES

ENRICO MALATESTA, arch-anarchist, known wherever the word anarchy is understood, and now in the limelight as the alleged instigator of the recent bomb outrage in Milan, has a peculiar form of diversion. In his hours of relaxation from the strenuous business of bomb-throwing and arson he breeds canaries. Malatesta is said to look just like the popular conception of the typical anarchist—black hair, pointed beard, piercing black eyes, heavy eyebrows, and aquiline features, and most of the time it seems that his acts and speech are quite in harmony with his sinister appearance and evil-sounding name. But there are times when he throws off his fierceness, and then no one is so gentle as he. The scion of a celebrated family, inheriting the title of Count, this anarchist leader might have risen to a post of honor in Italy. Instead he chose, when a student in the University of Naples, to dedicate his life to stirring up revolt against the organized forms of government, and he has been at it ever since. He is now sixty-five and is said to be under sentence of death in several countries, including Argentina, an indication that he has been active in the New World as well as in the Old. He has borne a charmed life, having always been able to escape all punishment so far, save the lightest. Malatesta's present situation, it is said, offers more elements of danger than any of the preceding dramatic episodes in his life. His connection with the bombing of the Hôtel Cavour, in Milan, is evidenced by a bundle of letters seized in a police raid on an anarchistic paper of which he is the chief director. His long experience in escaping from the toils of the law, however, will probably help him to slip from under even in this instance, it is thought. Certainly the story of his life, replete as it is with accounts of his multitudinous brushes with the law, would seem to strengthen that presumption. An idea of the adventurous career of this perpetual malcontent may be gained from the following brief sketch in the New York *Herald:*

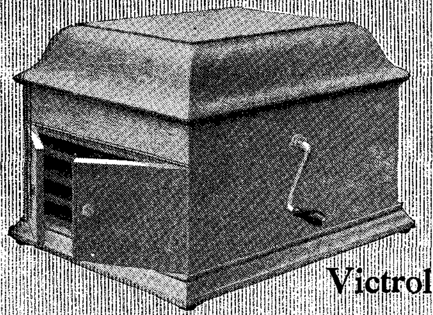
Which of these Vic
will you choos



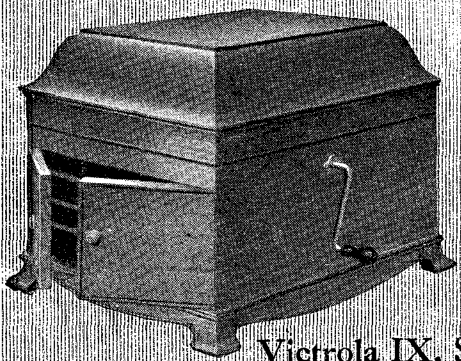
Victrola IV, $25
Oak



Victrola VI, $35
Mahogany or oak



Victrola VIII, $50
Oak



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Mahogany or oak

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interpreted by the greatest artists w
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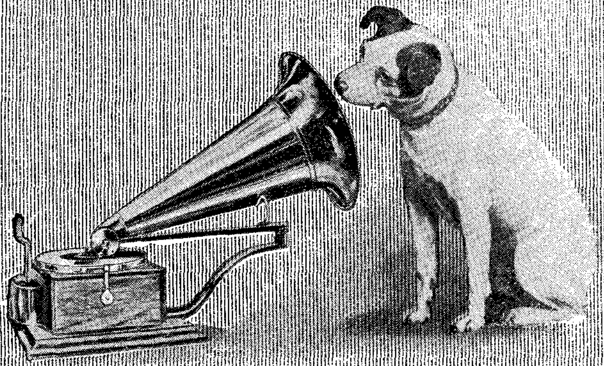

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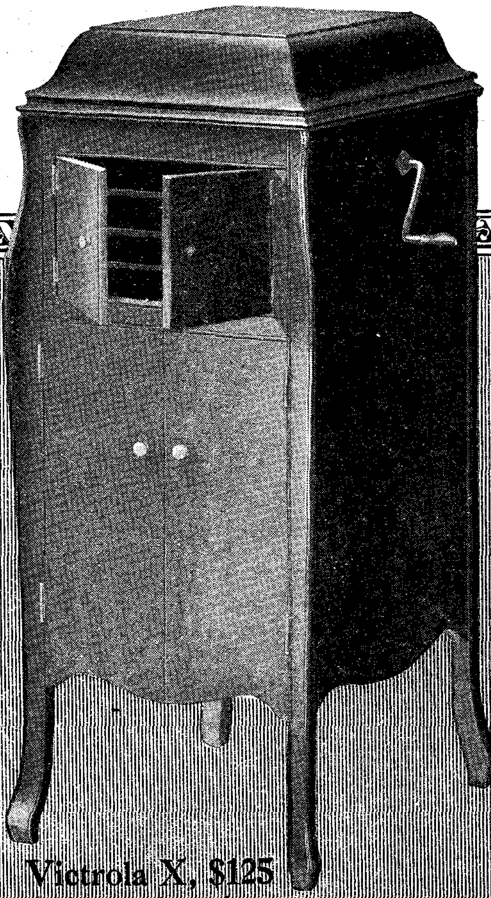
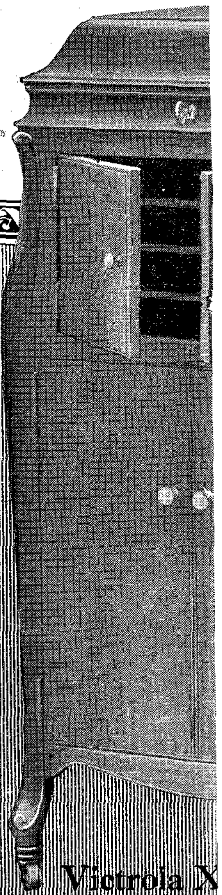


Victrola X, $125
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola X
Mahogany, oak

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for Christmas?

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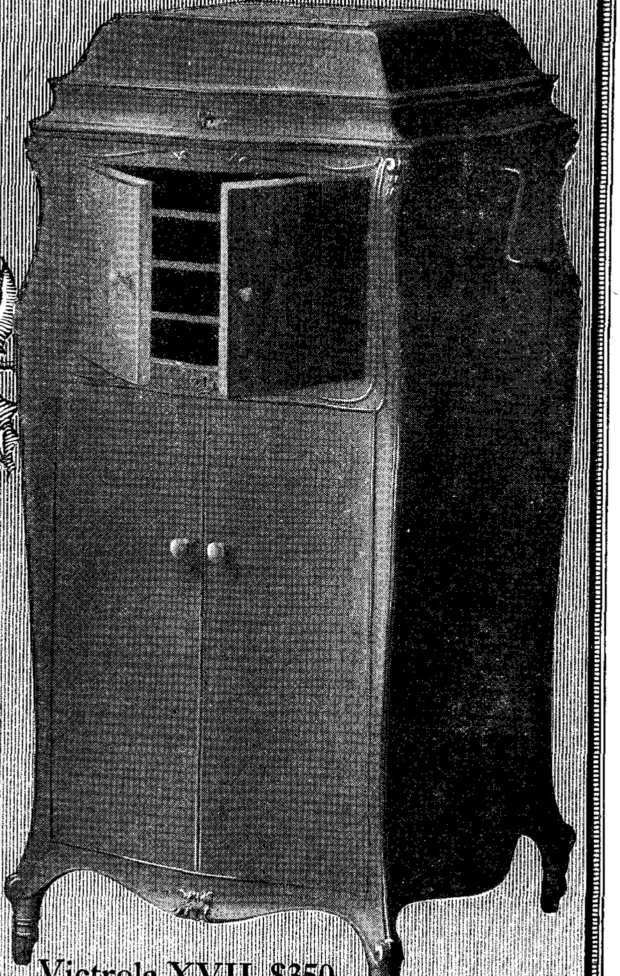
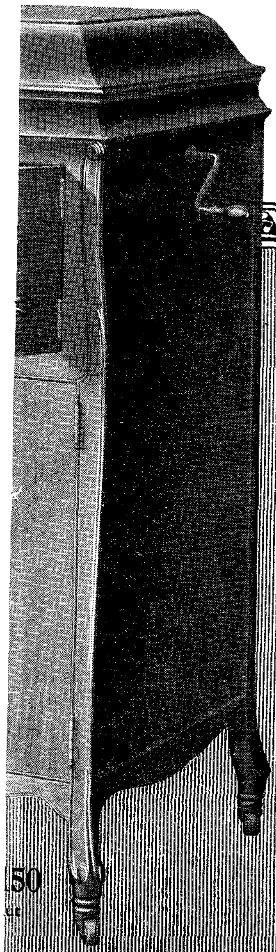
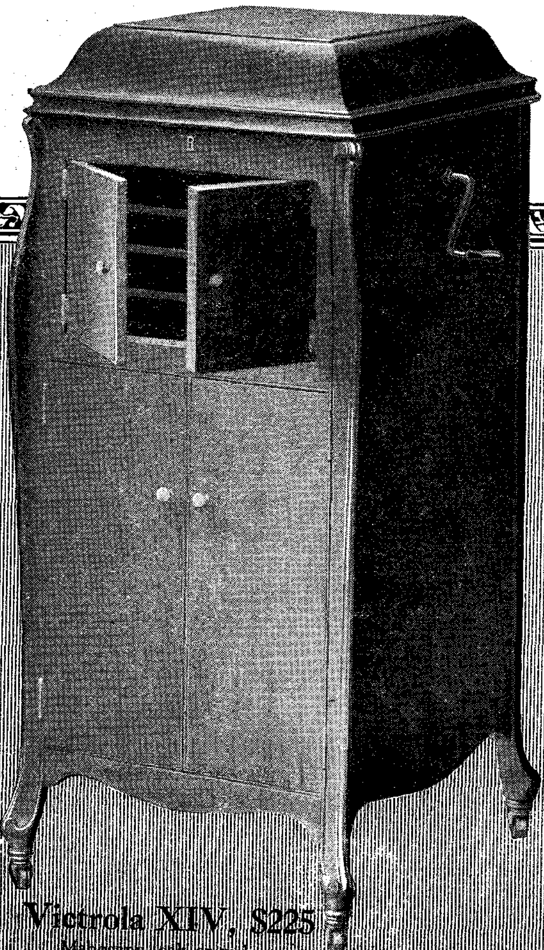


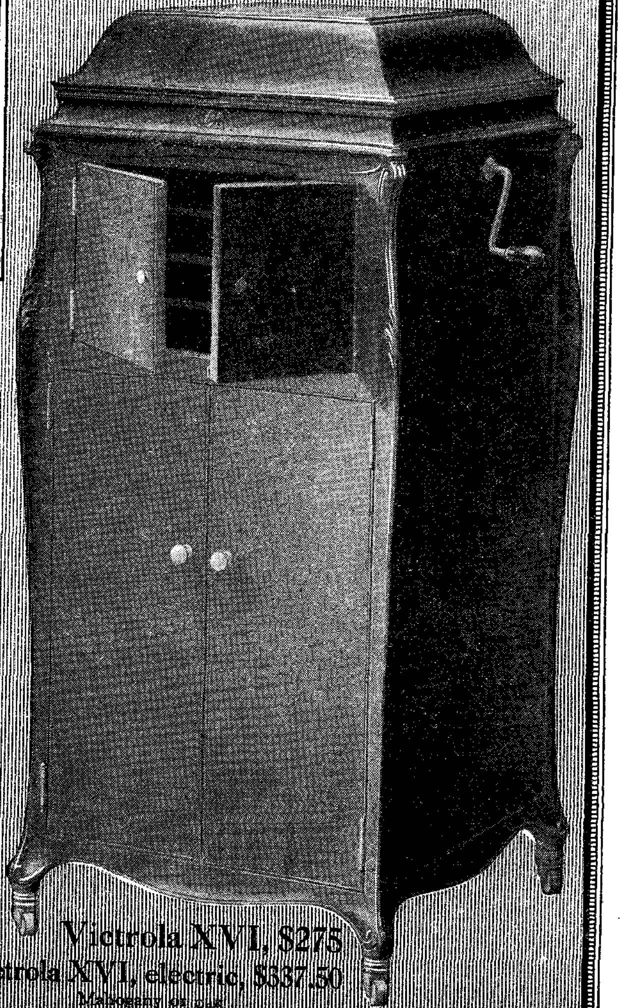
Victrola XVII, $350
Victrola XVII, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak



50



Victrola XIV, $225
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola XVI, $275
Victrola XVI, electric, $337.50
Mahogany or oak

> Enrico Malatesta was born at Santa Maria Capua Vetere, near Naples. Soon after receiving a degree as doctor of medicine he became a convert to anarchism and organized the first international section in Italy.
>
> In 1876 he issued a call to general insurrection all over Italy and collected a large following. He was arrested by government troops at Benevento, and after being tried at Naples was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Following the death of King Victor Emmanuel II., two years later, he was pardoned.
>
> The arch-anarchist crossed to Spain, where he had scarcely landed when a serious insurrection broke out near Xeres and the Spanish Government issued a warrant of death-on-sight for Malatesta. They arrested a man they thought was the anarchist leader and only discovered their mistake when they came to hang him.
>
> Meanwhile Malatesta was safe across the border in France. He appeared in Paris, where with French and other Italian anarchists he worked for the creation of an Italian revolutionary party. There he published *La Révolte*, an organ which soon secured his expulsion from France. The same treatment met him in Switzerland and Belgium.
>
> Returning to Florence in disguise he continued his propaganda, published several works and established a journal called *The Social Question*. It was seized by the authorities and Malatesta and his associates were taken to Rome to be tried on a charge of sedition. He was convicted but escaped and fled to England.
>
> Malatesta had long turned his eyes on America and he chose it as his next residence in a world so rapidly shrinking in hospitality to his propaganda. He was in Paterson, N. J., when King Humbert was assassinated and was deported from the United States as a dangerous alien.

Malatesta has been in the United States twice, it seems, the second time in 1899, when he remained here for a time editing an anarchistic sheet. His stay in America was contemporaneous with the visit of Prince Henry, and he made an attempt to stir up his fellow anarchists to acts of violence at that time as a simple expression of their hatred of royalty. Efforts were also made to connect him with riots in Paterson, N. J., and the assassinations of King Humbert and President McKinley. When he reached Italy, shortly after McKinley's death, he was arrested there and sentenced to five months' imprisonment for certain articles he had written and published applauding the President's murder. We read further:

> Again he appeared in London, but this time for a brief visit. His longing for Italy called him back there, and he returned in disguise to a little port on the Adriatic, where he remained in seclusion for almost a year. Seditious articles were traced to him and he was captured by the police and sentenced to four years' deportation.
>
> One year of this captivity had passed away on the little island of Lampedusa, in the Mediterranean, when one dark night he escaped and made his way in a small boat to Malta. There he took passage on an English vessel, and landed in London.
>
> He lived in obscurity in Soho for a time, selling sherbet on the streets and escaping observation by Scotland Yard detectives. They received a shock when they started to find who was publishing inflammatory literature, and thereby learned that the most dangerous anarchist in the world was in London. But when they sought to put their hands on him Malatesta had fled. He had shaken the dust of Latin Europe off his feet and started for a fresh trial in Latin America.
>
> For eight comparatively quiet years he lived and worked alternatively in Buenos Aires and Asuncion, writing pamphlets and editing an anarchist newspaper. Finally, he was expelled as an undesirable.
>
> Then Malatesta went back to London, openly professing anarchy but passing his promise that no attempt should be made on the lives of the British sovereigns while he was permitted to live in England. This was in 1912, when he was again sent to prison.
>
> On regaining his freedom he made inquiries and found that he would not be molested in Italy, therefore he returned there and established himself at Ancona. He rented two garret rooms and devoted himself to his writing, his only diversions being the cultivation of flowers and the breeding of canaries.
>
> Malatesta visited Rome occasionally, and at the outbreak of the world-war he assured the authorities that so long as anarchistic meetings were not forbidden there would be no trouble. Soon afterward came the revolutionary outbreak at Ancona. Malatesta organized a plot to establish a republic and the first demonstration occurred at Ancona on June 7, 1914, resulting in a general strike.
>
> When bluejackets from the naval division commanded by Admiral Cagni reenforced the Ancona garrison Malatesta, disguised as a workman, fled to Switzerland, crossing the boundary at Chiasso. He appeared a month later in his old haunts in London. There he admitted that the Ancona plot had been one to overthrow the Italian monarchy. These are the words as they have been reported:
>
> "The abortive revolution in Italy flared up spontaneously, disappointing those of us who wanted a real revolution and who are engaged in agitation looking to future great changes on a stable basis. Our plans for the time being were spoiled, but the Italian monarchistic system rests on quicksand and can not long escape engulfment."
>
> In 1919 amnesty was proclaimed in Italy, which included Malatesta's condemnation for leading in the uprisings of 1914, when several cities in the Romagna region proclaimed republics. He, therefore, returned and made his home in Milan. Almost coincident with this return to his native country troubles began for him again. The Communists of Milan would not consent to his living among them unmolested, but memorialized Premier Giolitti last July to urge his arrest and that of the Socialist Deputy, Misano. Unless the Premier complied, the Communists threatened to take the law in their own hands and kill both men.
>
> No action was taken and shortly after occurred Malatesta's marriage and his appointment to the directorship of *The New Humanity*. The bombing of the Hôtel Cavour is the most recent development. In the cabinet of Malatesta was found a packet of correspondence belonging to a waiter of the hotel named Bossi. This man is charged with having instructed the bomb-throwers by signaling from an upper window of the hotel. Again Enrico Malatesta is under arrest charged with an atrocious deed, but it is believed that the evidence directly implicating him is insufficient and that he will again escape.

MEXICO ON THE WAY BACK TO NORMALCY

THE YEARNING for a return of the good old days of normalcy, which at this time apparently prevails in our own beloved land, seems to have spread also to our neighbors in Mexico. This does not mean that the hectic conditions in the southern Republic have been entirely overcome, but the signs are hopeful. For instance, it is said that during the administration of Carranza many citizens stabled their mules and other valuable live stock in the parlors of their homes. Now confidence has been restored to a point where even the best mules are coralled outdoors, or merely hidden in the brush. Another good sign is the absence of small but annoying insect pests from the trains. These little disturbers added their mite to the general misery of the situation during Mexico's darkest days, we are informed by Americans compelled to travel there then. Now they are gone, and their going furnishes an illustration of the general improvement that has taken place in the Mexican train service, which includes, also, better equipment, better time, and no guards to protect the passengers from marauders. The betterment of transportation may in turn be taken as an illustration of how the country has improved along all lines during the last six months. The standard of living is higher, there are better clothes and food, mines are being opened and roads built, little pueblos, almost swept out by the *revolucionarios*, are suddenly springing into activity, and there are more jobs, more money, and busier market-places.

"Few outside of Mexico realize what its ten years' revolution has meant," says Sophie Treadwell in the New York *Tribune*, after six months in that country. She describes conditions during the revolutions as an "almost complete paralyzation of every kind of work, a constant confused inner war, with thousands of cars blown up, miles of track torn away, hundreds upon hundreds of men turned by the pressure of necessity from laborers to bandits, and any attempt at a quiet, self-respecting life impossible for high and low alike." Miss Treadwell continues:

> Elegance, lavishness, richness, flew first from Mexico with the fall of Diaz. Then culture; then, one almost might say, decency. Until, with the end of the Carranza régime, a sodden

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hopelessness was everywhere; and all that remained of the old national character was a certain baffled pride, sensitive beyond all reason.

Beauty only has remained unimpaired in Mexico. Mexico City, with her Spanish doorways, Moorish tiles, French driveways, her native flowers and fountains. Under her, the dark ruins of a destroyed people. Over her, the brilliant, incomparable Mexican sky, with Popocatepetl's metallic snow shining through the delicate clouds; Iztaccihuatl, the sleeping woman; the floating gardens of Xochimilco, the castle, high over the trees of Chapultepec.

Beauty has remained in Mexico. And hope is beginning to come back. Suspiciously, it is true, but still coming back. Can it be that peace will come again—real peace, security, prosperity, gaiety?

As Carranza used to say to all questions of state, however ardently put to him: "*Pues, quien sabe?*" ("Well, who knows?")

Mexico, says the writer, looks with a hopeful eye to the future to-day particularly because of the character of the men now in control. They are all from the north—Sonora—and in the veins of most of them flows the blood of the Yaqui, the Indian who never gave up, the one unconquered native of Mexico. We read further:

Sonora is the big state farthest to the north and west of Mexico (with the exception of Baja California, which, in its geographical and political isolation, seems more like an island than a peninsula). Sonora is farthest from the tropical south of Mexico, farthest from the dominating influence emanating through centuries from the capital; nearest to the United States. Some of her border towns seem half-American. The frontier Sonoran speaks English and knows American ways.

These are the Mexicans who now control Mexico: Obregon, Hill, Calles, de la Huerta—all Sonorans; all, with the possible exception of Obregon, carrying in their veins some few drops, more or less, of native blood.

And these are the men who have brought at least a gleam of hope into the surrounding black of their poor country's despair.

Altho their seat is still insecure—within, new personal dissatisfactions, old personal hates; without, as yet, comparatively no recognition—yet business everywhere has taken a new impulsion. Orders for foreign trade are being placed. Land prices, at their lowest ebb, are beginning to go up. Tremendous efforts are being made to get the railroads working, the country's products under transportation. I understand it is still impossible to get a car-load of freight moved without "oiling the way" all along the line. But I know one can buy a passenger ticket without "passing a little change"—even get Pullman reservations.

One of the hopeful signs in Mexico is that the people seem to be going to work. To the town of Taxco, where an ancient silver-mine was opened up, 3,000 laborers flocked within a short time. The writer was told of former revolutionary "generals," "colonels," and "majors" who have quit their revolutionizing and are now content to work at road-building for seventy-five cents a day. Something of culture, also, is coming back. We read:

Adolfo de la Huerta, the Provisional President, is an artist, a musician. He has tried, among the many more demanding urgencies upon his time, to give what stimulus he could to music.

A clever company of comedy and burlesque players has lately come from Madrid. A brilliant writer and director of light opera, Señor Penella, has brought a company from Spain. The theaters are crowded. And an original production of Maestro Penella's, "El Gato Montes," has met with enthusiastic response.

Of course, the native general wide-spread love of music in Mexico has been commented upon to the point of being tiresome. I confess I expected more from the wild native guitarist than he was able to deliver. But I always enjoyed that moment in the cinemas when the orchestra happened to go into an unpopular piece, in the midst of the star's big scene. And the entire audience, oblivious of the drama unfolding before its eyes, would burst into loud thumpings of protest, each one turning around and expostulating against the outrage with the person behind, until the orchestra was drowned out and began something else, when quiet was restored and the picture, hundreds of feet having passed unseen, was again contemplated. The iron-clad complacency of many a "movie" star would get a jolt, I think, from a Mexican audience, realizing that even the dullest Mexican peon isn't at all fooled by what is done on the screen, while he remains exquisitely sensitive to every note that is being played. A Mexican goes to the cinema to hear the music. The picture is just something thrown in.

Something of hope, much of work, a little of culture, have come back to despoiled Mexico. But elegance has not as yet. I think I saw only one really well-drest woman there in all the six months. Maria Conesa, the actress, understands the chic of simplicity. Her costumes were most beautifully and simply brought together, hat, gown, gloves, and shoes.

She was the only woman I saw who, as the French say, could "support the detail." And one looks to women, instinctively, to reflect the elegance of a country, if there is any.

While Mexico has lost many things during the last troublous ten years, it appears that "personal liberty" still flourishes there. Miss Treadwell illustrates with a story:

Just a few nights before I left the capital I was talking to an American gentleman. Our subject was, inevitably, Mexico. That is all Americans down there ever talk about. And this gentleman was, inevitably, abusing it.

"But perhaps you don't really know the country?" I suggested timidly.

Much disgust.

"Been here twenty-five years!"

"Well"—more timidly—"if it's as bad as you feel, why haven't you gone home?"

A pause. A hush. Then—

"I haven't gone home, as you put it, for one reason, and one reason, only. There is still personal liberty here."

Of course, he may have meant by personal liberty just his cognac when he wanted it. Or he might have meant only that personal freedom that comes to any "man from home" in any foreign land. But I think he meant something more than that. I think he meant, in spite of his prejudice and dislike, the thing that was America's boast a generation ago; the thing the Mexican, de la Huerta, was trying to keep alive in his most distressful country when he deliberately removed the censorship in the first darkest, most doubtful days of his Presidency; the thing he is still trying to keep alive when he refuses, at the behest of the strong of the earth, to put out the weak who have sought refuge within his country's disordered borders. No amount of pressure has so far been able to make de la Huerta deliver over any foreigner in Mexico, even an American, not wanted for an actual extraditable offense.

Miss Treadwell praises President de la Huerta. Tho of humble origin, he has proved himself during his short administration a man of true distinction, she says. A side-light on de la Huerta's character is furnished in the description of a luncheon he gave to all the foreign correspondents. We read:

He was sick, held to a trying diet, overworked, overstrained nervously; his position precarious, dangerous; surrounded by a poisonous atmosphere of cynical criticism and suspicion. The luncheon was long, filled with food he couldn't eat. The conversation was most difficult. It wasn't conversation; it was a cross-questioning, a grilling. Questions were hurled at him, literally, from all quarters of the world. Questions whose answers deeply affected his own future and that of his country; questions flung at him with that swift, brutal, incisive frankness of the American newspaper man at home and abroad. Questions, some of which must have embarrassed him, many enraged him, and all of which tested him through and through. All his answers were invariably gracious, quick, comprehensive, graceful, witty, at times brilliant. The whole tone of the man, simple, unassuming as he is, was, in some subtle essence, distinguished. He is of Polish, Italian, Spanish, and Yaqui blood. His father was a small merchant in Guaymas.

One of the obstacles to progress in Mexico is the provincialism of the country outside the big cities and the isolation of one town from another, especially industrially. For instance, in one town only sweets are obtainable, while in the next one one can buy only knives, or blankets, or saddles. Says Miss Treadwell:

Each little community entirely given over to making the same thing. Each man in depressing competition with his neighbor. And no provision made for exchanging the one product with something desperately needed from the next town.

What of modernity has centered in the capital seems never to have been strong enough to permeate to the provinces. One can travel far in Mexico and keep unbroken the impression of a purely primitive civilization. I went for days on horseback through the state of Guerrero, which is one of the naturally richest states in Mexico. In its bigness, beauty, and fertility, I was thinking constantly of California in the spring. Yet the road from its capital, Chilpancingo, to its biggest seaport, Acapulco (one of the finest natural harbors in the world), is an almost impassable trail over the mountains, so rough only burros can take freight over, so narrow in many places only one burro can pass at a time.

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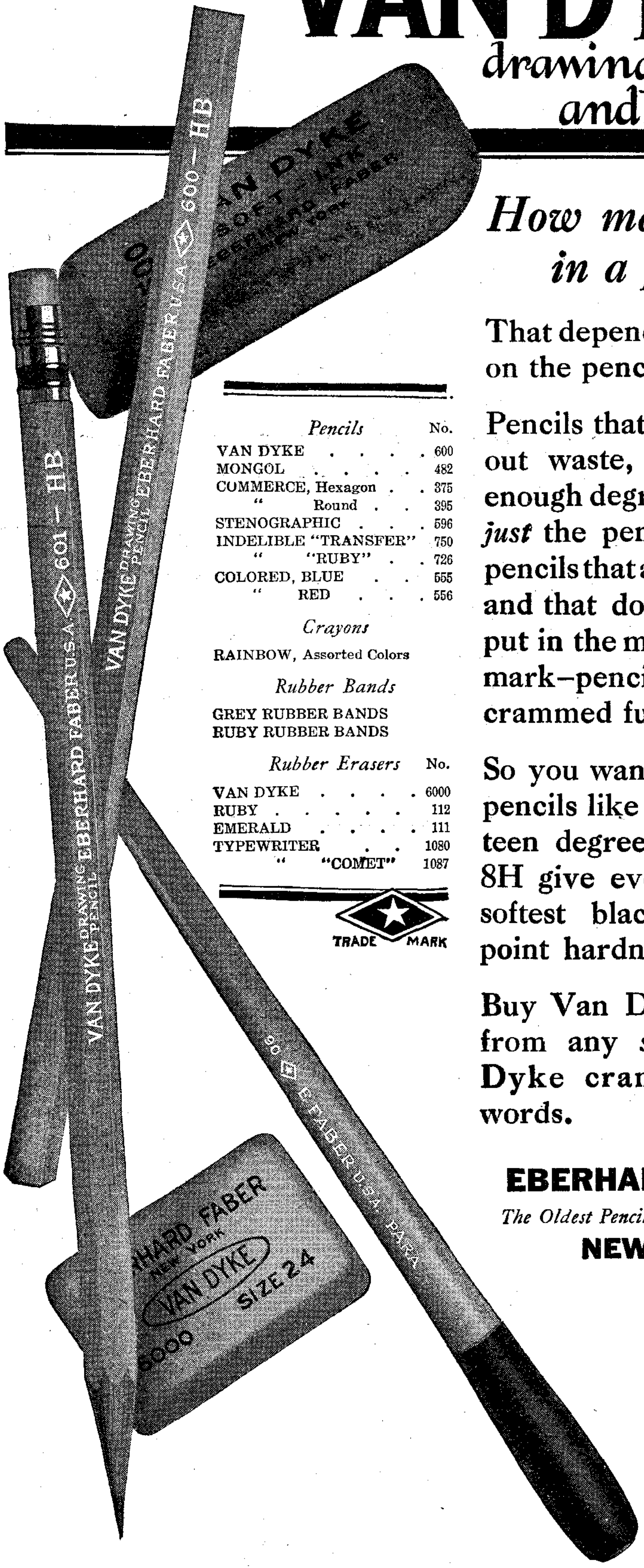
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

A POLICEMAN WHO TURNED ARTIST

"TRULY AWFUL," is how they describe his first picture—a big, green, old bowl and a copper boiler, with the green aggressively green and the black and white just black and white and nothing more. But what else could one expect when a cop tries to paint a picture? For that was what George T. Conroy was six years ago when he began to paint. He had never studied art, had never even had a brush in his hand, did not know what a palet was, and he was thirty-eight. For fourteen years he had been connected with the Brooklyn Police Department, a part of the time as a patrolman and then in the detective bureau. To-day he paints real pictures, sought after by dealers, collectors, and fellow artists who want to exchange canvases in order to acquire an example of the work of this latest arrival. He sold his first picture to a dealer for $2.50. The dealer sold it for $28, and it has been sold three times since, the last time bringing $200. "I was a pretty fair cop," said Mr. Conroy to a representative of the New York *Herald* who called on him recently to hear his story. "I was content so far as I knew myself and had no 'longings for higher things.'" Then chance—that foolish persons don't believe in—took a hand in the game and dealt out to George T. Conroy a new set of cards. He went with his wife and child to spend his vacation in Woodstock, N. Y. To quote the artist's own story:

"There's an artist colony up there summers, and I got acquainted with some of the men. It was just a road acquaintance. I used to stop 'em and ask to look at the sketches they had made outdoors. I never knew any of them well enough to ask to be allowed to see them at work. It's a fact, too, that up to this minute I never saw anybody paint. I don't know how artists use their tools. How I use mine I've taught myself.

"You'll be thinking I stared at the pictures and wondered. It's the way most of us ignorant folk do. But somehow I didn't. I said to myself: 'Mebbe it's good, but somehow it ain't the way I see it,' and then I took a notion to try and paint 'it' the way I saw.

"On coming back home, off I go to a paint dealer and buy the palet and paints and brushes. Then I'm off!

"My first picture—I'll show it to you—was awful. Of course, it was a big canvas, had to be. The only promising thing in my start was that I didn't sit down to copy a picture, but I arranged my own. It was a still life, a big, old green bowl and an old copper kettle."

Conroy showed the picture; it hangs over the piano in the parlor, and it is truly awful. That the man who painted this abomination could lift himself out of his ignorance and teach his hand to paint the sane but poetic gradations of color of his canvases to-day must remain a marvel.

"How do I put the paint on now? With a brush, with the knife, with my thumb, any way that I can to keep what I want there and what I see. Now that I'm free, I wander all round Long Island and quickly find my subjects.

"Do I paint my sketches directly from nature? Seldom. It is hard for me; I get my values wrong. I prefer to sketch with a pencil and a knife, and in my own opinion I bring back things truer that way.

"My skies?" These are peculiarly pellucid. "They're always there out of my window for me to look at."

Conroy stood up and went to the window. A small parallelogram of sky was all that could be seen over the extremely common back-yard. But it was enough for Conroy. He pointed to a maple-tree shedding its yellow leaves.

"That's in my new picture," said he; "the shimmer is. And it has been in a couple of dozen pictures that I've painted since spring. I don't have to go far, you see, for my models."

The strangest part of Conroy's story is that he has had no instruction in art, except for a winter's study of the figure at the Art Students' League. His academic art knowledge is practically nil. Names known even to mere A-B-C students of art may or may not be known to him by hearsay. He does not care for instruction and apparently doesn't need any. He explained his feeling about an art education:

"I developed my own technique and it is mine. I don't want it to be influenced by the work of others, no matter how much better they paint. I'm after light, light, light! And it seems to me there is no better way to get it than out of the sky.

"A man who saw me painting out-of-doors last August watched for so long he made me restless. Finally, I asked him what he wanted. Says he: 'I'm just trying to figure out where your foreground is; I can't see it.'

"Now the fact is I paint my foreground early, for I want earth in it that a man can put his foot on, solid ground. But I don't find it right under my nose, but fifty feet and farther in front of me. No wonder that fellow got puzzled.

"I'm telling you this, and it's a fact, I paint for myself and it's my greatest pleasure. Many's the time I wake up in my bed and say to myself: 'To-morrow it isn't you that will be off to headquarters, but you'll be sittin' here at home paintin' what you like. And I hug myself with the joy of the thought of it. Man, it's sure wonderful to me!

"I've just been lucky from the start," said Conroy; "no hardship in mine! Before I had been painting long the pictures began to sell, and why should I worry now? I expect they'll keep on selling, and perhaps the prices will grow bigger. For canvases 8 by 10 inches I get prices ranging from $55 to $95. For larger pictures I get from $150 to $250.

"More for fun than the hope of getting in, I sent in a picture to the latest exhibition of the National Academy. They took it—yes, they did—hung it in a good place, and it was the first picture sold in that season; brought me $125. But, there, I don't want to talk of prices, of myself, or art any more, for it sounds as if I was boosting myself."

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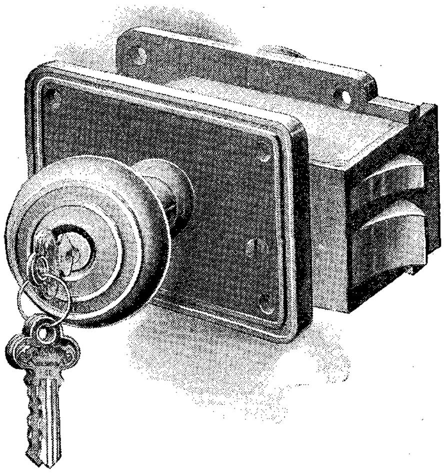
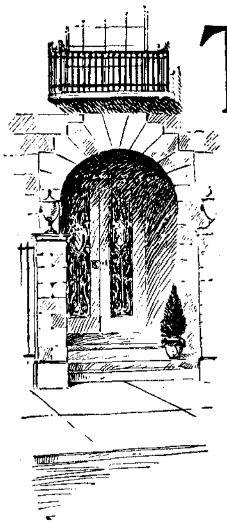


Where beauty is more than skin deep



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

MAN-O'-WAR "THE GREATEST HORSE OF ALL TIME"

"THE superhorse of all time," an admirer calls him in the course of several columns of praise in a Kansas paper, and enthusiasts aplenty, especially since his defeat of the great Canadian runner, Sir Barton, have accepted it as almost a platitude that Man-o'-War is the greatest horse that ever lived. He is compared to a prima donna by one of the several newspaper scribes who have gone to visit him in the little Pennsylvania town that he has put on the map. "As one inquires into the life of this thoroughbred," writes the reporter, "one's mind involuntarily conjures a comparison with the ceremonials which encompassed the world's superwomen." The great racer, groomed until his chestnut sides shone "like a silk hat," given a drink out of a golden cup that was one of the prizes of his victories, attended by a retinue of servants and specialists, is certainly quite as much pampered, says this interviewer, as was ever a "wonder-lady of history." He goes on in the Kansas City *Star:*

Kings' favorites and pashas' leading ladies are said to have had even rumpled rose-leaves removed from their beds that they might rest the easier. If Man-o'-War so much as stirs in his sleep there are two handmen (masculine for handmaiden) at his bedside in a twinkling to see that his blanket is not creased beneath him.

There seems to be good reason for pampering an animal that is without an equal on the American turf, that holds three world's records, several American records, and has won a total of $249,265 for his owner. This season alone he has amassed purses to the amount of $165,940. His race with Sir Barton, in Canada, wherein the horsemen across the border looked to see his colors lowered, was an eight-lengths victory for Man-o'-War, to say nothing of the fact that a purse of $75,000 and a $5,000 gold cup were the trophies he brought home with him for his mile-and-a-quarter gallop around the Kenilworth Park track. And this is the horse which, as a yearling, two years ago, Major August Belmont, his breeder, sold for $5,000.

Altho it sounds rather theatric, his present owner refused last June an offer for him which was conveyed in a signed check, drawn in blank, and to be filled out in any sum that seemed to represent his great value. Only last week he rejected a flat offer of $400,000 for Man-o'-War.

It appears rather the better way to begin the personal chronicle of Man-o'-War by describing how one comes upon him in a visit to his home on Glen Ridge stock-farm. The farm, 600 acres of rolling land, lies about four miles westward of Media, Pa., which clings in an enviable doze to the outer flounce of Philadelphia's wide-spread skirts. A drive along the tree-flanked, dipping highway brings one to a crossroads with a single village store and two old gentlemen of bucolic drama chewing politics and tobacco on the shady porch.

There one gets the first of Man-o'-War. It is in a banner of his stable colors, yellow and black, between two American flags spanning the roadway. On the face of the store for all to see is the race-horse's name done in enthusiastic but unskilled hands in black and yellow calico. The display to greet him when he came back from his victory over Sir Barton in Canada will doubtless remain until the elements get at it or they move the building away.

One asks the way to Man-o'-War's home place, and one of the old ruminants points a vague thumb toward a rise of ground a half mile beyond. What the thumb pointed out is a long, low, single-story building, its white paint relieved by vertical bands of light green to mark careful weather-stripping over the cracks. There one finds Man-o'-War and the two men who stand guard over him from sunrise to sunrise.

Both George Conway, the stable foreman, and Frank Loftus, Man-o'-War's personal caretaker, greeted a visitor to Man-o'-War recently. As Conway swung open the steel-netted door of the box-stall, Man-o'-War came forward instantly, nuzzling the foreman's shoulder. The light of the low afternoon sun struck through the wide doorway, glinting in ripples along the lean, high-bred body, its chestnut coat glowing like a leaf in autumn. Then Man-o'-War looked past Conway to the door of the adjoining stall, and afterward gazed searchingly at the road winding through the lowland.

"He's looking for the Major," Conway explained, adding for Man-o'-War's ear, "Never mind, old man, he'll be here after a while. You see," he went on, rubbing the animal's nose and the white star on his forehead, "Man-o'-War's happiest when Major Treat is with him. The Major?—why, he's this fellow's side partner, his particular pal. They've been cronies ever since Man-o'-War was a yearling. The Major was at one time Mr. Riddle's prize hunter and a great show horse over the jumps. Now he's twelve years old and Mr. Riddle has practically given him to Man-o'-War as a companion.

"No matter where Man-o'-War goes, along goes the Major. He runs with him about the track here during exercise periods, and does his plucky best to keep up. He goes to all tracks with the big fellow and, of course, accompanied him to Canada for the race with Sir Barton. They had adjoining stalls in the special car and were not haltered—so they put their heads together and talked during most of the journey. To tell you the truth, we give a good deal of care to the Major, because it would break Man-o'-War's heart if anything went wrong with the old boy."

Man-o'-War is visit-fed at five o'clock in the morning, when he receives three quarts of oats that have been most thoroughly cleaned and sieved. An hour later he gets his first grooming in preparation for the day's work, Conway and Loftus going over him as if they were polishing a silk hat. When he glistens beyond criticism he is taken by Clyde Gordon, his jockey, to the half-mile track, set in a level bit of meadow-land a short distance from the stable. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays he is jogged once about the track and then cantered a mile and a quarter. On other mornings Gordon settles himself in the saddle and lets Man-o'-War out at speed. These are the days on which he is trained for the distances he has to negotiate on the race-track.

Then comes the leisurely return to the stable, a cooling walk, and, if the day is warm, his entire body is washed with a compound of arnica, alcohol, and witch-hazel, not dissimilar to an athlete in training, to prevent soreness. This is the hour of "the most complete grooming that could be given an animal":

He is so carefully washed that no vestige of perspiration remains in his coat, his feet are cleaned and scrubbed, and he is turned into a sweet-smelling bed of fresh rye straw that was laid while he was at the track.

Until 11:15 o'clock he can think, "talk to the Major," dream over his races, amuse himself in any way he sees fit. It is at this time Mrs. Riddle most frequently visits him, going into the stall with him, because not the least attractive part of Man-o'-War is his disposition. Now he has his mixture of oats, bran, and cracked corn, to be followed by the lump of sugar Mrs. Riddle has brought. An hour and a quarter is permitted him for dinner.

At 12:30 the feed-box is taken away and scalded to keep it clean, his bed is remade, and the door closed on him so he shall rest undisturbed until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he has walking exercise for half an hour and is then turned out to graze for fifteen minutes, not one minute longer, because Conway stands at the fence, with a watch in his hand, watching him crop the grass.

Again comes a grooming and the bandages on his legs are carefully changed. These consist of strips of absorbent cotton wound from ankle to knee and secured by gauze bandages wrapt skin-tight and fastened in good surgical style with safety-pins. The bandages prevent swellings and reduce the chances of inflammation. At five o'clock Man-o'-War has his supper—a "cooked meal" they call it—made of oats, bran, flaxseed meal, cracked corn, and salt prepared with boiling water and cooled. He now gets water as much as he wants. Conway said that after the Sir Barton race, when Man-o'-War had the first christening drink out of the gold cup he won, he would have drained it had he been permitted.

With the removal of the water-bucket and the feed-box, Man-o'-War's day comes to an end. His bed is made fresh, a light blanket is fastened upon him, and he is turned over to the night-watch—Conway and Loftus. And they sleep with one eye open.

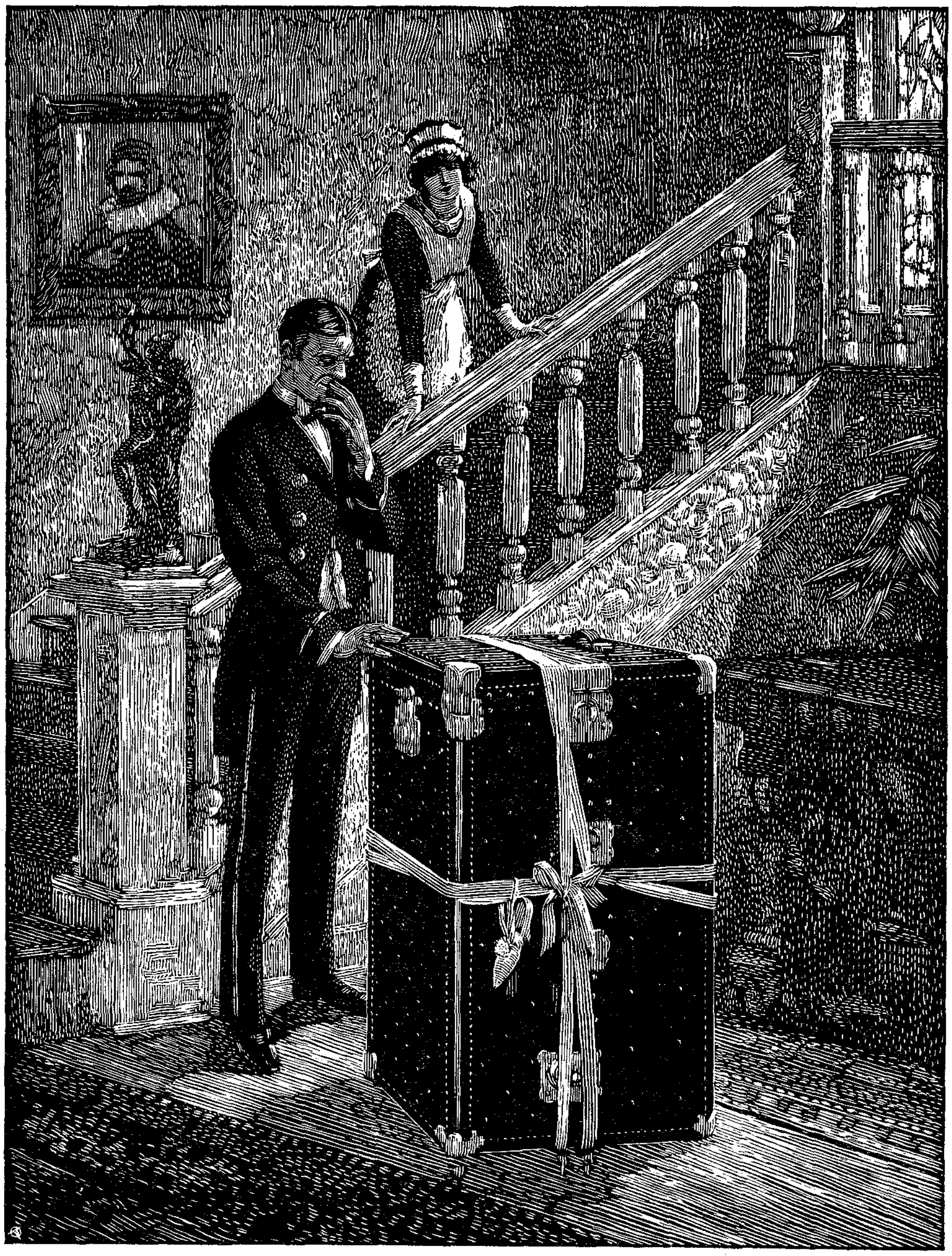
His Scandalous State.—A young fellow who was the crack sprinter of his town—somewhere in the South—was unfortunate enough to have a very dilatory laundress. One evening when he was out for a practise run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing. He had scarcely reached home again when the bell rang furiously and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch: "Foh de Lawd's sake, won't you-all tell Marse Bob please not to go out no moh till I kin git his clo'es round to him?" —*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Checkmate.—MRS. SIMS—"What are you doing with that string tied around your finger?"

MR. SIMS—"You put it there to make me remember to mail a letter for you."

MRS. SIMS—"Well, did you do it?"

MR. SIMS—"No, my dear, you forgot to give it to me."—*The American Legion Weekly.*



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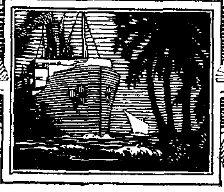
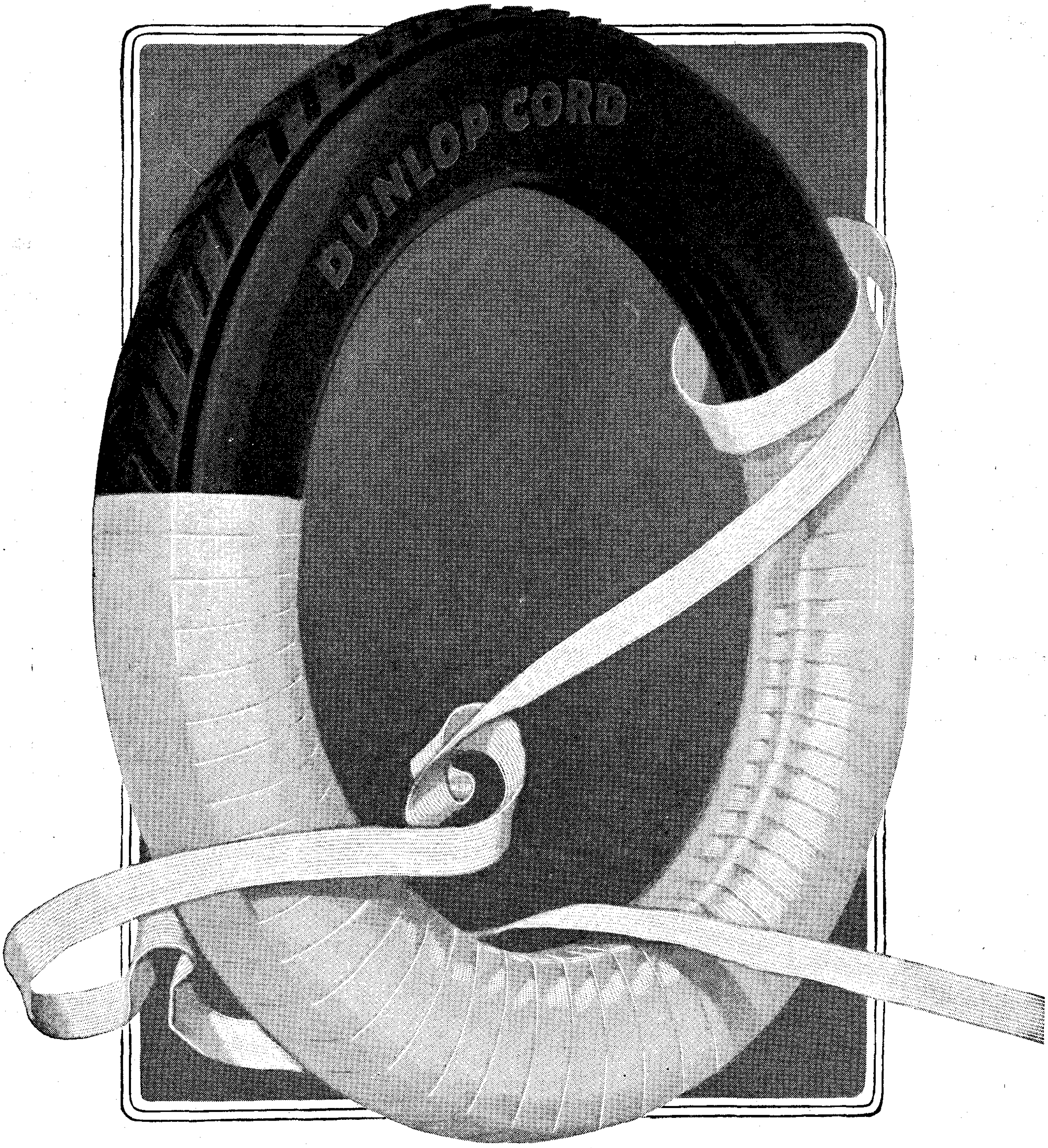


THE FIRST


DUNLOP CORD

DUN

PNEUMATIC

Back in 1888 something happened in Belfast, Ireland, that led directly to the development of a great tire industry and had much to do with making the automobile a practical possibility in later years.

The man who caused this extraordinary development was a surgeon named John Boyd Dunlop, and the way he came to do it is one of those interesting human stories that lie behind many of the world's great discoveries and inventions.

His boy, Johnny, rode a tricycle and its hard narrow tires wrought injury to the Doctor's lawn. From his desire to find something that would be easier on the ground as well as more comfortable for the rider, was born a crude but serviceable solid wooden wheel surrounded by a home-made rubber air-bag with a football tube for a valve. It was held in place by a strip of linen from an old dress of Mrs. Dunlop, stretched over the tube and tacked on the wheel.

He tested this wheel but was not satisfied with his first work. He started over and made a wooden rim for the tricycle and a new and better tire.

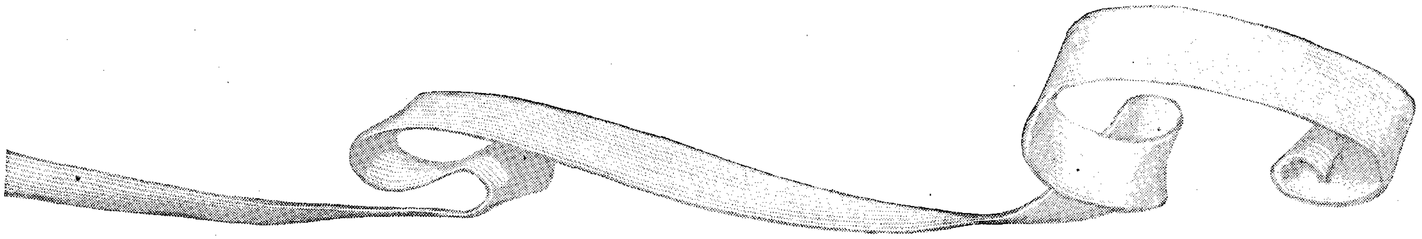
From that day there came in rapid succession the pneumatic tires for tricycles, bicycles, automobiles and motorcycles which carried the Dunlop ideas across the world, and made the motor car practical.

On Dunlop invention and Dunlop tire improvements was built a great international Dunlop institution that manufactures and sells tires in many continents and countries, owns its own vast rubber-growing plantations in the Far East, its own fabric-producing cotton mills, and numbers its employees by many tens of thousands.

It is, therefore, of more than usual interest that Dunlop Tires will soon be produced in America, by an American corporation, which begins business with an equipment of buildings, machinery and resources putting it among the largest of the tire-building companies of America.

The following pages will give you a glimpse at this new, yet old, factor in the progress of America's automotive industry.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO NEW YORK



LOP

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Dunlop, pioneer of the pneumatic tire industry, is founding its business in America upon three outstanding advantages:

First, positive assurance of highest quality in tire construction, made possible by the knowledge and skill of a world-wide institution representing thirty-two years of experience in tire-building, beginning with Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tire.

Second, possession of ample resources in materials, manufacturing equipment and financial means—and the ability to use them. You need no further evidence than the scope and character of Dunlop international enterprises and the completeness of the great Dunlop tire-building institution at Buffalo.

Third, introduction in America of the Dunlop policy—a policy of mutual interest which, since 1888, has recognized an obligation to all who buy, sell or use tires—a policy which goes beyond the building of good tires to the delivery of continuous transportation service.

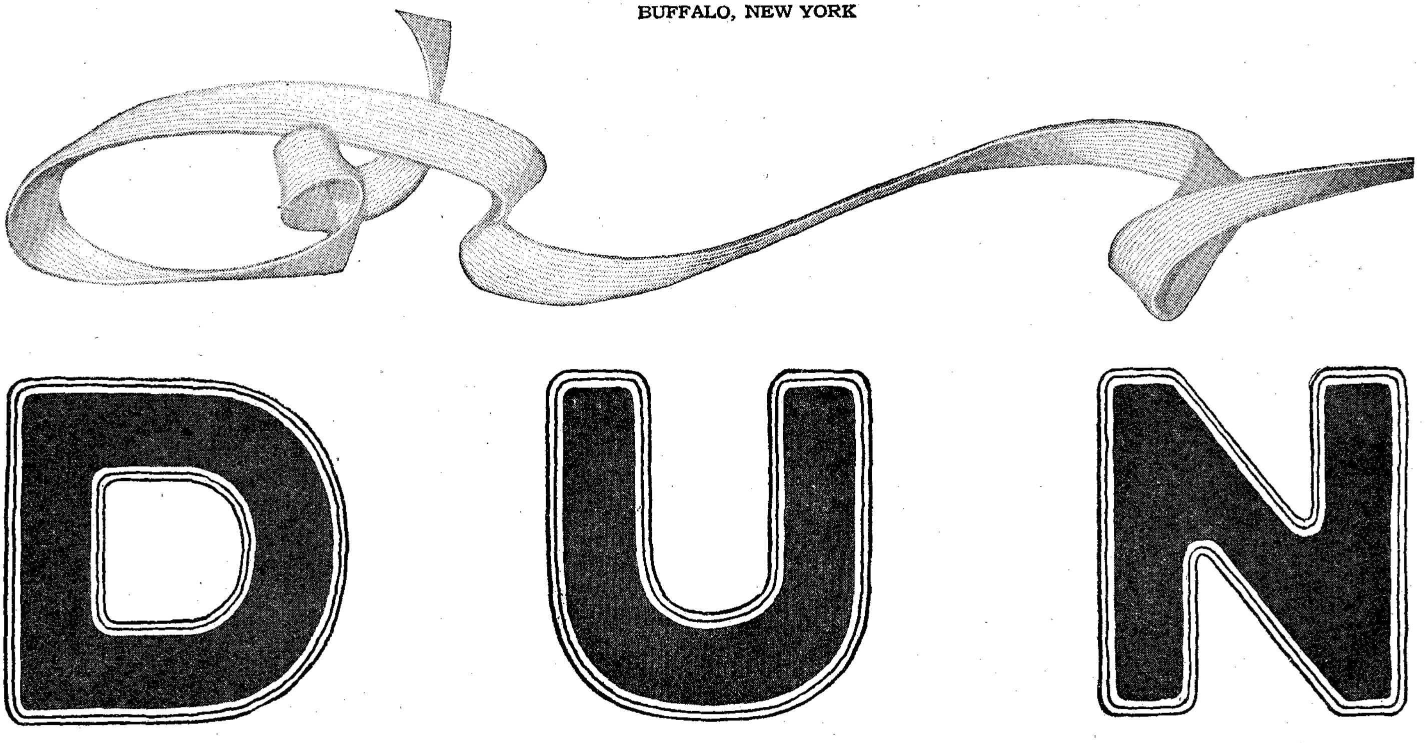
We have demonstrated our belief in this policy by designing and building only the highest grade tires—by constantly endeavoring, through research and investigation, to improve these tires—by so conducting our relations as to earn the good will of all whom we serve.

With these three advantages Dunlop is making available to the American public pneumatic and solid tires of established superiority, distributed through a dealer organization conscious of its responsibilities and its obligation to do more than act as a go-between in the sale of tires, and backed by an interested service which extends to the last day of the tire's usefulness, without any limitations of mileage.

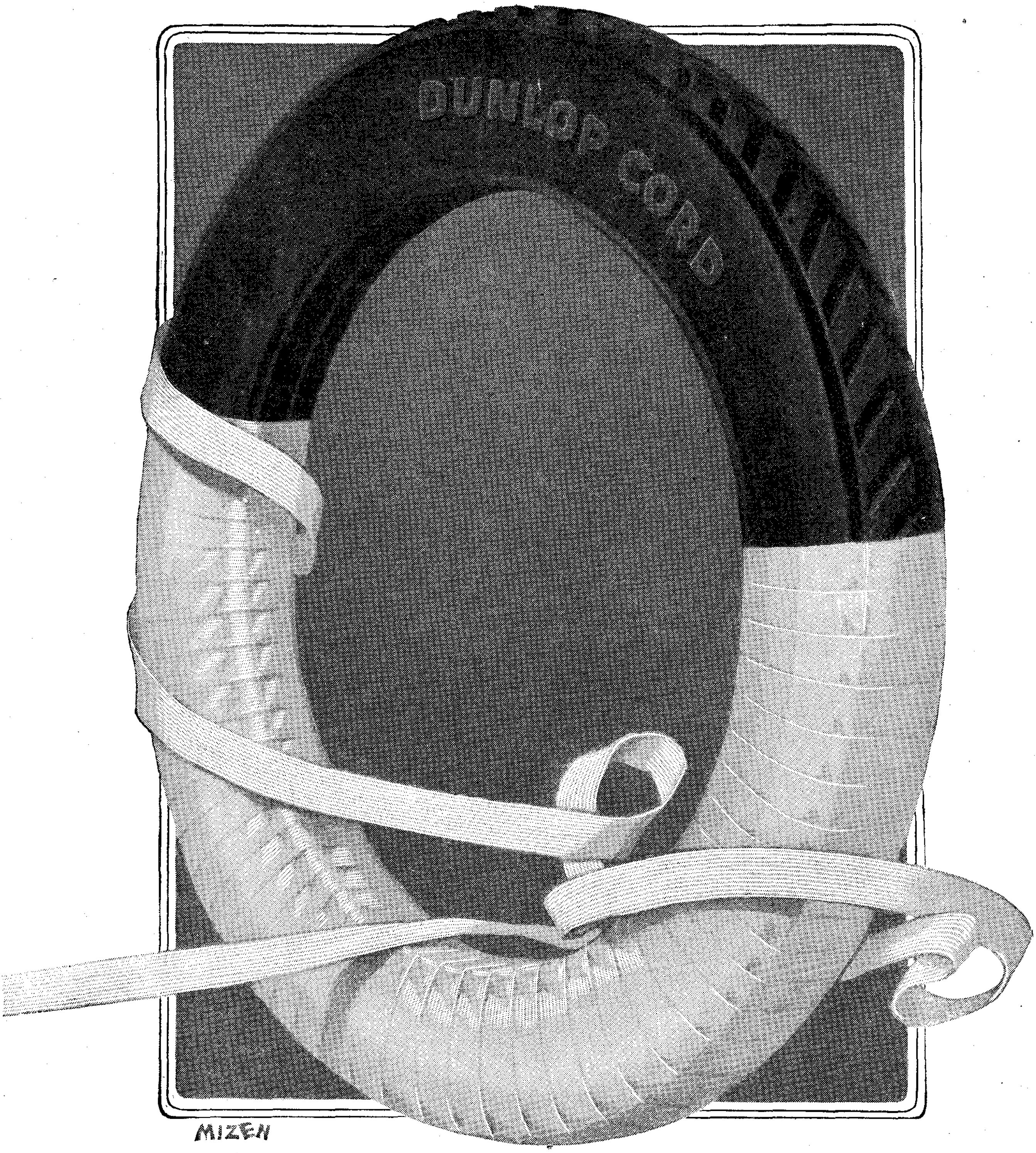
The dealer who will sell Dunlop Tires selects us as truly as we select him because he believes, as we do, that he represents you and your interests to us quite as much as he represents us to you, and that your good will is his greatest business asset.

Dunlop Tires will soon be in actual production, and distribution through retail channels will follow. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss distribution plans with any responsible retail tire merchants who are interested.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



AN INDUSTRY

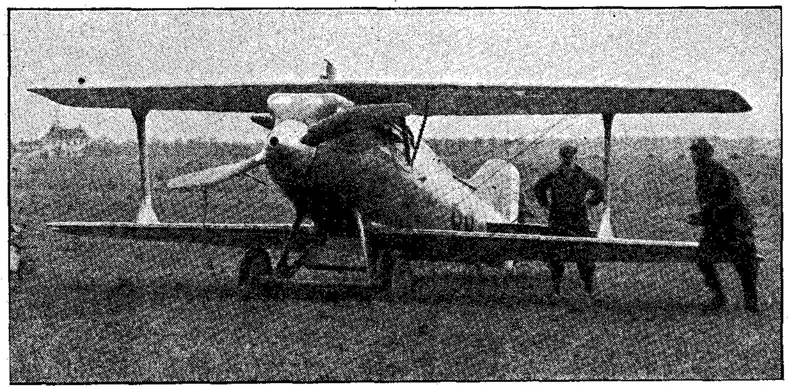

DUNLOP CORD
MIZEN

LOP

SPORTS - AND - ATHLETICS

AMERICAN WAR-PLANE THE NEW SPEED KING OF THE AIR

THE WORLD'S RACE-SPEED RECORD was broken and a record set up which is declared to "mark the beginning of America's supremacy in military aviation," when a new-style army biplane whizzed around a Long Island course for 132 miles at an average speed of three miles a minute. The race, which was run for the Pulitzer Trophy and cash prizes, was the largest ever held in America, and whether viewed as a great sporting event or as a sample of what America can offer in aviation, has aroused the enthusiasm both of aviation experts and lay newspaper editors. Twenty-five racers finished the 132-mile course, and 40,000 spectators were on hand to applaud the winners. Compared with the greatest recent airplane race, the race for the Gordon Bennett cup, held at Etampes, France, two months ago, the American event produced more speed, ten times as many entries, and far more popular interest. Best of all, notes the New York *World*, the great race in which thirty-four machines were "spurting at hurricane speed around a triangular course of thirty-three miles simultaneously, was concluded without a single serious mishap." While this great aerial race was being flown without fatality, Gaston Chevrolet, perhaps the most famous automobile racing driver in the country, was killed on the Los Angeles Speedway, in a crash which cost the lives of two other racers. "To those who followed the transcontinental race a year ago," says *The World*, "the safe completion of the greatest air-race ever held in the country may be interpreted as heralding the day when the public will be awakened to the intrinsic safety of flying in skilled hands."



IT JOGGED ALONG AT THE RATE OF THREE MILES A MINUTE.

With its motor working at 8 per cent. less than full capacity, this Packard-engined Verville biplane set a new world's record at the recent race meet on Long Island. Several times in the course of its one-hundred-and-thirty-two-mile flight, its driver, Captain Mosley, of the Army, probably moved faster than any human being has ever moved before.

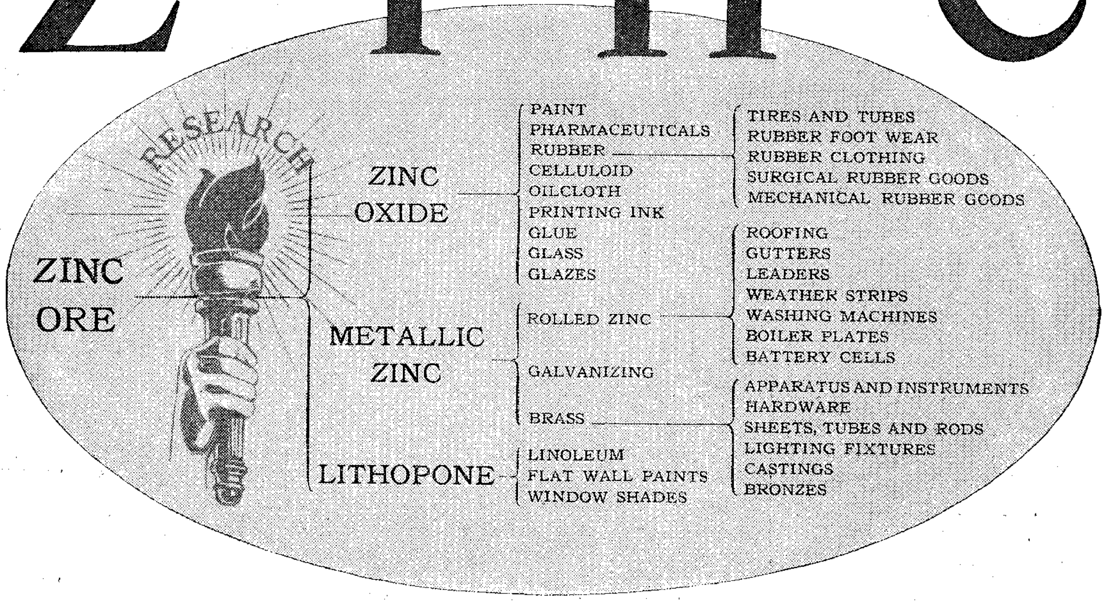
The keenest competition existed between the Army and Navy fliers in competition for the race prizes. The Army's entry, a Verville-Packard pursuit biplane, carried off the honors, after the Navy's reliance, a Leoning Special monoplane, had been put out of the running through an accident. The Army flier was the same machine which, as the result of carbureter trouble, was forced out of the Bennett cup race in France. This race was won by a French machine which averaged 169 miles an hour as against the 178 made by the American Packard-motored Verville. Capt. C. C. Mosley, of the Army, drove the plane to its victory. To quote from the New York *World's* account of the contest:

> Mosley's complete race record reads as follows:
>
> First lap, 11 minutes 6.7 seconds; second lap, 11 minutes .37 seconds; third lap, 11 minutes 7.208 seconds; fourth lap, 11 minutes 15.32 seconds; total, 44 minutes 29.57 seconds; average per hour, 178 miles.
>
> His wonderful 600 horse-power Packard engine worked sweetly within certain limitations. Its carburation was below 100 per cent. efficient, with the consequence that the engine, which is designed to deliver 1,900 revolutions per minute, did not get above 1,700. In other words, it was more than 8 per cent. below its possible maximum, which on paper shows a speed of 200 miles, plus, per hour.
>
> Not less notable was the second-place race driven by Capt. H. E. Hartney with a Thomas Morse, 300 horse-power Wright motor. His time was two minutes and a half slower than Mosley's and his skilful driving evoked the admiration of all the air-wise who saw it.
>
> So, too, did that of Bert Acosta, third-prize man and one of the few civilian pilots entered. The Italian S. V. A. with a 225-horse-power motor which he drove could not have been better handled.
>
> To all interested in the development of aviation in this country it was a cause for great satisfaction that American products triumphed so signally over those of other countries. The winning plane is designed by an American, A. C. Verville, and powered with a motor which is in essence a glorified Liberty.
>
> Second place also went to an American production—the Thomas-Morse plane built at Ithaca, with a Wright motor built in New Jersey. Third place was Italy's, so far as the machine and engine went, but America took fourth with an Orenco plane, the product of the Ordnance Engineering Corporation, powered with a Wright.
>
> For comparisons with Mosley's performance it is necessary to refer to the Gordon Bennett Cup race held at Etampes, France, two months ago. Sadi Lecointe, winner of that event, drove a Nieuport over a course of 186.3 miles at slightly more than 169 miles an hour. In the trials he had beaten this by five and one-half miles.
>
> The official speed record for a mile over a measured course is at the rate of 192 miles an hour, made by Bernard de Romanet, at Buc, France. Sadi Lecointe has driven a mile at 188.
>
> While on paper Mosley's ride stands at a shade under the rate of three miles per minute, it was believed last night that a survey of the course will reveal that it is longer than the estimated thirty-three miles per lap and by so much advance Mosley's rate. Should the survey prove that the course is exactly thirty-three miles, it is still to be noted that added distance resulted on rounding the controls.
>
> A big turn-out to witness the race had been expected. The reality amazed the most optimistic. Roads leading to Mitchel Field were literally choked with motor-traffic for an hour before and after that set for the start, while the Long Island specials, run direct to the field, carried thousands, and other thousands made the trip from Garden City on the decrepit trolley-cars which purport to cater to army traffic.
>
> At eleven o'clock, which had been named as the moment of the first take-off, spectators stood three and four, and in in front of the Contest Committee headquarters, ten and twelve deep the length of the aviation-field. At Farmingdale and other points along the course other thousands waited for the passing of the planes. Beside every roadway within the great triangle drawn on the Hempstead plains motor-cars were parked whose occupants gazed heavenward in anticipation.

Weather conditions were all that could have been desired. Overhead was a gray cloud ceiling, which, between nine and eleven o'clock, lifted from 900 feet to 2,000 feet and afforded better visibility for the fliers than bright sunshine. The report continues:

> There was a touch of frost in the air, and an hour before the race scattering snowflakes fell. What wind there was came from the northwest—a puff at earth-level which merely shook

Zinc


RESEARCH
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the "stocking" indicator at the flying chief's hut and not more than ten miles strong along the air-lanes. On the first and shortest leg of the triangular course, seven miles into the southeast, it was mildly helpful. For the rest of the way the planes caught it on their beams, but not with enough punch to cause complaint.

The timing station was on the roof of the Contest Committee's headquarters. A magnetic timing device was installed, and with the aid of binoculars the timers, Richard F. Hoyt and R. A. Leavell, were able to get results down to thousandths of a second.

Captain Hartney, one of the most popular fliers in the Army Air Service and a contestant in last year's transcontinental, was the first away, taking off at 11:20 o'clock. He headed to westward across Roosevelt Field for altitude and a motor tryout, and, swooping low, crossed the starting-line at a speed which would have put the Empire State Express to shame. In a minute and a half he was lost to view to the southeastward.

His course lay due southeast for seven miles, then around a Navy balloon-marker on Lufbery Field at Wantagh, beside the Merrick Road, for an eleven-mile spurt into the northeast to Henry J. Damm Field, north of Babylon. Here a sharp turn brought him into the final leg of the triangle, a west-northwest drive of fifteen miles

Following Hartney's getaway, the planes went off with clocklike precision. Each in turn circled to westward for a good start and then swooped down to the field for timing as it crossed the line.

There was a long succession of De Havilands, which had originally been drawn for a separate class and were flying for special prizes in addition to competing for the Pulitzer Trophy. Army and marine corps pilots handled these standbys of the Army Air Service, and pushed their 400 horse-power Liberty motors for more speed than anybody before had ever known was in them.

All types of planes showed their paces to the crowd as the starting proceeded. There were machines with one wing, machines with two, and two with three wings. These got a special bit of attention by reason of the noise they made as they wheeled back across the field for their start.

They were Curtiss-Kirk triplanes, with Curtiss-Kirkham 450-horse-power engines. Speedy and powerful contrivances they are, but they whistle as they fly and for this reason the spectators attached to them the name "Whistling Billies," which will probably stick.

In one of these machines Roland Rohlfs made his world's altitude record last year. Both entries yesterday were in the control of Navy pilots.

The Vought *VE-7s*, a special Navy ship, to the piloting of which yesterday the marine corps contributed three men, commanded their share of admiration. Stock machines delivered an excellent account of themselves, and one of them, driven by Lieut. A. Laverents, U. S. N., won fifth place in the main event. This was the more remarkable because it was a victory for a 180-horse-power engine pitted against motors running to 400 and 450.

In the monoplane division there were Leonings and a French machine, the Morane-Saulnier, with 110 horse-power air-cooled rotary Le Rhode motor. This was a favorite for scouting in France.

Word had spread through the crowd that something unusual was expected of the Verville Army Racer and its appearance was keenly awaited. It was standing while the others took off on the side of the field remotest from the spectators, so that the first view they had was when it took the air.

This was after twelve o'clock. The machine lifted after a brief run and, heading west, passed close enough to the heads of visitors for them to observe its remarkable fish-shaped body and tail, the aluminum cowling bunched over its mighty engine and its natural wood-color wings with their accentuated stagger. Then, leaving a trail of smoke behind, it passed from view.

It went further on its warming-up flight than any of its competitors, climbing and making well, toward Jamaica, before it turned back to Mitchel Field. As it swung around for its timing it was noted that the engine seemed to be working perfectly and the pilot had his plane in perfect control.

It was about the time the Verville got away that some interesting brushes began to appear between planes rounding the Mitchel Field control. Spectators saw five, six, and even ten at a time, coming out of the east. Two or three of them were certain to be bunched.

A De Haviland stood on the edge of its wing as it rounded the control and straightened out for the beginning of another lap. A Loening monoplane, flying "like a bat out of hell," as a "mech" put it, was hard on its tail and, swinging past the judges in its turn, put after the De Haviland. It climbed the other's track with the efficiency of a gnat after an elephant, and ere the machines passed from view had won a good lead.

This was but a single instance from a score. The pilots put all they had into their performances in front of the gallery, banking at the turn until it seemed as if they would certainly land on their wings' edge before they could pull out. But they never did.

Not the least contribution to the spectacular side of the race was the altitude at which it was flown. It had been expected that the machines would be around the 300- to 500-foot levels, but most of them chose to clip the tree-tops, and some skimmed Mitchel Field low enough to cut the daisies, had there been any to cut.

Captain Hartney kept his lead on all four laps. The first time around he barely missed turning inside of the balloon at Lufbery Field. From the point of view of the spectators there, Lieut. B. G. Bradley, in a Loening, provided the most thrills. Flying at high speed and at such a low altitude that he seemed barely to clear the tops of the trees, he made his turns sharply, banking his machine so that the wings were almost perpendicular as he rounded the mark and then gracefully came back to an even keel as he set out for Damm Field. As he passed over Lufbery on his fourth and last lap, it was seen that he was experiencing engine trouble. Soon after setting out for Damm Field he made as if to descend, but after a few moments of seeming hesitation he climbed to a higher altitude and continued on his way. He came down just short of the finish with a broken water connection.

On the second lap Captain Mosley flew over Lufbery Field in the thirty-third position, on third lap he was thirtieth, and on the last lap twenty-sixth. Lieutenant Bradley also picked up on earlier starters, moving from fifth place on the first time around to third on the second lap, and to second on the third and fourth laps.

On his second time around, Lieut. F. A. Johnson in a *SE-5* was forced to alight on Lufbery Field when he developed engine trouble. He landed safely. He explained that one side of his motor was burned out.

The army ambulance plane, an extra entry, painted a cream color with a red cross on its side, elicited the humorous observation that it looked like a Borden's milk entry.

The turning-point at Henry J. Damm Field was marked by a windmill on the August Belmont estate which, swathed in white-cloth streamers, stood out a great, grim specter in the haze.

Certain machines, notably the De Haviland driven by Lieutenant Wright, of the Army, Bradley's Loening Special, and Sergeant Dunn's Vought *V 2-7*, took the turn only a few yards above the upper spokes of the windwheel, and "banked" until their wings seemed to stand almost perpendicular to the ground.

Of the forty-four machines entered for the race ten failed to start, for a variety of reasons. One was the single representative of German aeronautical art, the Fokker, which was damaged at Buffalo *en route* to Mitchel Field and could not be repaired in time for the race.

Two others were bowled out by a collision just before starting time. An Ordnance plane piloted by Lieut. O. G. Kelly, of the Army, was just landing from a practise flight when a Loening got in its way. Lieut. J. F. Wolfer, U. S. N., was in charge of the Loening. The result was the loss of three teeth by Kelly, a broken back and smashed propeller for the Loening, and divers casualties to the Ordnance.

Lieut. Leigh Wade, U. S. A.; Capt. H. B. Mims, of the marine corps, Ensign W. J. Daly, of the Navy, and Lieut. Commander W. B. Haviland, pilot of "Whistling Billy," likewise failed to finish. Lieut. L. A. Smith landed after covering three laps, having mistaken the length of the course and was counted out. Willis P. Taylor, a civilian flying an S. V. A. was disqualified for cutting corners.

In addition to the Pulitzer Trophy there were four class races for prizes provided from the Valentine Fund in custody of the Aero Club. These were won as follows:

Contest Committee Prize—A trophy, Thomas-Morse, Capt. H. E. Hartney, pilot.

De Haviland Class—First prize, $350 in Liberty bonds to the pilot and $50 to the machanic, to Lieut. Carl Eliason, U. S. A.; time, 56:06:58. Second, $150 and $50 in bonds, Lieut. John P. Roullot, U. S. A.; time 56:09:39.

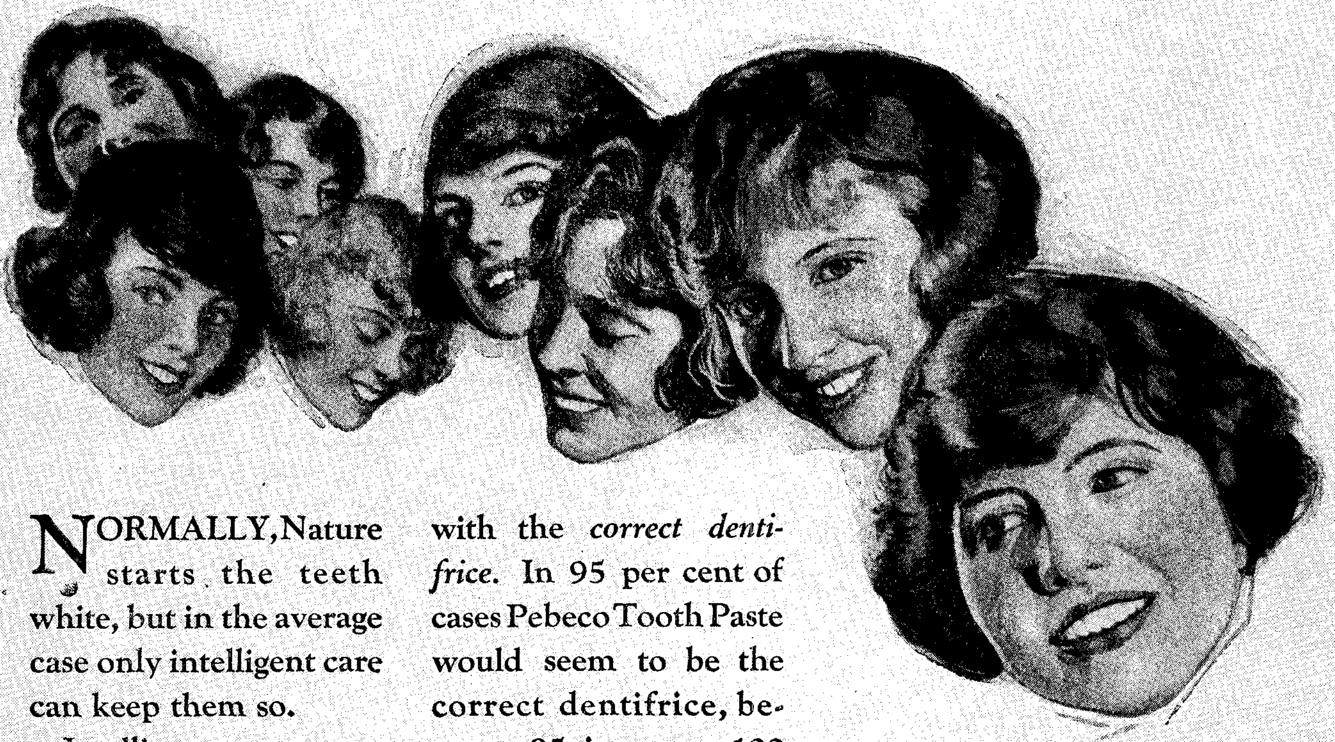
Vought *VE-7* Class—First prize, $350 and $50 in bonds, Lieut. A. Lauerents, U. S. N.; time, 55:39:19. Second, $150 and $50, Lieut. W. R. Gwyn, U. S. N.

SE-5 Class—First prize, $350 and $50 in bonds, Capt. Maxwell Kirby, U. S. A. Others disqualified.

The World comments editorially, under the heading, "An Eventful Air Race":

> The air-race for the Pulitzer Trophy around a triangular section of Long Island was a great success in every respect. All race records were broken. At 178 miles an hour as the average for the winner, all speed records were broken, if allowance be made for inevitable losses of time from the frequent turns. So large a number of people as had gathered within and around the triangle has never before witnessed an airplane race from start to finish.

A Flash of White Teeth



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Now make this second test: Brush the teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco from the trial tube. Then place a second Litmus Paper on your tongue. This time it will remain blue, proving that Pebeco tends to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

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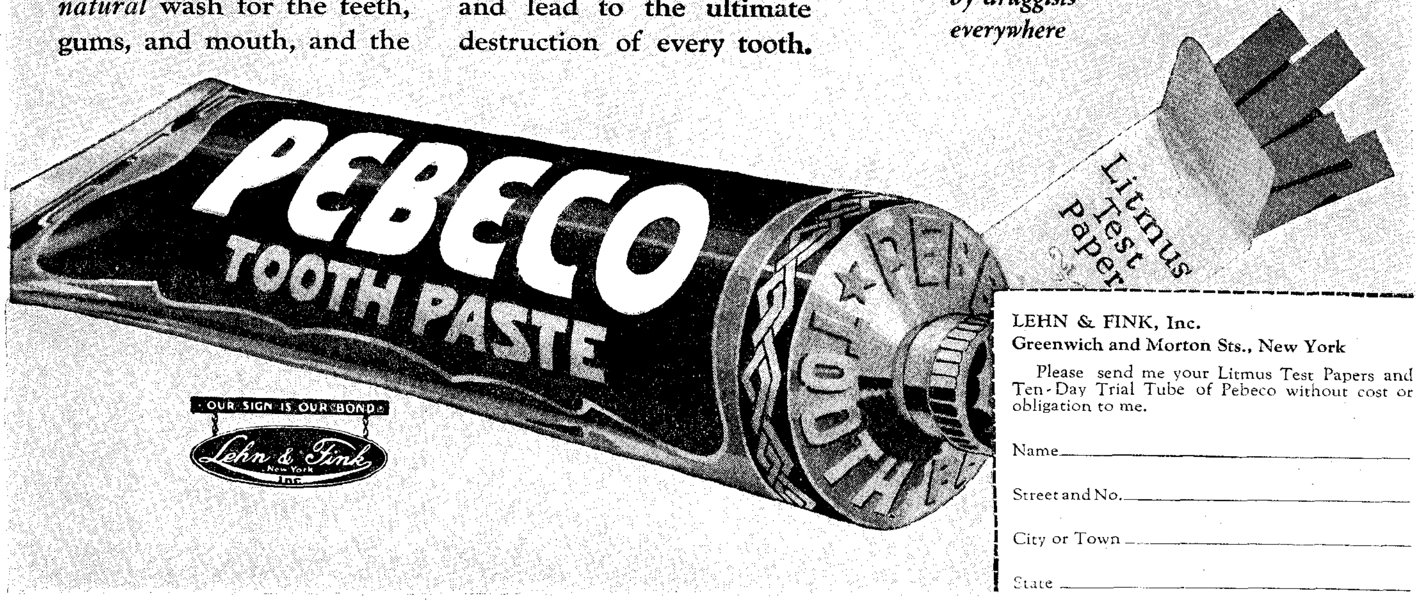

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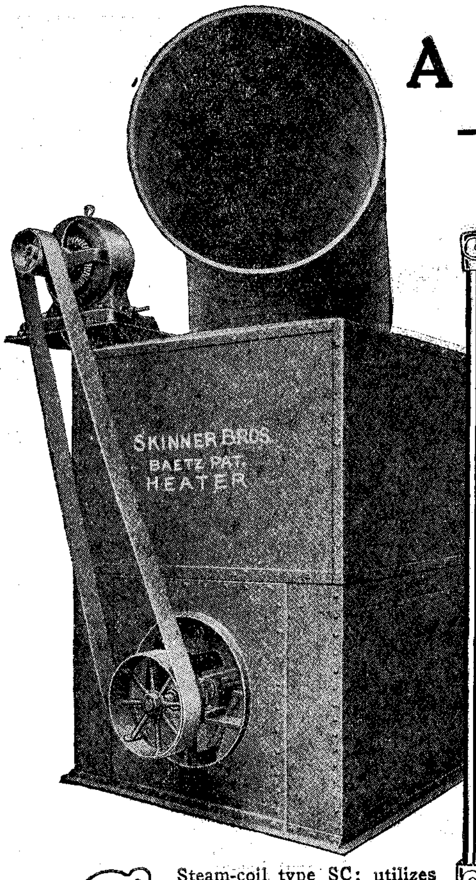
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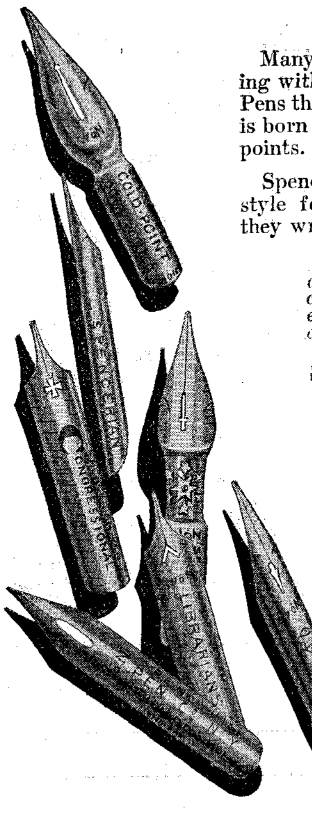

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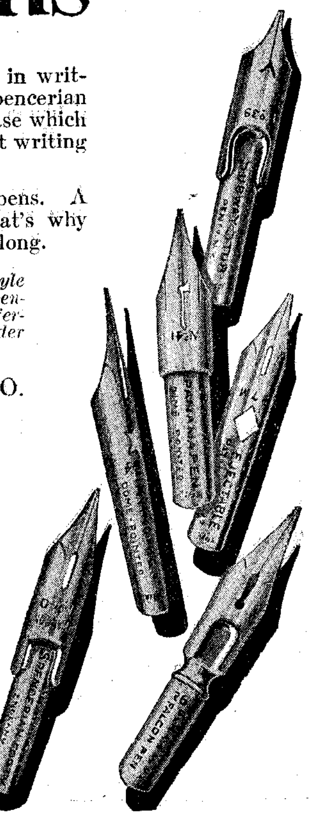

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN RED AND WHITE FOOTBALL MATERIAL

THAT it doesn't pay for a football coach to "cuss" or "bawl out" his players was one of the things the Indians at Carlisle taught Glenn S. Warner, now coach of the University of Pittsburgh. During his own football career in college, writes Mr. Warner in *The American Golfer* (New York), the coaches habitually went at the players in hammer-and-tongs style, used the most forceful language imaginable, mixed in a liberal amount of "cussing," and even called names. When Warner became coach at the Carlisle Indian School, therefore, it never occurred to him that it might not be wise to use the same tactics. After a week at Carlisle, however, he noticed that his best players began to drop out. They said nothing about it, but upon inquiry informed their coach that they resented his rather rough methods. When he assured them that this could and would be remedied if they would come back, they finally donned their football togs again, and everything thereafter was lovely. This was an eye-opener to the coach regarding the sensitive Indian, and revealed one of the differences between red and white men as football material. Mr. Warner says he discovered later, however, that tho white men are not so sensitive as Indians, nevertheless, the gentler methods he was forced to adopt at Carlisle brought the best results with white players also. The coach also learned about his Indians that they developed a strong racial spirit rather than a school spirit. They played football particularly for the fun in it, and hence were not much good on a muddy field. They were good losers and never grouched about and tore things up when they were defeated. Coming of a race that for generations has trained the powers of observation, this was the faculty the green recruits brought mainly into play to get onto the curves not only of football but of the other mysteries of school-life. To quote Mr. Warner:

> The Indians were different in many ways from white college boys, and they had to be handled more diplomatically to get the best results. College boys are imbued with an intense college spirit in their big games, which helps the coach a great deal. The Carlisle boys did not show this same spirit except upon occasions when they met another Indian team. When playing against college teams, it was not to them so much the Carlisle School against Pennsylvania or Harvard, as the case might be, but it was the Indian against the White Man.
>
> They did not manifest a school spirit, but they did have a racial spirit. They seemed to recognize the fact that it was upon the athletic field that the Indians had an even chance against their white brothers, and they wanted to show that given an even chance they were the equals

of their pale-face brothers. It was that spirit that urged them to supreme efforts, and to defeat some of the very best university teams, altho always greatly outweighed and pitted against men whose minds were much more highly developed than their own.

But while college boys were much further advanced educationally, the Indians had a natural cunning and a liking for games of all sorts, which made them clever in working strategic plays and tricks, and they delighted greatly in fooling their opponents by clever ruses. I have never been able to get any team of college boys to work tricks as smoothly as did the Carlisle boys.

There was one weakness which I could never get the Indians to overcome. They played the game for fun more than do college boys, and every football-player knows that there is no great fun playing in the mud in rain-soaked clothes. I could never get the Indians to play up to their form on a muddy field. They simply had no heart in it. The fun was not there.

I had some great teams at Carlisle, some of which should have won every game on their schedule, but never did a Carlisle team go through a season without a defeat. In three different years, when only one defeat was suffered, the single defeat in each case was administered by a rather mediocre team playing on a rainy day and on a muddy field.

One of the advantages which the Indians enjoyed was their freedom from worry and nervousness, no matter how big or how important the game. And if they were defeated, even rather unexpectedly, they seldom appeared in the least crestfallen or down-hearted. They came home singing, playing jokes, and kidding each other in almost as good spirits as tho they had won, and they were always ready to give their opponents all the credit when they were outplayed.

In other words, they were good sportsmen. They were also a very gentlemanly bunch of boys. We always stopt at the best hotels, and invariably were complimented for their quiet, gentlemanly behavior. There was never any rough-house nor any hilarious celebration of a big victory, and their breaking training at the close of the season never consisted in doing anything any more devilish than taking a quiet smoke.

In one way the Indians were easier to coach than college boys. They had been bred and trained for generations to use their powers of observation and that made them quick to catch the proper way of doing things good football-players have to do. The green recruits watched closely how the older players tackled, blocked, and fell on the ball, and they were quick to copy the correct way of doing these things, which made it much easier for the coach.

The powers of observation were used in other ways to distinct advantage. We nearly always had one or more players on the team, who had just come to Carlisle right from the reservation—fellows who had never ridden in a Pullman car nor been inside of a first-class hotel. Yet I do not recall an instance of any of them ever making a bad "break" or doing anything to draw criticism. They never exhibited any uncouth manners, in spite of their lack of previous training, because the green ones watched closely what the older ones did before making any moves, and you could never have told but what they were perfectly at home in their strange surroundings.

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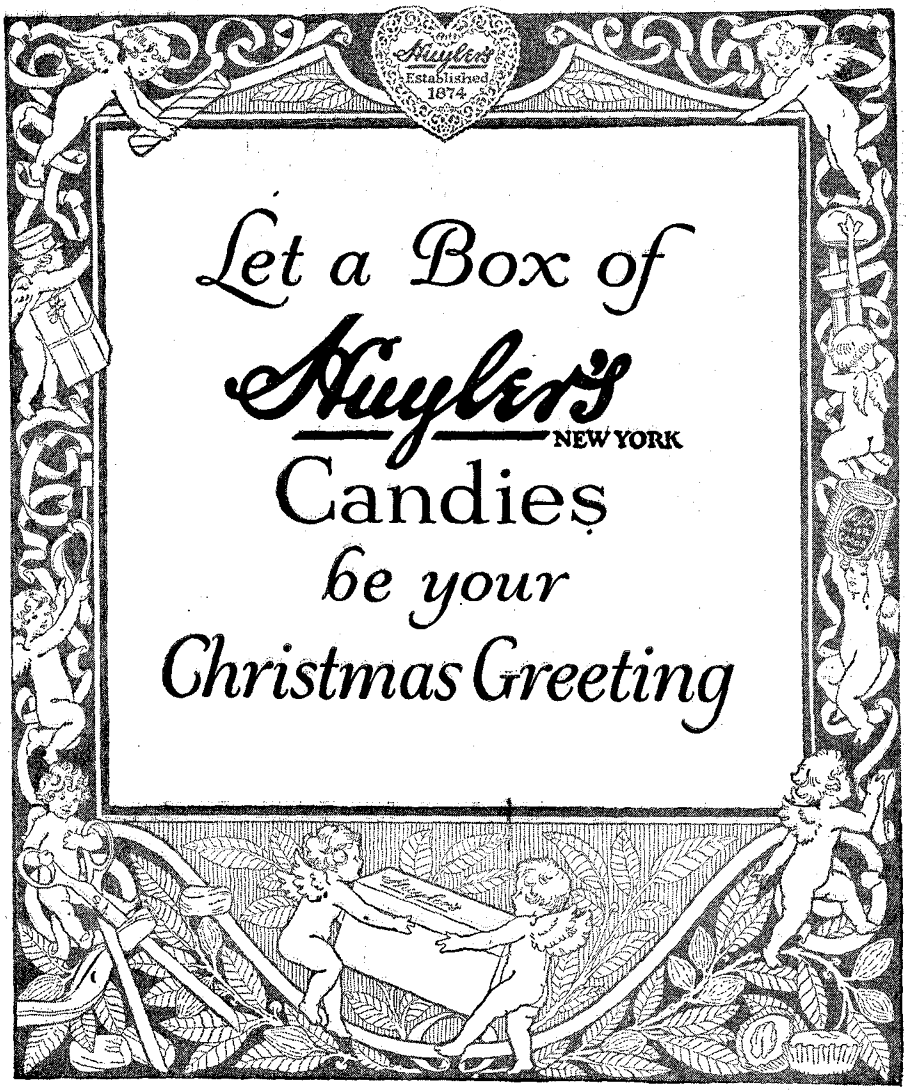

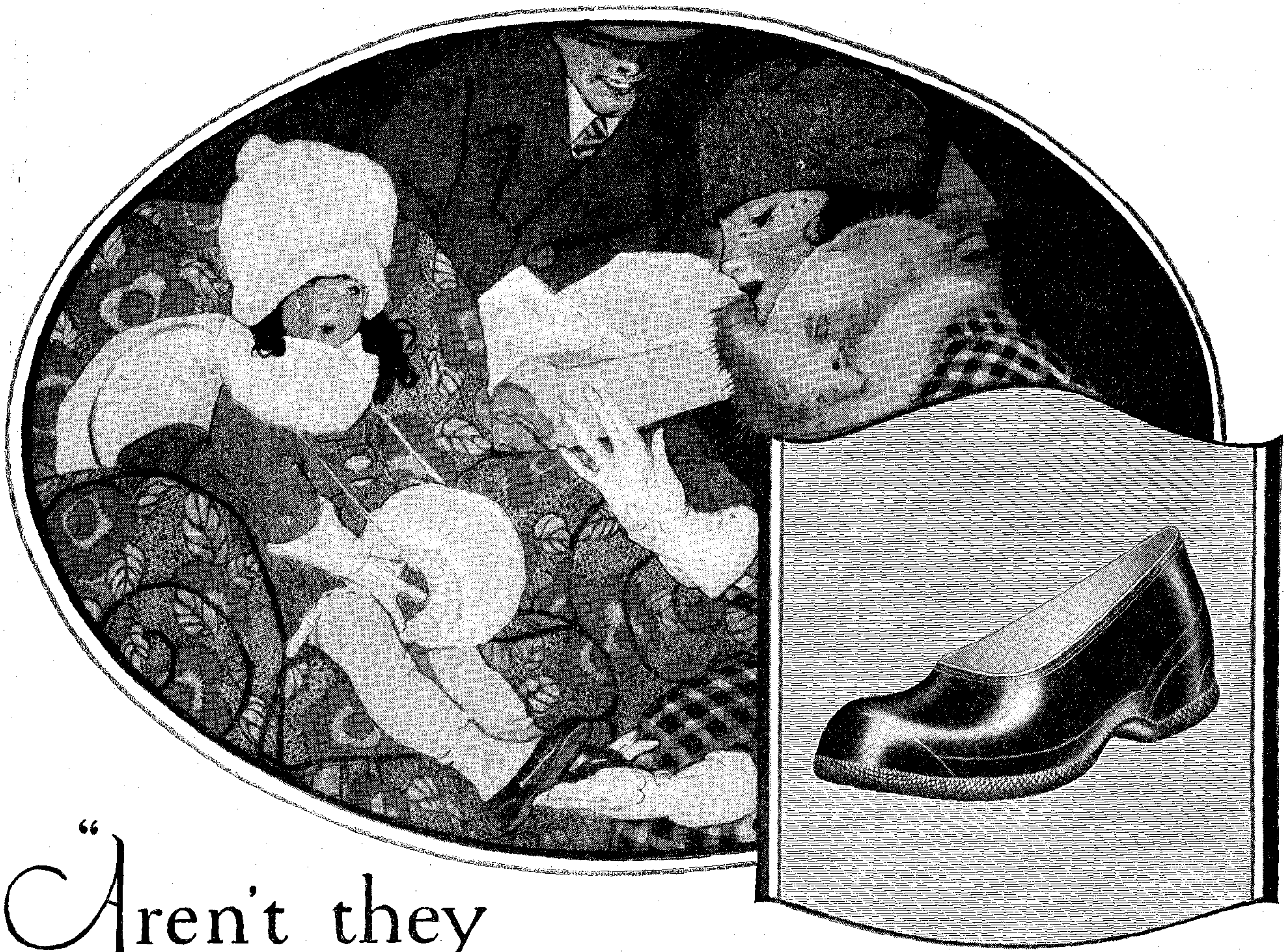

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

from home, they were not handicapped as much as college boys are when the latter take long trips, because of their freedom from nervous excitement and their ability to adapt themselves to new conditions.

I have often been asked whether the Indians as a class were as game as white college boys. To this I can say I could never see any difference more than is to be observed between white boys of different nationalities. They all seem to be of the same kind of stuff, so far as I have been able to observe.

SENATOR HARDING WILL BE THE CHAMPION WHITE-HOUSE GOLFER

NOT a little has been said about Senator Harding's golf-playing since he came into the limelight as the Republican nominee for President. Those who know say he will be the best golfer that ever lived in the White House. Judge Taft played the game while he was President, and Colonel Roosevelt tried his hand at it, tho he was never an enthusiast. President Wilson, on the other hand, has been a keen devotee of the ancient Scotch game. But Mr. Harding surpasses them all in his zest for the sport. He is credited with being a real golfer with all the enthusiasm of the clan, and he plays the game for all it is worth. He plays the Chevy Chase course at Washington around 95, which is better than any of his predecessors were able to do. Par for this course is 71, and it is one of the Senator's ambitions to reach this standard. Former Senator Bourne, of Oregon, often plays with Harding, and he predicts that the President-elect will soon be playing in the 80's. Senator Harding began playing golf less than three years ago and he became an enthusiast immediately. He is a member of the so-called "senatorial group" of golfers, and while some of these gentlemen are not popular on the Chevy Chase links because they have a way of standing around to debate national and international problems, thus delaying those who follow, friends of Senator Harding say this can not be laid up against him. They say he concentrates exclusively on the game from the moment he steps out of the locker-room and that he plays with might and main. It is further said of him that he is a good sportsman, carefully observing all the rules of the game and occasionally displaying such thoroughly human traits as even to allow a small, harmless cuss-word to slip out when he flubs an easy shot. An estimate of Senator Harding as a golf-player is given in *The American Golfer* (New York) by J. L. Wright, who quotes Senator Bourne as follows:

> For the length of time he has played, less than three years, he plays a remarkably good game, and he gets the keenest kind of enjoyment out of it. His greatest pleasure comes from a good shot, which is prerequisite to learning.
>
> Senator Harding's game is steadily improving, and he will become an exceptionally good player if he gives the time and practise necessary for one to become proficient in the game. He gets some tremendously long shots with his wooden and iron clubs, being very strong and having excellent correlation in the eyes and muscles. I have seen him drive 275 yards.
>
> He is also a very strong putter, having a splendid eye and perfect nerve control. He does not seem to be discouraged or irritated at any poor shots he makes, but looks forward with expectancy to improving on his next shot.
>
> He loves the struggle of close contest and derives keener enjoyment in beating an opponent by one up than he does in having a walkover and beating by seven or eight up. Inclemency of the weather doesn't seem to affect his pleasure in the game, being equally keen to play in the rain as in sunshine, which shows he is a true lover of the sport.
>
> While he is playing he talks of nothing else but the game of golf, and doubtless realizes that golf necessitates the elimination of all other subjects and concentration on the game itself. This is one of the prerequisites to becoming a good golfer.
>
> I am satisfied that in another season Senator Harding will make the Chevy Chase course in the 80's. He makes a number of holes now in par and occasionally under par. His match play is better than his medal play, but with his intense love of the game and additional practise his game will become more and more regular and his medal score much better.
>
> Senator Harding has a youthful swing and makes many a sweet shot. He studies out his mistakes, and if he makes a foozle or a bad shot he tries to figure out the reason, and to remedy it next time. He always fixes his own tee and doesn't hesitate to carry his own clubs if a caddie doesn't happen to be handy.

Senators Freylinghuysen, Cummings, and Kellogg have reputations of being better golfers than Senator Harding, but we are assured that he can beat Senator Hale, who taught him the game, and Senator Hitchcock. Few of the senators have a longer drive than Senator Harding. On the third hole, 490 yards, he has been known to drive 285 yards. Further:

> Senator Harding enjoys playing the last nine holes better than the first nine, and when he was in the dressing-room soon after his nomination in Chicago a friend of his combined golf and politics, saying: "Well, I see you got over the first nine holes pretty well; I hope you will be as successful in the last nine."
>
> "Oh, you know I always am better on the last nine than the first," the Senator replied with a laugh.
>
> The first day out after his nomination Senator Harding was banked on both sides by a battery of moving picture-men, and he told of his experience to the correspondents when he returned to Washington.
>
> "You know," he said, "it is not conducive to good golf to hear camera shutters going and photographers shifting plates. I made a miserable drive off the first tee, and didn't do much with my midiron, but as I approached the green I was a few feet off it in the rough. I told the men I was going to hole out from there, and I took my putter and did it.
>
> "I didn't think for a minute I could do it. On the last hole I did almost identically the same thing. Senator Bourne, who was playing with me, had been the chief supporter of Senator Poindexter, of Washington, in the latter's race for the Republican Presidential nomination, and Senator Sutherland, of West Virginia, another one of our foursome, was also an aspirant for the nomination.
>
> "'Well,' said Bourne, 'if you go through the campaign the way you started and finished this game, there'll be nothing to it.'"
>
> Senator Harding's first five holes after his nomination were made in five, five, five, three, five, and par for those holes on the Chevy Chase links is four, four, five, three, four. His colleagues in the foursome were surprized that he could make such a record with scores of photographers dogging his footsteps and flanking him at every shot.
>
> Patience is another one of Senator Harding's strong points in golf. He has been known to throw a club ahead of him in disgust, but never to break one on the ground in rage. Senator Harding likes a wooden club in the distance. He is apt with a brassie. He seems to prefer it to a midiron or cleek.
>
> Keen rivalry among the locker boys has broken out at the Chevy Chase Club for attending Senator Harding. John, the colored boy on the second floor, insists that the Senator should dress there, while Taylor, the locker boy on the first floor, contends that he should remain there.
>
> Not since 1910 have the boys been able to have a President as a regular player. President Wilson preferred to play at the Washington Country Club in Virginia.

PULLING GRASS IS TRIS SPEAKER'S BASEBALL BAROMETER

TRIS SPEAKER, the player-manager of the series-winning Cleveland team, is by some regarded as the brightest star that appeared in the baseball firmament of 1920. Of course, there are Babe Ruth with his fifty-four home runs and George Sisler with his wonderful batting average, both stars of the first magnitude. But to Speaker belongs the honor of being not only a star player but an even greater club leader. Without him, it is said, Cleveland was like an automobile without a motor. When the club was demoralized by the death of Ray Chapman and even its stanchest friends had given it up as a pennant prospect, it was the dynamic personality of Speaker that pulled the team together and, with the aid of a strong young pitcher, Walter Mails, fought it out to a finish, winning the first pennant the Forest City had ever known, in one of the closest fights on record. Speaker's responsibilities have left their mark on the man, we are told. Tho still young in years, he is described as old in appearance, with gray hair and a face deeply lined. He looks like a man of forty-five who has had much trouble. Speaker has a peculiar habit by which those who know him judge of the strain he is under. When he is intensely nervous, we are told, he stalks about the field, stopping now and then to pluck savagely at a blade of grass, which he puts in his mouth. Says a writer in *Baseball Magazine:*

> Sometimes he would pick up a blade of

Hear Rachmaninoff on the New Edison

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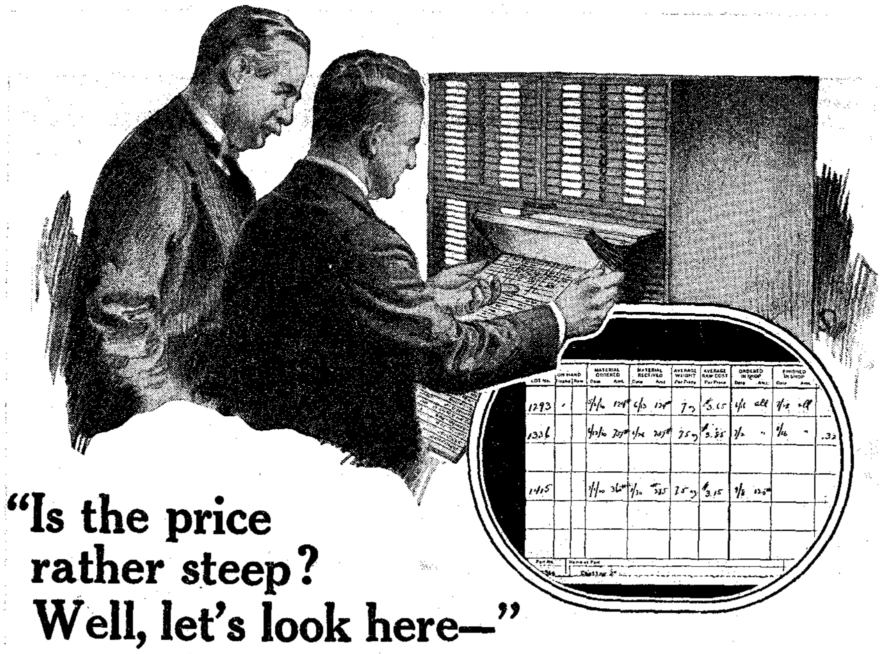
No. 82170 Pastorale *(Scarlatti-Tausig)*

No. 82187 Prelude In C Sharp Minor, Op. 3 *(Rachmaninoff)*

No. 82187 Polka de W. R. *(Rachmaninoff)*

From an actual photograph taken in Mr. Rachmaninoff's home, in New York City

Edison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—and RAND Visible Records, showing costs, make instant adjustments possible

TODAY—when markets stand firm one hour and totter the next, when prices swing like a pendulum—it is more vital than ever that successful businesses know their production cost, not once a year, but *daily*.

And, really, it isn't difficult to keep a constant check on costs—if the RAND Cost Record Equipment is used. For on RAND Revolving Stands or RAND Traco Cabinets all the records are before the eyes. The cards overlap each other, leaving the item names visible. Thus it saves room—4000 cards will go in the four-unit cabinet pictured above.

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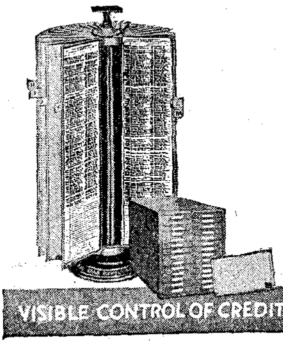


RAND

VISIBLE BUSINESS-CONTROL

VISIBLE CONTROL OF CREDITS · PRODUCTION · PERSONNEL · STOCK · SALES PROMOTION ·

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

grass to his right, sometimes to his left. Occasionally he would walk about in a narrow circle, even turning his back on the field. When his own pitcher was being hit or the game was in a critical condition his efforts at grass plucking would be redoubled. In an average inning he would get by with six or seven pulls at the greensward. But in a disastrous inning he would often pluck at least a dozen of the offending spears of grass, sometimes as many as seventeen or eighteen.

Speaker himself denies those superstitions which are so common to the ball-players. "I guess I pulled grass pretty freely this past year," he admits. "Some people told me I was running Hugh Jennings out of a job. Perhaps I was a little more active than common, but to tell the truth it has always been a habit of mine to pull grass when in the outfield. I do not chew tobacco like many ball-players, and as an outfielder wants to keep his jaws moving on something, I take out my surplus energy on the grass. It is a habit, nothing more. But it is a habit that I developed away back in Texas in my semi-pro days, and I guess it will always stick with me now.

"Another habit of mine, that people have talked about, is drawing a line beside the batter's box with my bat every time I am up at the plate. People have called this a superstition, but I wouldn't say so. In the minor leagues they don't have the batter's box as clearly defined as they do in the majors. When I was playing down in the Sticks I used to draw a line with my bat where the batter's box should be, so that I could tell how much room I had to move around in. It got to be a habit with me and it has followed me into the big leagues. A habit is a queer thing, but since I got accustomed to doing it, I shall probably always keep at it. It's a harmless fancy, doesn't hurt anybody, and it's a habit, that's all."

Mr. Speaker admits that this has been a tough season. Away back last spring some of the newspaper men predicted that Cleveland would win. This was fine because it indicated faith in the club, but its manager says it set him a hard row to hoe living up to expectations. He is quoted further:

"The death of Ray Chapman was a terrible thing. Of course, it was a great blow to the club in every way. At the time it happened I was taken sick with ptomaine poisoning. I had a pretty severe attack, was in bed five days, and when I finally got back on the field I had lost fourteen pounds. I really put on my uniform before I felt able to do so, for the boys needed me and the club was not going any too well. That sickness, however, was a disappointment, for it knocked me out of my stride and threw me into a batting slump. I was not strong enough to get my full swing at the ball and my batting fell off to a whisper. Of course, I got back into my stride again after a while, but you never can make up for a slump like that. Up to that time I had taken considerable pride in my work this year. I was hopeful of finishing the season with a batting average of .400 or better, an ambition which I have always had and which I rather expected to realize this year. Things seemed to be coming my way. I hit over .400 almost all the season, and I really think I would have continued to do so if it had not been for that sickness. As it was, of course, I had a good season, tho I do not believe it was any better than my season of 1916. But I think it would have been the best season I have ever had could I have played from start to finish without interruption.

"Some people have said that we never would have won the pennant without the valuable assistance of Walter Mails. This is quite possible. True, Mails came to us when we needed him the most and won six straight games. You can not speak too highly of such work as that. At the same time, I have been trying to get Mails for a year past. Last winter I had a chance to get him, provided I could give Sacramento a good left-hander to fill his place. But I had no such pitcher available and the trade fell through. I have had Mails in mind for some time and he came to us when he did only after long bargaining and planning.

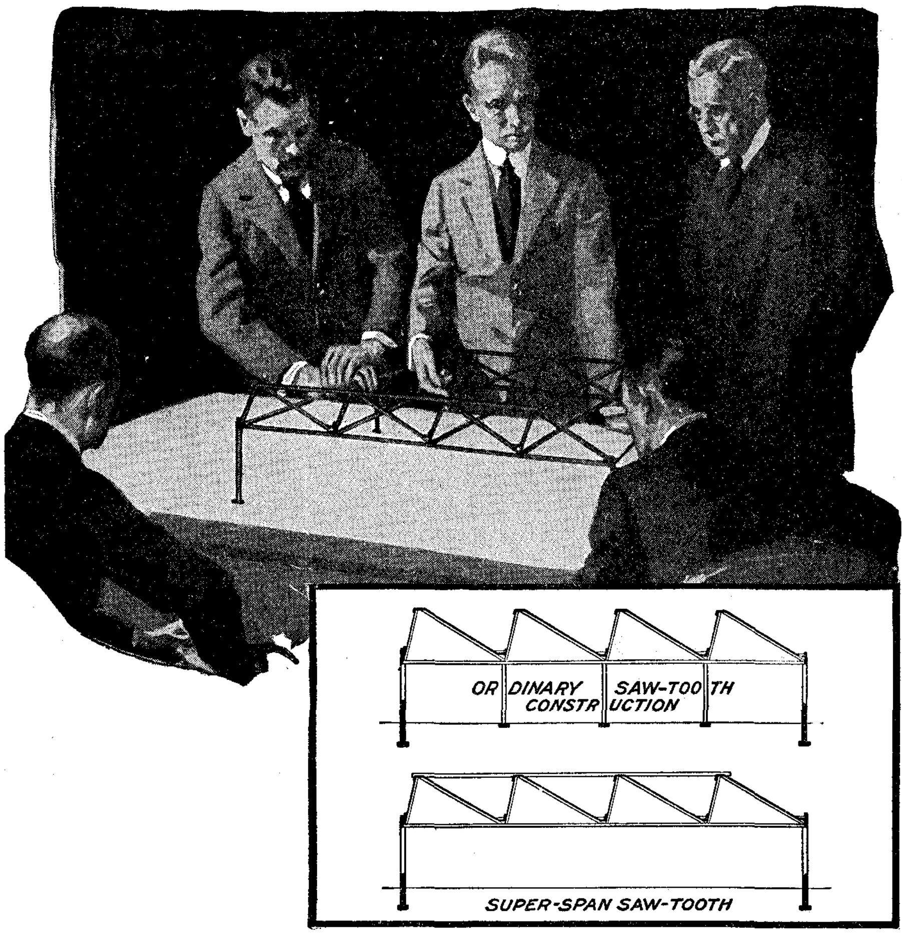
"The winning of the World's Championship is, of course, a great satisfaction to me. I was confident that we had a club in every way fitted to compete for this high honor. I was fully sensible of the strength of the Brooklyn Club and expected a hard battle. That is just what they gave us. At Brooklyn the boys hardly got started and I will confess that our opposition was very strong. At Cleveland, however, we made a good stand with the result that every one knows. While I am convinced that the best club won, I wish to give Brooklyn every credit. It must be confessed that they encountered several bad breaks in Cleveland and they did not get to hitting up to their usual standard. But I believe it is equally true that our pitchers had something to do with that. Some of Brooklyn's famous staff of pitchers did not get to going very well during the series, but I saw enough of them to be convinced that they really were a fine staff of pitchers. Brooklyn also looked to me to have a strong infield and a strong outfield. In fact, they were strong everywhere. The injury to their regular player, Jimmy Johnston, no doubt hurt the club. A young player can not be expected to fill in as well as a veteran, particularly in such an important series. In my mind, a World's Series is never one-sided, no matter what the final outcome. Brooklyn made a game fight, proved themselves to be a good club, and there is certainly no discredit in their defeat. The series was cleanly played and won strictly on its merits.

"Since the strain of this long season is now over, my only thought is to rest. During the season I had no opportunity to rest, but now I have and I shall take it, for I feel that I need it. I expect to take a hunting trip in Canada, which is really my favorite form of recreation. Then I shall go South to my own home in Texas for a quiet winter. Next season is another year and fortunately I shall not have to bother about that until the time comes."

If there is any one in the game who can take a well-earned rest, that man is Tris Speaker. For he can do so with the knowledge that he has just terminated a season whose all-round success can scarce be matched in the records of baseball.

One Exception.—"All you need for success in business is persistent publicity."

"I can't agree to that," replied Mr. Cumrox. "If publicity were the only requisite, the 'Suwanee River' everybody has been singing about would have had one real-estate boom after another."—*Washington Star.*



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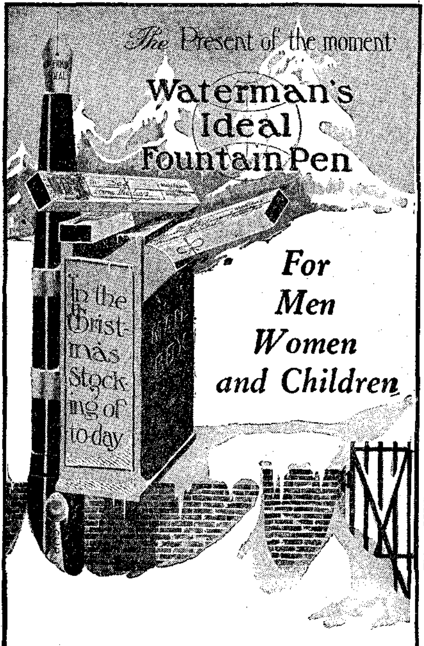
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SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION • CONTINUED

ROLLER-BEARINGS AND BALL-BEARINGS

IN the ordinary bearings, the surfaces in contact slide over one another. When rolling action is substituted, we have either ball- or roller-bearings; and, according to A. Danielson, who treats the subject in *The American Machinist* (New York), there has been considerable confusion between the types, due to their many varieties. Mr. Danielson believes that the term "ball-bearing" should be closely restricted to those where the rolling element is spherical and free to rotate in any direction whatever. All other antifriction bearings he would classify as "roller-bearings." With this understanding, all the bearings in the illustration would fall under this head, altho some of them have been called "ball-bearings" by good authorities. Says Mr. Danielson:

"Some of the reasons for employing balls in bearings were, no doubt, that balls can be manufactured comparatively easily and cheaply and that the ball need not be guided in the bearing but may be allowed to roll on any of its peripheries, which simplifies the construction of the bearing. Roller-bearings have from the start been competitors of ball-bearings in carrying heavy loads. In the early roller-bearings cylindrical rollers were employed, mainly for the sake of ease of manufacture. A supposed distinction between ball- and roller-bearings which has often been mentioned is that balls have a point contact on the raceway, whereas rollers have a line contact. This distinction will not hold in all cases, however, as there are now existing types of bearings which unquestionably must be classified as roller-bearings, but which have a point contact, as, for example, the bearing shown in Fig. 1. As a matter of fact, the two kinds of bearings, while originally distinctly different, are to-day not so easily recognized or classified on account of the existence of several types intermediary between the two.

Examples are shown in Figs. 2 to 5. These have all been obtained from various letters patent and have been selected not with a view to their suitability for bearing purposes or any other practical points, but solely on account of the interest which may be attached to their attempted classification.

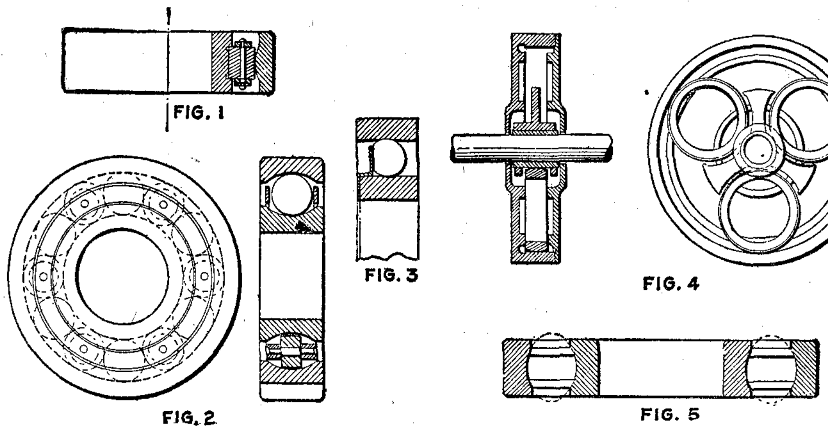
"An examination of Figs. 2 and 3 raises a doubt as to their proper classification. In these bearings the rolling elements can not rotate freely, inasmuch as their axis of rotation is predetermined and unalterable. The bearing in Fig. 2 may always have to be considered an intermediary type, as it has, alternately, ordinary balls and other shapes of rolling elements which may be considered as either balls or rollers.

"The design shown in Fig. 4 can hardly be classified as a ball-bearing, unless ball-bearings are defined as antifriction bearings, the rolling elements of which have spherical working surfaces. Fig. 5, unquestionably, must be classified as a roller-bearing, as in this design the rolling elements do not have a spherical form. If consideration should now be given to the question of the proper place for a line to be drawn between ball-bearings and roller-bearings, without violating either the established language or the laws for logic reasoning, it would be found that if the second of the above-mentioned ways of classification were adopted, and only bearings having cylindrical rollers were to be called roller-bearings, a number of absurdities would follow. There are many types of bearings with conical rollers, or rollers having a concave contour which can not possibly be called ball-bearings, but whose rolling elements can not be simply or unquestionably defined.

"Now, should the other extreme be resorted to, and ball-bearings be considered to include only those antifriction bearings where the rolling elements have a spherical form and can rotate freely on any axis, all others being called roller-bearings, then no absurdities are encountered. Thus it would not be absurd to term the type in Fig. 3 a roller-bearing. For this reason, then, it can be stated that it is easier to logically define the ball-bearing than the roller-bearing.

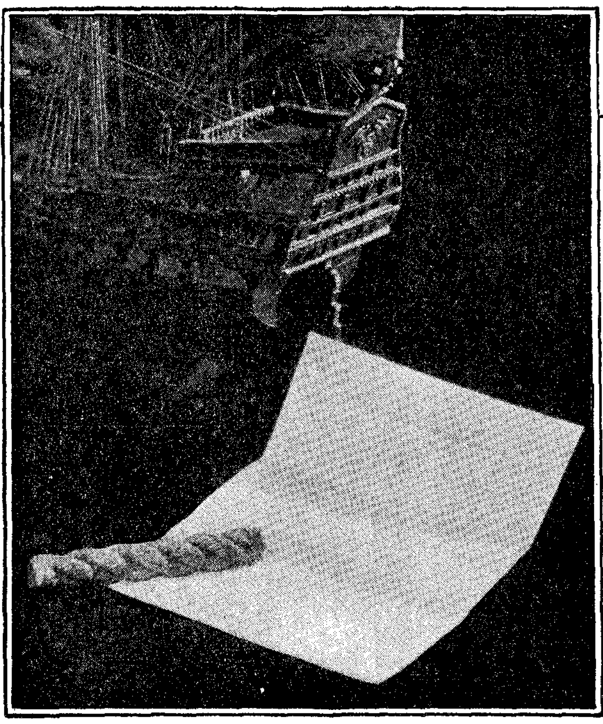
"It seems, therefore, that it would be most closely adhering to the original meaning of the expression ball-bearing, as well as being most logical, to define the ball-bearing as an antifriction bearing having its rolling and carrying elements of a spherical form and free to rotate around any axis. All other bearings having, for rolling and carrying elements, bodies of rotation, should then be classified as roller-bearings.

"Applying this definition, then, the types shown in the five illustrations should all be classified as roller-bearings."



SEVERAL VARIETIES OF ANTIFRICTION BEARINGS.

Fig. 1.—Roller-bearing with point contact. Fig. 2.—Bearing with both balls and rolling elements. Fig. 3.—Axis of rotation unalterable. Fig. 4.—Rolling elements with spherical working surfaces. Fig. 5.—Rolling elements not having spherical form.



Strength

IN rope there are thousands of slender fibre strips. Individually, they are insignificant. Woven together, they are of sufficient strength to "make fast" the sea's mightiest vessels.

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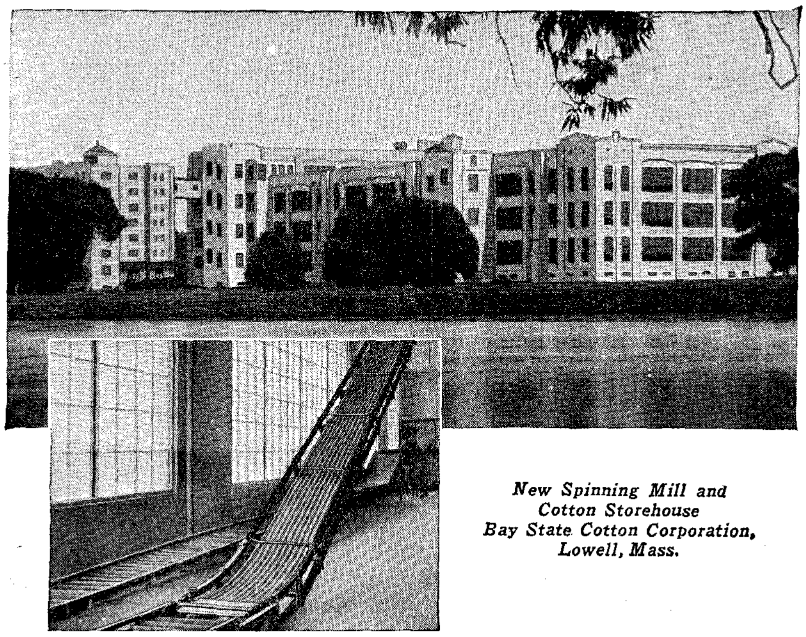

New Spinning Mill and Cotton Storehouse Bay State Cotton Corporation, Lowell, Mass.

A WISE PRECAUTION

Overcoming high production costs

THE manufacturer who is still paying war wages for labor, but who no longer receives war prices for his product, is faced with the urgent necessity of economizing in production methods.

This makes it doubly important today to take advantage of every means to save labor wherever possible and to render labor more productive wherever used.

Not long ago the Bay State Cotton Corporation, manufacturers of high grade tire cord and fabrics, concluded to erect another spinning mill and cotton storehouse.

In planning the mill, it was the pleasure of Lockwood, Greene & Co., Engineers, to devise the means of effecting a substantial saving in the payroll by installing a complete system of mechanical conveyors; to devise a means for conserving the freshness and energy of the workers by providing for a change of air in the mill every six minutes; to devise a means for procuring the many benefits which accrue from good daylight by providing the greatest possible amount of daylight in all parts of the mill; to devise a means for utilizing the floor space to get the greatest advantage by carefully planning the layout of machinery and auxiliaries and adapting the building design to meet the layout conditions.

In all respects this mill embodies the most modern developments in production economy. The experience and the creative facility which planned it are at the command of all manufacturers.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

DANGERS OF OVERCOOKING

SCURVY may be contracted by eating overcooked vegetables, as well as by omitting vegetables altogether from the diet. In April, 1919, there was an outbreak of scurvy in the children's clinic of Vienna University, forty out of sixty-four inmates being affected. Harriette Chick and Elsie J. Dalyell, in a report to the Medical Research Council, London, state that the diet of the children was correct both in quantity and in quality; and they attribute the outbreak entirely to the overcooking of the vegetables. They say in their report, as printed in *The British Medical Journal* (London):

> The explanation seems to lie in the method of cooking; this process destroys the antiscorbutic vitamin in proportion to the time and temperature of heating. The time of cooking is in general more important than the temperature, and it has been shown that quick heating at 100° C. entails less destruction than prolonged simmering at 70° to 90° C. Outbreaks of scurvy in which excessive cooking of the vegetable ration has been considered an important contributory cause have been already placed on record. By the kindness of Prof. V. Pirquet, and with the help of the sister in charge of the kitchen, we were enabled to study the methods of cooking employed in the kitchen of the Kinderklinik. In cooking for institutions, where large numbers of people are concerned and large quantities of food have to be manipulated, the time taken in cooking must of necessity be much longer than is the case in small households. In Vienna, moreover, the usual method of preparing vegetables involves two separate cooking processes: they are first boiled till soft, and afterward cooked again before serving, in an *Einbrenn* made from flour and fat. This double cooking involves a twofold destruction of antiscorbutic vitamin. Similar methods of cooking vegetables have been employed in the kitchen of the Kinderklinik. Even potatoes are frequently cooked twice—first boiled or cooked in steam at 100° C., then sliced and cooked again with fried fat and onions. In the making of soups the root vegetables, tomatoes, green vegetables, etc., are subjected to a temperature of 90° to 100° C. for as long as three to four hours as a general rule. Following such methods of cooking, the loss of antiscorbutic value must be very extensive, if not almost complete. It is probable, therefore, that during the period (September, 1918, to February, 1919) when an adequate amount of fresh vegetables was provided, the diet nevertheless was a scurvy-producing one, due to loss of antiscorbutic vitamin during the cooking. The conditions as regards scurvy were apparently less satisfactory in hospital than among the general population. Among the latter there was certainly no general outbreak of scurvy, and the children who had been but a short time in hospital were less disposed to develop the disease when the acute shortage of antiscorbutic came than those who had been in longer. The presumption is that during the six months or so preceding the outbreak the general population were getting more antiscorbutic than these hospital patients."

UNSAFE ROAD FOUNDATIONS

A SUBSTANTIAL house on a flimsy foundation would be an absurdity. Yet fine highways are often built over soils that will not bear their weight, so that soil and surface go to pieces together. H. G. Shirley, of the Federal Highway Council, writes from Washington to *The Engineering News-Record* (New York) that laboratories for studying and testing foundation soils are sadly needed. Much money, he says, is expended annually in investigating and testing surfacing materials, the Federal Government, many States, companies, and private institutions having established laboratories for such purpose. Foundations have received scant attention. He continues:

"Lately the Bureau of Public Roads has taken up this investigation in a small way and appreciates the great value of such an investigation and study, but the appropriation allotted this bureau for such an investigation is so small it will not permit of an extensive research.

"Each spring many sections of our roads go to pieces, due to the foundation becoming saturated with moisture, frost action, seepage, capillary action, and other causes. It is useless to expect the road crust to carry all the load unsupported. A firm foundation for our highways is just as essential as it is for every other structure. The little study that has been made of the foundation has been devoted to draining wet places where the subbase is constantly saturated by seepage water. Such places have been studied and in many cases remedied, but there has been very little, if any, study given to the bearing power of the different types of soils as a foundation. Especially at the period of the year when they are saturated with moisture, or the reverse when they are dry and contracted.

"It is safe to say that we know less about the subfoundation and its ability to sustain the metal surface under the moving load than any other feature of road construction. There has never been any constructive effort made until recently to find out just what takes place, or to determine the ability of certain types of soils to withstand the impact and weight of a heavy moving load. I know of no element so important in road-building that has been studied less, and of which so little is known, as the subfoundation. The surface materials have been studied and experimented with at a great expense until they can be put together and give known results.

"It recalls to the writer's mind the Biblical phrase, 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.' For what will it profit us if we develop the very highest type of surfacing if we lose it all by a weak and unknown foundation? The question of a stable, firm, and unyielding foundation must have our best thought. The physical and chemical composition of the subsoils are so complicated that to solve this problem properly will require the very highest type of skill. Problems concerning materials, water frost action, physical effects of heat, cold, and moisture must be solved. The chemical action of acids, alkalies, and the many other different elements found in the soils leading to unknown fields must be found out. Not until this is done, and the bearing power of the subfoundation can be ascertained by a simple test or brought to a known condition by treatment, will road-building present no uncertain factors.

Sidewalks *and* Powder Puffs *are* Cousins

IF we could study the life history of each article we use every day we would find that many of them had the same ancestors—that they were *related* even though they had no resemblance whatever and were entirely different in make-up and general utility.

For example, there is a "screening" machine called the HUM-MER which is the common ancestor of many of the things that enter into our daily lives.

The cement that makes the concrete sidewalk has been sifted or screened. The HUM-MER removes the lumps and foreign substances from the powder in Madam's powder puff. So sidewalks and powder puffs become cousins. They are related—and in turn have many *more* relations.

The raisins in your pie are sized by screens. Ore is put through the HUM-MER at the mines. Salt goes through it—and sugar. Rubber manufacturers use it—and chemical concerns—and glass makers—and coal operators.

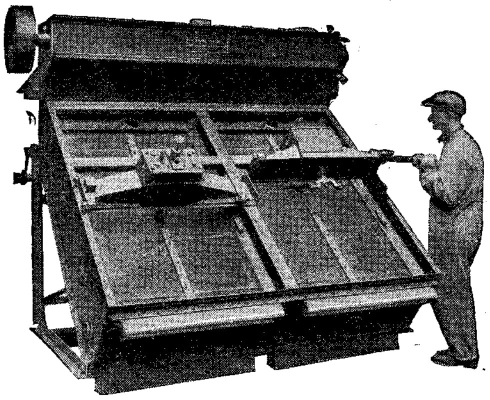
And so the family of HUM-MER products grows.

The HUM-MER sifts or divides various materials through woven wire screens stretched to drum-head tension and vibrated by *electro-magnetic* action.

It handles much more material than the old bumping, shaking, mechanically operated machine—and handles it at a *lower cost*. It makes woven wire screen cloth wear longer. And it gives results that can be mathematically predetermined with far greater accuracy than ever before.

Many concerns are now *profitably* screening materials with the HUM-MER that could not be screened *at all* by the old methods. Perhaps you can use a HUM-MER profitably, too.

THE W. S. TYLER COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
Manufacturers of Woven Wire Screens and Screening Equipment



Let our engineers give you the benefit of the figures and data they have compiled from tests made in cases similar to yours. They will tell you frankly whether or not the HUM-MER can be employed profitably in your business.

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INCLINED SCREEN
Electro Magnetic Vibration

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Boys Who Love Real Sport

The boy who deserves a gun of his own is the boy who loves real sport, and lives up to the rules of the game, no matter what he is doing.

Every boy who loves outdoor sports, who likes to camp and swim and fish, ought to be taught how to handle a gun, and how to shoot straight. Your boy should have this training, and the best gun to start with is the Daisy Air Rifle. *Millions of American boys have learned to shoot with a Daisy*, and many of them, when grown, have become crack shots with hunting rifle or shot gun, because they started right with this famous boy's rifle.

The Daisy is a rifle that any boy can be proud to own. It looks just like a high-powered hunting rifle, and within its range, shoots just as straight and true. It is safe for boys, because it uses compressed air instead of powder. *Why not get your boy a Daisy for Christmas?* For over 30 years the Daisy has been the favorite rifle for American boys. No heavy cost for ammunition after you buy it—you can shoot more than 500 times for ten cents.

The Military Daisy, 50-shot repeater, looks surprisingly like the guns our boys carried "over there," with a strap and removable bayonet, ... **$5.00**

The Daisy Pump Gun, 50-shot repeater, same pump action as found in the highest type of modern hunting rifles, ... **$5.00**

Other models, $1.00 to $4.00. Your dealer will show you the Daisy line, or any model sent direct from factory on receipt of price.

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THE CHILD-FEEDING FUND

(*Continued from page* 23)

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(*Continued on page* 92)

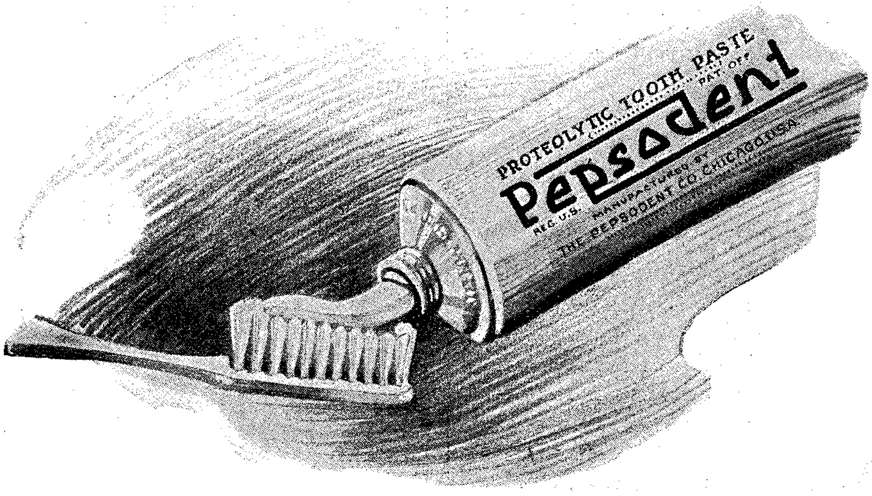
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

SCIENCE AND THE HAZEL-ROD

THE article in approval of the divining-rod used to locate underground springs or veins of metal, quoted recently in these columns, has elicited a considerable number of letters from correspondents who have more or less remarkable tales to tell of the general tenor of those quoted in the article. Skeptics have not taken pen in hand, so that, considered as a "straw vote," the evidence would seem to show a hundred-per-cent. belief in the hazel-twig. And yet it would be wrong to conceal the fact that orthodox scientific men place as little reliance as ever on the "dowser." For instance, in an account of a discussion at a meeting of the Royal Society of Victoria in Australia, given by *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York), the general feeling on the subject appears to be that the divining-rod, often used in good faith, "was a subject for investigation on the part of the psychologist rather than the geologist." We read in the editorial page of this journal:

> "A number of experiments were cited indicating the cheerful and conscientious blundering around of divining-rod operators. Sometimes they struck water, sometimes not—exactly as if they had shot an arrow into the air and dug for water where it fell.
>
> "We recommend the study of the phenomena of the divining-rod to a mixed committee of geologists and psychologists. A great deal of interesting data on the human mechanism would be the result; and the subject is well worthy of scientific investigation. Solid citizens—exceptionally solid and square-set on their feet—are credulous of this, as of all other wonders beyond their ken. They live by faith, for they really understand little of what is going on in this world.
>
> "We once watched an honest divining-rod operator who walked over a field, and his rod bent over with irresistible force when he passed over a certain kind of soil which he said he had assayed and which ran $5 a ton in gold (his apparatus, we should have said, was 'set' for gold by slipping a gold bar into each of the handles). We noted with amusement the massive gold watch and chain which lay across the operator's breast, and the massive gold rings on his fingers, all of which fine gold did not affect the instrument that was convulsed by the supposedly $5-a-ton dirt beneath his feet! Yet this evidence made no impression upon a lawyer and a banker who were present.
>
> "Therefore, to be complete, the study of the psychology of the divining-rod should be extended to that of some of those who believe in it; and this would lead further on to the study of the similar firm basis of their other beliefs and to the psychology of solid citizens as a whole. These are the types of men we observe going around the streets these days with their winter overcoats on, altho for some days (as we write) the temperature has been above 80 degrees midday; but is it not after October 1, which is the one incontrovertible fact that these gentlemen grasp? They are of the solid supporters of society, who know quite firmly whether they are Republicans or Democrats, Baptists or Presbyterians, and what is right and what is wrong in general."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(*Continued on page* 96)

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MAKING MANILA ROPE

MANILA fiber comes from a wild species of banana grown only in the Philippines, and takes its name from the capital of those islands, whence most of it is shipped. An account of its occurrence and use is quoted below from an article in *The Marine Review* (Cleveland), whose author gives credit for his data to the American Manufacturing Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Rope, he reminds us at the outset, is an indispensable article. It is used in every industry, but aboard ship and along the waterways it plays a particularly prominent part. The manila plant, we are told, resembles the ordinary banana-tree, and after the plant has grown about fourteen months it bears a fruit similar in appearance to the banana. At this stage the fiber is fully developed and the best textures can be obtained. We read:

> "The fiber is extracted entirely by hand from the leaf-stem growth, surrounded by a pulpy mass, and is separated by the process of drawing the leaf stems, which are split into ribbons, between a sharp-edged knife and a block. This is laborious work and is performed entirely by native Filipinos. Many attempts have been made to perfect machinery for extracting manila fiber, but none of these mechanical devices has been able to perform this work as satisfactorily as the native Filipino workman.
>
> "The fineness or coarseness of the texture of the fiber is dependent entirely upon the manner in which it is cleaned, the strength to the age of the plant, and the manner of curing.
>
> "The manila plant seems to thrive in soil which is composed largely of volcanic ash, and tho the plant requires plenty of rain it must be grown in soil where the water can be drained off. Thus the best fiber can be obtained from those plantations which are situated on the sides of hills or mountains.
>
> "Manila fiber is selected according to the fineness of the fiber—the finer the fiber, the higher the quality. Thus the fineness of the fiber and not the length determines the quality. Many low grades of fiber are longer than the very high grades.
>
> "After the fiber has been extracted from the leaf stem, it is washed and dried in the sun. It is then taken to market and sold to the local warehouse man who sorts and packs the fiber into bales which weigh about 270 pounds each.
>
> "When the fiber is shipped to the rope-mill, the first process in the manufacture of manila rope is an examination by experts of the bales composing the shipment. The thorough inspection of manila fiber before it enters the opening-room is important, as high-grade manila rope can be made of only high-grade manila fiber."

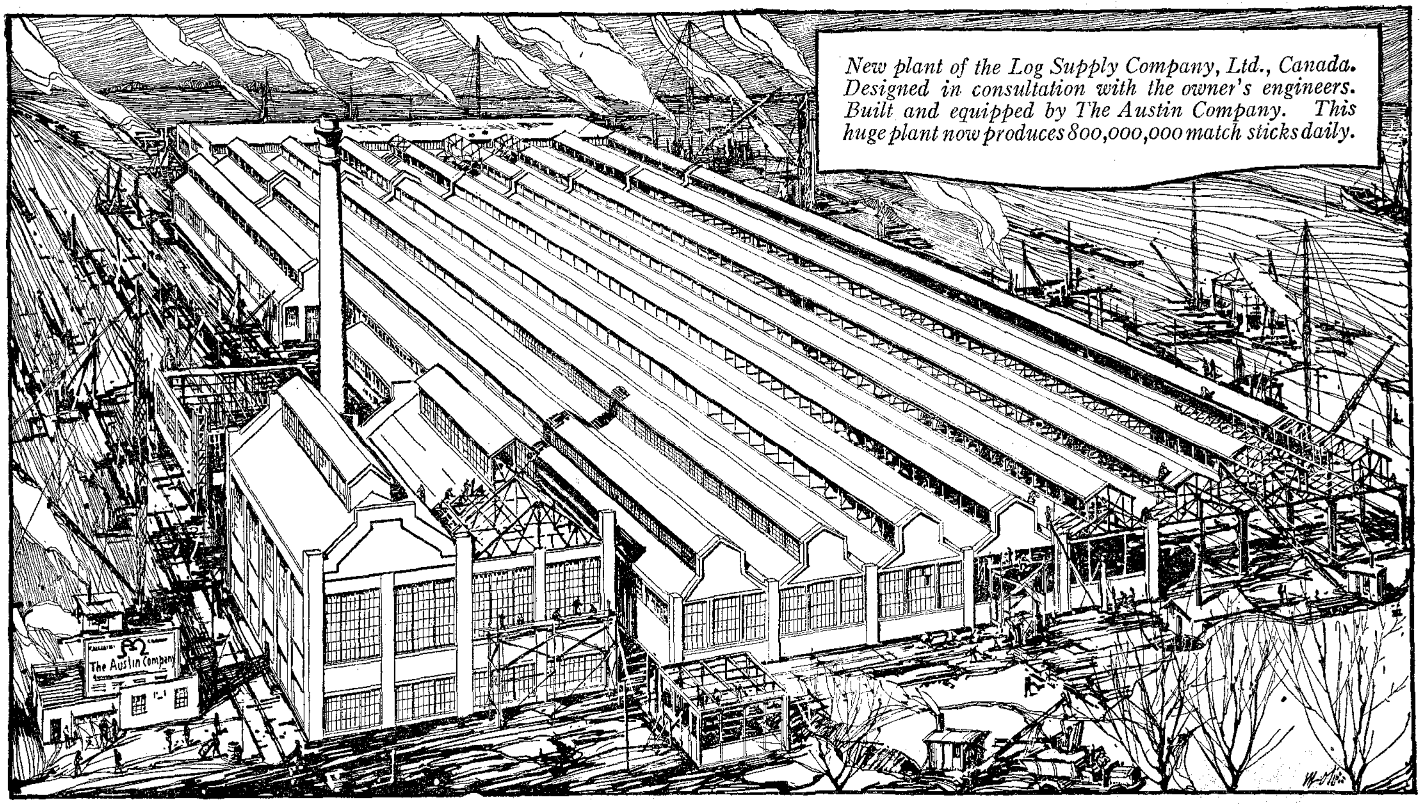
When a sufficient quantity of fiber of a uniform quality has been selected, it is put through machines known as breakers. These straighten and soften the fiber, and the finer breaking machines comb it, remove foreign substances, and form it into a long sliver ready for spinning. The yarn is automatically wound on bobbins which, when filled, are removed from the spinning-jenny and carried to the rope-making machines where the strands of the rope are made. The writer continues:

> "Here the bobbins are placed upon racks, and a number of the yarns, depending upon the size of the rope to be made, are then twisted into a strand, which is the third part of the rope. As the strand is made it is wound upon large reels.
>
> "The next step is to lay the strands into rope. Three or four strands, depending upon whether three- or four-strand rope is being made, pass simultaneously through the laying machine which lays the strands into rope. As the rope leaves the laying machine, it is wound on to a reel from which it is removed, already coiled and ready to be burlapped. Forming the strand and the laying of the strands into rope are very important steps in the manufacturing process and require the services of men who are thoroughly skilled in their work. Great care must be exercised in order to insure equal tension on every strand, for, if the tension were not equally distributed throughout the entire length of the rope, one strand would be shorter than the other two and bear the full strain when the rope is put to work. This strand would either break at once or force in toward the center, pushing the other strands out, giving the rope a corkscrew appearance and rendering it unfit for use. A rope, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest part.
>
> "The utmost care must be taken in every one of these rope-making processes in order to insure a uniform rope, that is, rope that will possess the same qualities throughout the entire length.
>
> "Strength in rope is quality, and this can only be obtained by using fiber which has been selected because of its strength and by employing machinery that is designed to make high grade rope and to have the machinery operated by men who are masters of the art of rope-making."

NINETY-SEVEN COUPLERS SCRAPPED—Just ninety-seven kinds of couplers have been thrown into the discard by the recent action of the Master Car Builders' Association in adopting, recently, a single standard coupler. This action demonstrates the chaos from which the coupler-designer has been rescued and incidentally emphasizes the value of standardization. "What have we been spared?" thankfully queries a head-line writer in *The Railway Review* (Chicago) above a brief but suggestive note which runs as follows:

> "Satisfaction in the action of the one-time Master Car Builders' Association in creating a single standard type of car-coupler and the feeling of gratitude toward the coupler-manufacturers in acquiescing and cooperating in that action can be but the greater when one contemplates the ninety-eight different varieties of coupler knuckles, representative of a like number of couplers, that at various times have been offered to the railroads for use on their freight and passenger equipment cars. It is true that no very large percentage of these ever came prominently into use, but the relatively small number that did were the source of so great a burden of inconvenience and expense that the railroads may well congratulate themselves on the fact that they are, at last, on the road to be rid of it."

It will be some time, of course, before the various non-standard couplers now in use are scrapped in favor of the newly adopted article.



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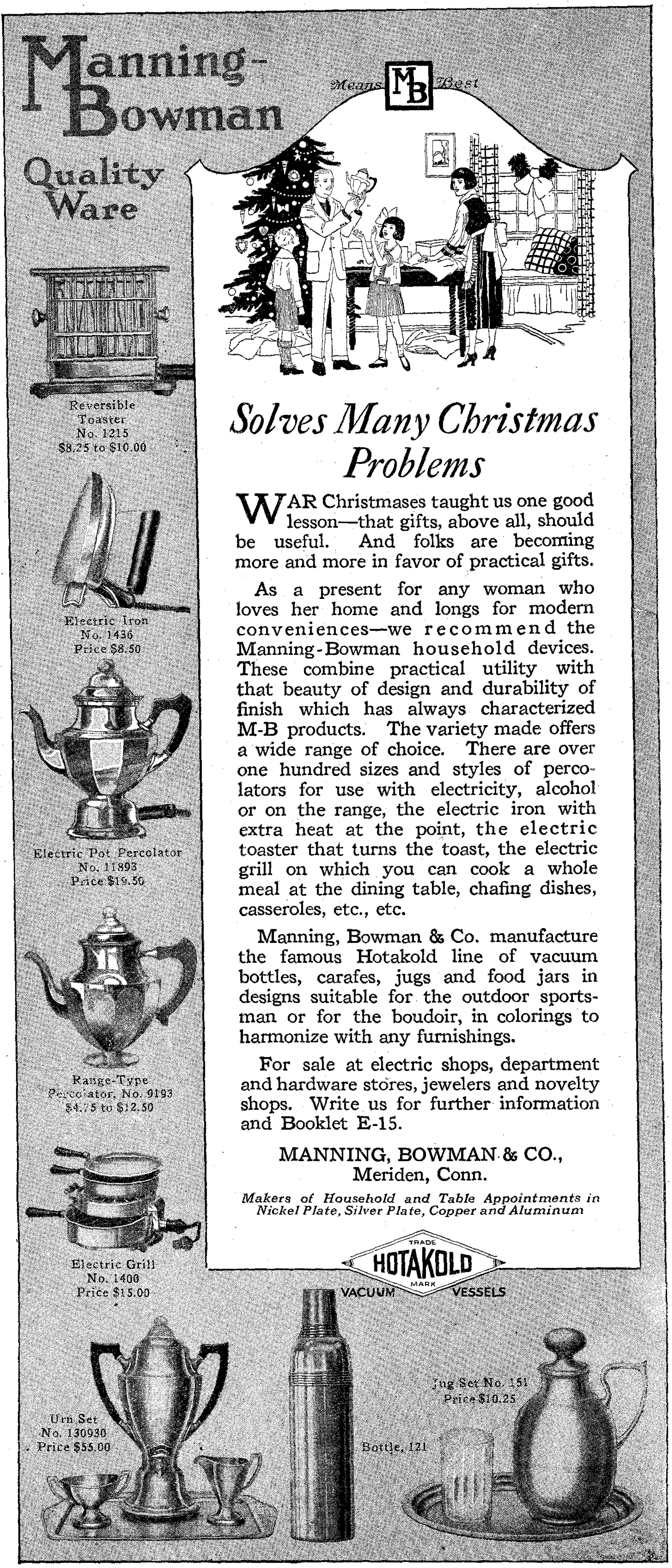
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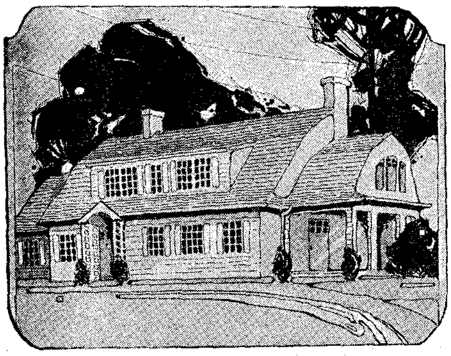

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST ASPHALT REFINERY

"WORLD-FAMOUS" is the adjective applied to the biggest asphalt plant in Texas by the writer of a descriptive article in *Municipal and County Engineering* (Chicago). Where is this plant, gentle readers? Forbear to answer all at once! The location is Port Neches, and the fame, we are told later, is confined to persons who are interested in asphalt and its uses, especially in improved highways. And yet there is no reason why future generations, just as they think of Pittsburgh as a steel town and of Akron, Ohio, as the abode of rubber, should not be stimulated by the thought of asphalt to mental images, not of Trinidad, where they dig it up raw, but of Port Neches, Texas, where they boil it out of good American crude petroleum. In the paper above named we read as follows:

"So enormously has the petroleum industry grown in Texas that there are stupendous plants there devoted exclusively to the manufacture of single petroleum products. An example of this is the largest asphalt refinery in the world operated by the Texas Company at Port Neches, Texas. It extends three-quarters of a mile along the Neches River and two and one-half miles back into the country, and has become world-famed among persons interested in road-building and other uses of asphalt.

"Destiny seems bent on spreading a broader mantle of prominence over this largest of the world's asphalt refineries. The layman as well as the engineer and the road-builder is taking an interest in improved highways. He wants to know how the money is spent on the new highways, how the roads are built, what materials are used and where they come from; hence, wide public attention to the Port Neches asphalt refinery is increasing steadily.

"As one enters the asphalt refinery he immediately is imprest by two things: first, the immensity of the place, and secondly, the quietness of it. His vision is overtaxed by the mammoth size of the plant, and his curiosity is aroused because there seems to be so little noise.

"In the first glance over the refinery one sees the company's large docks and waterfront; back of these is the civic center, where are located the offices, dormitories, commissary, club-house, and cottages for the employees. Next the eye will note immense storage tanks, then lengthy rows of stills, storage sheds, locomotives and railroad tracks, and numerous other buildings and structures.

"The crude asphaltic base petroleum from the oil-fields is transported to the refinery through pipe lines and in large tank ships; upon arrival at the refinery it is pumped into storage tanks. From the storage tanks the material is pumped into the stills, of which there are seventy at the Port Neches plant. These are strikingly similar to the average steam boiler, only much larger, and look from the front like ordinary furnaces with doors and pipes, gages, and other devices. Oil is used for fuel. The stills are in two rows with the furnace ends facing a street about 100 feet wide. Now and then a man in overalls comes to the scene, passes along the front of the stills looking at the gages, turns something somewhere and passes on leaving the street as deserted as it was before he made his visit. As a producer of excitement the production of asphalt is a dismal failure.

"When the crude asphaltic base petroleum is pumped into the stills it is maintained at specific temperatures for certain lengths of time. The lighter oils are removed during the process of distillation and are pumped to another refinery, leaving the thick, binding, adhesive asphaltic base. This process is continued until the asphalt reaches the proper consistency. From the stills the finished asphalt is pumped while hot into large storage tanks or directly into barrels or tank cars.

"Food that passes over the tables of American homes is not examined and tested and fussed over one-tenth as much as the asphalt is during the process of refining. Pharmacists in mixing prescriptions are no more exacting and minute in their work than the chemists who test the asphalt which will later be mixed with other materials for the country's highways."

Each batch of asphalt, we are told, goes through fifty different tests before it is turned out as a finished product. In the laboratory of the refinery a group of chemists perform these tests, each one independently, and then comparing the results with those of his associates. The writer continues:

"Tests are made for penetration, ductility, flash point, solubility, specific gravity, etc. The penetration test records the hardness of the materials, the ductility test shows its stretching power or cohesion, the flash point denotes at what temperature the product will catch fire, the solubility test indicates the purity of the product and its freedom from foreign substances, and the specific gravity test indicates the weight of the asphalt as compared with that of water.

"Perhaps the most interesting test is that made for ductility. A block of asphalt is placed in a trough of water maintained at a certain temperature. A motor is then started and stretches the asphalt until it breaks, the breaking-point measured in length, usually centimeters being the required information.

"More than a score of standard grades of asphalt, road oils, and binders are produced. The various products range from the light road oils and binders to the harder materials for heavy highway traffic, and for the production of roofing, paints, and other commercial commodities:

"The remainder of the refinery consists of storage sheds, a thoroughly modern plant where all the barrels and drums are made, machinery shops, and maintenance depots. The storage sheds have a capacity of more than 500,000 barrels of asphalt, while the cooperage plant is one of the most complete in the country, and in itself comprises a large industry.

"The transportation system of the refinery is equally complete. There are fifteen miles of standard-gage railway inside and five locomotives are kept busy constantly moving the large shipments.

"Cottages, dormitories, a field for athletics, a club-house, and ball-room, combined with many other conveniences, provide an enviable home and social life for the employees. Only a nominal charge is made for board and lodging, and the management prides itself on its efforts and success in providing amusement and pleasure for the refinery's employees."

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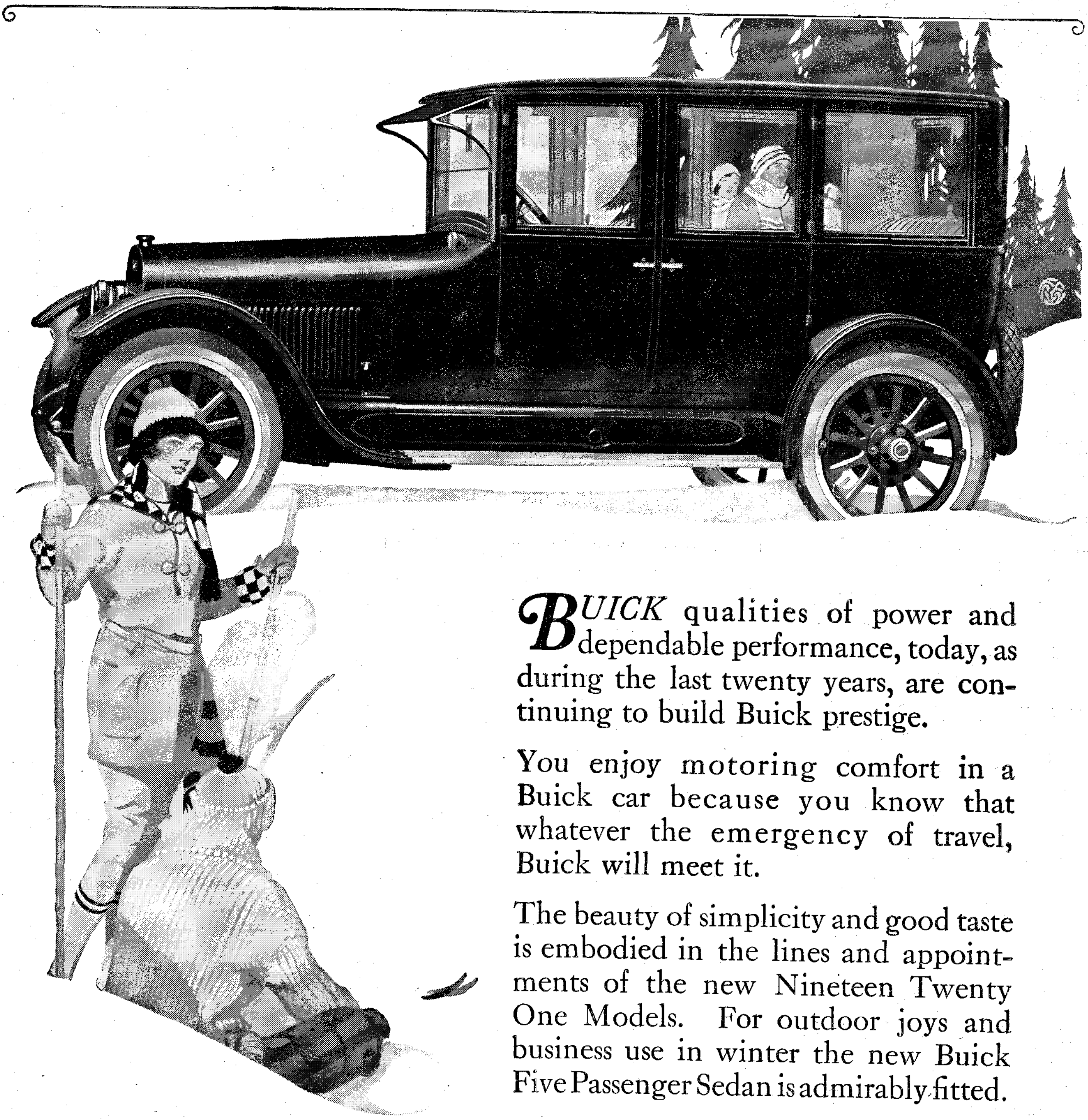

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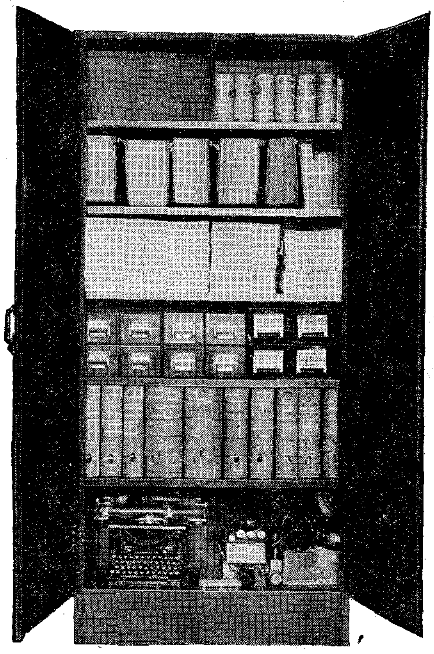

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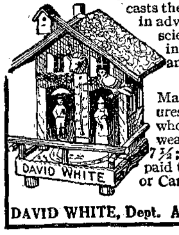

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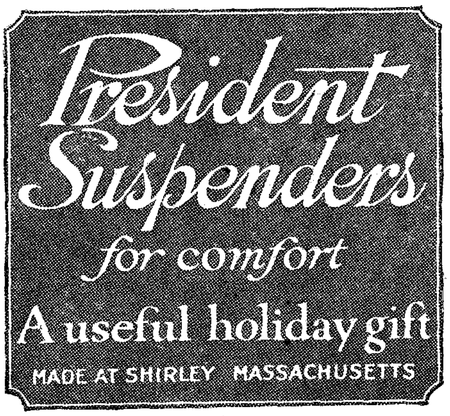

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

CHAIRS FOR THE WORKERS

HOW should workers sit or stand when performing their tasks? A writer in *The Lancet* (London) attributes much importance to the necessity for industrial workers to assume such a posture that fatigue is postponed as long as possible. Suitable rest-pauses in the cycle of operations do much to lessen fatigue, but alternative standing and sitting will do even more. Many industrial occupations are now carried out standing which can equally well be done sitting, provided the operator be furnished with a suitable chair. He explains further:

"An operation, such as filing, for example, can be done sitting, provided the chair supplied has foot-rests allowing the left foot to be carried off to the left, so that sufficient body weight may be readily given to the file. The question of good seating has been thoroughly examined by those responsible for the seating in schools, where much prominence has been given to the correct height for the back-support, the distance of the seat from the work—that is, from the top of the desk—and to the slope of the table.

"The [British] Home Office has recently directed attention to this question in a pamphlet entitled 'Seats for Workers in Factories and Workshops.' Several examples of workers' chairs are illustrated, some adapted for use at the work-bench, and others, taking up very little room, which are suitable for attaching to the walls of the workshop or to pillars, where they exist. Since workers vary very much in height, it is essential that the chairs should be adjustable. This can readily be arranged, if the support is of the single-pillar type, by a slot and pin, or the screw pattern, similar to that in use on the piano-stool, can be employed. To be of use, the support to the back should only be slightly sloped away from the vertical, and the support should usually be such as to assist the lower part of the back. For work necessitating alternate standing and sitting, a seat that can be readily pushed out of the way when the operator stands up is essential. The Marshall chair is a good example of this pattern, and it has given valuable results where it has been introduced in the United States by Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth. The device consists of two pillars supporting a pair of rails, which swing about one of the pillars. The seat itself is shaped with sloping front and is carried on two pairs of small wheels running on the rails. A foot-rest, adjustable in height, is provided along the front of the bench. The worker is able to move himself along the bench with slight pressure from the legs, and, when it is necessary to stand, the seat is forced back and swings away clear of him. This seat has been found extremely useful, since with it crippled soldiers are able to take up bench-work where this had been their prewar occupation.

"Seating, if supplied, should prevent the onset of fatigue. This is only done when a healthy posture is encouraged. There must be no reaching too high or too low, nothing that tends to prevent the full expansion of the chest or in any way encourages a cramped position of the body. The essentials of a good chair are as follows: Sufficient depth from front to back; the front edge must be rounded off or sloped, since anything in the nature of a sharp edge may interfere with the blood supply to the legs, when cold feet ensue; adequate supports for the feet, adjustable at a suitable height; while the seat itself should be adjustable for height, and where a back support is supplied, this should not be too high or too far out of the vertical."

FARE-BOXES THAT WON'T HOLD MONEY

NO cash-fares can hereafter be placed in the fare-boxes of the street-cars in Mobile, Ala. The company issues metal tickets, and these only can be deposited in the boxes, all cash being handed directly to the conductor. This unique rule, we are told by *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York), is due to losses from the claims of passengers that they had already dropt in the box the odd pennies required to make up the seven-cent fare. Tickets are sold for six cents, but while 86 per cent. of the riders are making use of them the company found that with the 14 per cent. it was losing revenue. There was special trouble during rush hours. Conductors are required to ring up on two cyclometers all fares and transfers, and the fare-boxes also register. We read:

> "In order to overcome these troubles, the company had the tops of the fare-boxes changed so that no coin would fall through. The metal ticket which has been in use for several years in Mobile is slightly smaller than a dime, and the new fare-box tops were made so that nothing larger than this metal ticket would fall through. The metal pass used by employees is slightly smaller than the ticket. A third metal piece, termed a 'slug,' slightly smaller than the pass, is also used, as pointed out below, and the fare-box mechanism was changed to register on separate dials these tickets, passes, and slugs, with a fourth dial for total fares.
>
> "Passengers boarding the car with metal tickets simply drop them into the box and pass on into the car. Passengers boarding and paying the cash fare of seven cents are required to hand the money to the conductor, who, in turn, drops a slug, representing a cash-fare, into the fare-box. Should the passenger put the cash-fare into the box in error the coins will not drop through and can then be recovered by the conductor and a slug dropt in instead.
>
> "The present system of fare collection was complicated somewhat by the fact that two of the lines of the company extend outside the city limits, where a separate contract with the county calls for a five-cent fare. That is, a passenger boarding a car and riding between any two points outside of the city limits is required to pay only a five-cent fare, altho the end of the city-fare zone was some distance outside the city limits. To take care of this situation the company had to install another register, on which these five-cent fares could be tallied in order to keep them separate from the six-cent and seven-cent rates collected within the city zone. There are only a few of such passengers, so the fact that they are not registered in the fare-box is not a serious matter."

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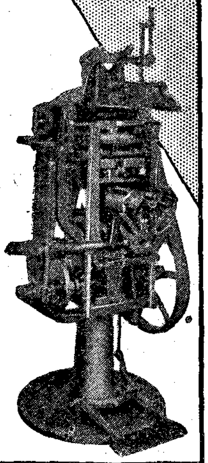

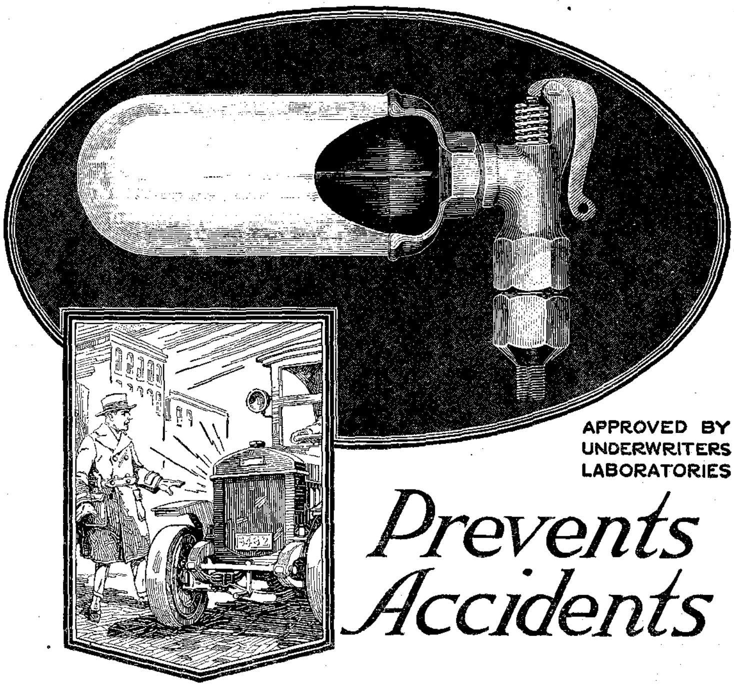

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If interested, write for a copy of Mr. N. W. Akimoff's paper, read before American Society of Mechanical Engineers last week.

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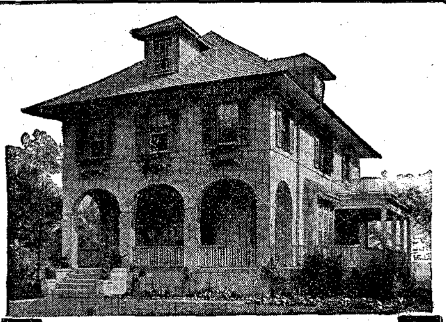

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

ARE THERE TWO SMALLPOXES?

WHAT we know as smallpox may include two related diseases, one much milder than the other. The author of an article in *The Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine* (St. Louis) tells us that students of the history of infectious diseases have long suspected that under the diagnosis of smallpox we include the Asiatic and the African varieties. Smallpox existed in India in the third century B.C. It raged in Egypt as early as 1200 B.C., as shown from eruptions on the skin of a mummy. The Asiatic variety spread from India into China, and then gradually westward into Asia Minor. Says the writer:

"We would know but little about smallpox during the ninth and tenth centuries were it not for the writings of Arabian physicians. Apparently, it took centuries for Asiatic smallpox to travel from eastern India and China to Turkey in Europe. Whether the smallpox that finally spread over Europe came from Egypt or from Asia is a matter of speculation. Moreover, Egyptian smallpox may have been identical with the Asiatic form of the disease, and still there might have been an Ethiopian variety which was not known to the white man until comparatively recent years. During the entire history of smallpox severe and mild epidemics have occurred not only in different localities, but in the same locality at different times. Under the name 'alastrim' or 'Kafir milkpox,' Castellani and Chalmers recognize the African or mild form of smallpox. Concerning its causation and nature, these authors make the following statement:

"'The causation would appear to be the same as ordinary smallpox, and it is generally agreed that Jenner's vaccination is protective, but it would appear to be due to an attenuated virus. The question which has been much debated is whether it is smallpox, chickenpox, or a new disease half-way between the two.'

"Schamberg states that 'alastrim' apparently first appeared in this country in Florida in 1896. He states that the period of incubation is longer than that of normal smallpox, being from fourteen to eighteen days. The initial stage is so mild that evidences of illness are not recognized even by the patient himself. The same author continues by saying that in this country hundreds of thousands of cases have developed and the disease has continued to maintain its mild character and is not reverting to the normal virulence of classical smallpox. Two phenomena of importance stand out in connection with this type of smallpox: (1) The disease occurs almost exclusively among the unvaccinated; a single vaccination, no matter how remotely performed, is protective in the vast majority of instances. Negroes vaccinated during the Civil War, living in the same household with persons suffering with this disease, were completely protected over forty years later. This is a common circumstance. The patients who are immune against this type of smallpox are not necessarily immune against smallpox of normal virulence. (2) As has been stated, the symptomatology of this affection is mild and the disease is accompanied by a very low mortality, varying from ½ to 2 per

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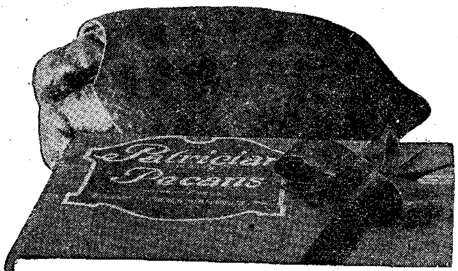

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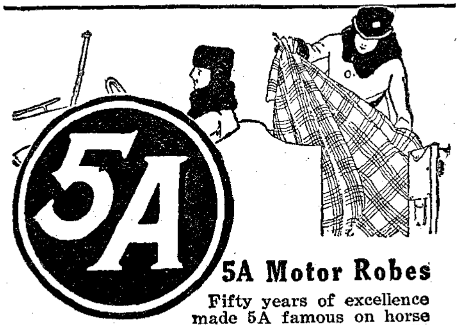

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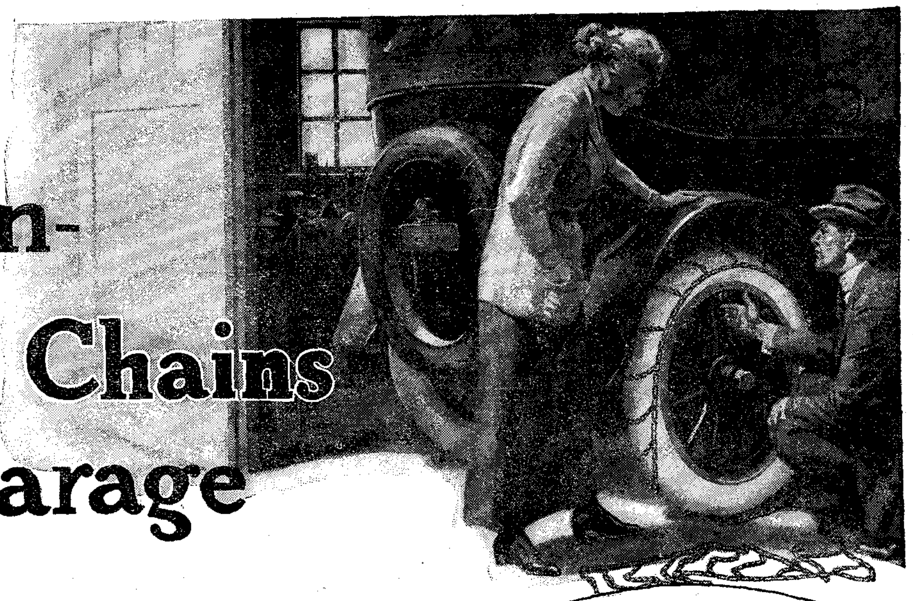

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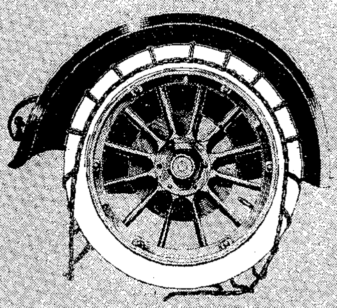
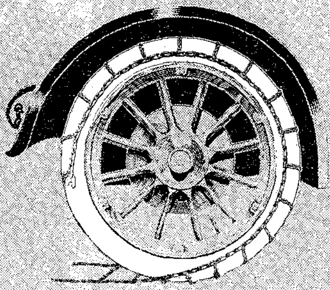
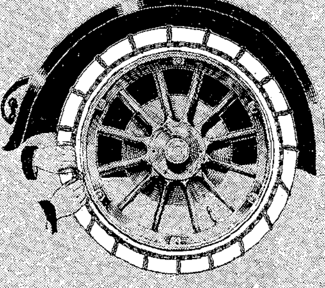


Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

cent. As to the cause of this deviation from classic smallpox no definite statement can be made. Doubtless, as a result of some unknown cause, the parasite which produces this disease was attenuated in virulence; the phenomenon is what biologists would call a 'sport.' Whether or not this type of smallpox will continue to retain its present mild form no one can predict. It is possible that at some future time it may revert to the usual virulence of the disease.'

"Recently Allingham has reported three cases of modified smallpox, with the following remarks: 'Reviewing these cases, which occurred without any history of exposure to smallpox, the diagnosis of chickenpox on the first rash was, in my opinion, reasonable, and it was only after the first patient developed a secondary rash that I decided to isolate the subsequent cases at an early date. It might be wise to insist on isolation of chickenpox for the first ten days.'"

THE ARMY SOUND-RANGER

IN an article describing Thomas A. Edison's contributions to military science during the war, quoted by The Digest in our issue for October 23, Edison was given credit for the development of the army system of ascertaining the distance of artillery by the sound of the discharge. In this connection, Capt. Edward B. Stephenson, now physicist in the office of the Chief of Engineers, United States Army, writes to The Digest:

"It might well be inferred from this article that the system of 'sound-ranging' used by the American Army was developed by Mr. Edison. Mr. Edison worked in this field and his system was considered by the engineer officers interested, but was not adopted. There is no desire to question the statement regarding Mr. Edison's sound-ranging apparatus. It may be said, however, that an accuracy of 2 per cent., plus or minus, is not sufficiently accurate. On the other hand, the location of a gun over two and one-half miles away, within a foot or two of the actual position, was a remarkable coincidence. The accuracy of the location is limited by the knowledge of the wind and temperature conditions, and there is no possible means of making wind and temperature readings so that the corrections can be applied with an inaccuracy of only a few feet."

In No. 63, *Occasional Papers of the Engineer School*, prepared by Captain Stephenson (Washington), the following statement is made regarding the matter:

"The practical application of the sound-ranging method was difficult, especially during any considerable artillery activity, chiefly due to the lack of proper apparatus and technique. The French Scientific Mission which came to America in the spring of 1917 strongly urged an extensive experimental development in this country of a satisfactory type of apparatus. Such work was rendered difficult by a lack of reliable information and the rapidly changing conditions at the front. A very good set of apparatus, known as the American

T.-M., was finally developed by the Bureau of Standards and sent to France, but too late for trial in action.

"In the meantime, after a comparative study of the French and British ranging methods which had had a rapid development under field conditions, the British system, known as the Bull-Tucker, was formally adopted by the American Expeditionary Forces. For quantity production in this country the essential principles of the Bull-Tucker system were retained, but the apparatus was redesigned by Army Engineers in cooperation with the Western Electric Company so as to use as much standard American telephone equipment as possible. By September, 1918, this apparatus was arriving in France in quantity. The apparatus which is now available for field use and which is described in this pamphlet is the American Bull-Tucker type.

"Ranging by sound can be carried out on hostile batteries and on map points such as crossroads, trenches, dumps, etc. Any target within 5,000 meters of the front line and in the sector covered by the section can be engaged. Targets more than 5,000 meters can, under favorable conditions, be ranged by employing two or more sound-ranging sections, each giving a line to the burst. Sound-ranging should not be employed when visible observation is possible, but often conditions of low visibility are ideal for sound-ranging; for example, at night, in a rain or mist, or where the target is entirely concealed by woods or intervening hills. The conditions most favorable to ranging are a moderate wind from the target toward the base and a limited amount of artillery activity. Impractical conditions are an adverse or rapidly changing wind, unsteady temperature, or extreme artillery activity. Ranging on an enemy gun which has recently fired can be done with much greater speed and accuracy than making a location, because it is a comparative measurement which is practically independent of the chief absolute errors which limit the accuracy of the latter, *e.g.*, errors in the map, or in wind or temperature corrections, and when a record of a burst is obtained which is identical with the record from an enemy gun a direct hit is assured.

"It is necessary that a detailed arrangement be made between the battery commander and the Sound-Ranging Section, that a schedule of firings be worked out and accurately timed, and that good telephone communication be available.

"The efficiency of a section depends largely on the skill and experience of the personnel, the condition of their installation, and the certainty with which the corrections for wind and temperature are known. Surveys of German positions after the armistice show that a single observation may be in error by 100 yards or so, but that the weighted mean of ten observations on ten different days where the weather conditions will average out will be correct well within twenty-five yards. In addition, locations are made only on active batteries, and there is no chance of a false location, as, for example, a mistake in interpreting an aerial photograph. In the Saint-Mihiel offensive the sound-ranging sections located 56 per cent. of the total number of battery positions listed by the Artillery Intelligence Section, and all of these were active batteries."

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INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

WHAT GERMANY HAS PAID BELGIUM

WHILE Germany has fulfilled certain of her war-obligations toward Belgium, "she still has a lot of leeway to make up," writes Mr. R. H. Sheffield from Brussels to the New York *Evening Post.* Since the righting of the material wrong done to Belgium is a cardinal point in the Peace Treaty, it is interesting to note the extent to which this has so far been accomplished. All together, we read, Germany has made restitution of money and materials amounting to $880,000,000 under the armistice terms and $28,000,000 under the Treaty of Versailles. Under the armistice convention Germany, we are reminded, had to restore certain railway rolling stock, industrial machinery, securities, and works of art taken out of the country during the occupation. Here appreciable restitutions have been effected, for, says Mr. Sheffield:

> Under the armistice convention there already has been restored railway material valued at $321,000,000 (I am calculating francs into dollars at par); Belgian money taken by the Germans, $475,000,000; securities, $40,000,000. Works of art have not been estimated; this would have required experts on values.
>
> More than 83,000 tons of machinery have been restored; also about 16,000 tons of Belgian machinery taken by the Germans to France during the war have now been returned. The total value of this returned machinery is approximately $40,000. Agricultural machinery restored is estimated at $1,300,000. The total restitution effected under the armistice conditions is approximately $900,000,000.

Under the Versailles Treaty Germany was forced to restore the equivalent of certain material and cattle and to make other miscellaneous deliveries to Belgium. So far she has made the following restorations, according to the figures obtained by the *Post* correspondent from the Ministry of the Interior at Brussels:

> Cattle—67,661 oxen, 4,161 horses, 35,507 sheep, 8,285 goats, 33,911 poultry. The Minister of Agriculture estimates the value of this stock at about $21,000,000.
>
> Fuel—Coke, 201,721 tons; gas coal, 138,722 tons; domestic coal, 86,082 tons; lignite blocks, 49,123 tons. Total, 475,654 tons. Total value, $7,000,000.
>
> Dyestuffs—896 tons; value, $630,000.
>
> Chemicals—Value, $66,000.
>
> Oats and barley seed—Value, $33,000.
>
> Works of art of the Van Dyck brothers (panels of the polyptych of the "Mystic Lamb") and of Bouts ("Holy Supper" from Louvain), restored in compensation for works of art destroyed in Belgium. Not valued.
>
> The only items that can be called revenue for the Belgian treasury are the coal, dyestuffs, and chemicals which have been sold to manufacturers and other consumers. Only some $7,700,000 has thus found its way into the public treasury.

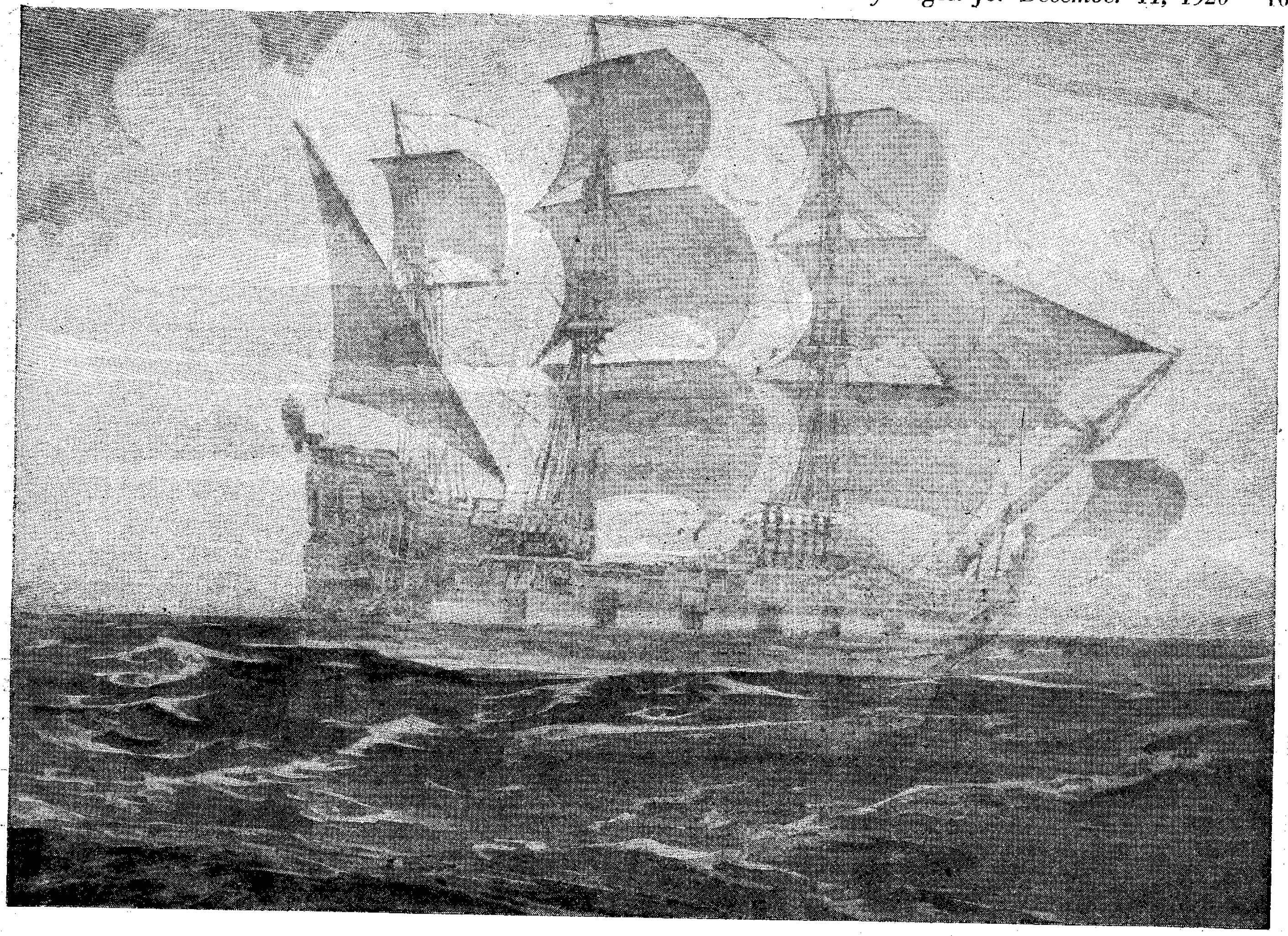
What Germany has still to hand over is enumerated as follows:

> First, all the Belgian industrial material that can be identified is to be returned.
>
> Next, 25 per cent. of the German output of dyestuffs and chemicals up till the end of 1924 has to be turned over to all the Allies, and under the Spa Convention Belgium is entitled to a proportional part of 8 per cent. in the German payments.
>
> Regular deliveries of fuel, cattle, and agricultural machinery, a portion of the fishing fleet, barges, etc., are also to be made by Germany to Belgium.
>
> To recuperate the loss sustained by the destruction of Belgian cattle, machinery, and other necessary equipment of Belgian agriculture and industry, Germany has still to deliver some $800,000,000 worth to make up these losses; but it must be borne in mind that any material offered in this connection by Germany may be refused by the Belgian Government on the ground of unsuitability or non-equivalence.
>
> Belgium also enjoys a priority claim on Germany for the payment in gold of two and a half billion francs (say, at par, some $500,000,000). This money is not payable till May, 1921. So, up till now any reparations effected by Germany have been in kind, and therefore tended directly to develop the agricultural and industrial restoration of Belgium.
>
> Seventy-five thousand individual claims for war-damages have been brought before the Belgian special compensation tribunals to date, the claims involved representing close on $200,000,000.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH COAL-MINING INDUSTRY

THE coal supply is a vital part of France's reconstruction problem, and in view of the fact that more than half of the country's coal-producing capacity was destroyed during the war, the latest facts about the French fuel supply are worth noting. Figures obtained from the National Coal Bureau, the Ministry of Public Works, and the Committee of Coal operators are presented as follows by the New York *Commercial:*

> Production of the eleven reopened mines in 1913 was 9,020,694 tons; production, January, 1920, 85,483; production, September, 1920, 299,819 tons. Workmen employed in 1913 in the eleven reopened mines totaled 44,418. In October, 1920, the number was 18,653. Production of eleven mines was increased fourfold since January, 1920. Seven mines were producing in January, three began in February, and one began in May.
>
> Owing to the intensive work of reconstruction in the North, the production of French mines, including Alsace-Lorraine, averaged 2,000,000 tons a month in the first nine months of this year. This average has been considerably exceeded since June, showing the speeding up of production. Comparative figures for 1919 and 1920 are: July, 1919, 1,430,000; 1920, 2,458,137 tons; August, 1919, 1,782,000; 1920, 2,370,852 tons; September, 1919, 1,838,000; 1920, 2,419,015 tons. In the Département du Nord similar progress is shown: For July, 1919, 47,380; 1920



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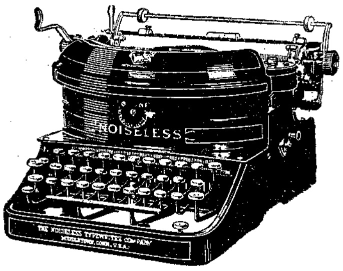

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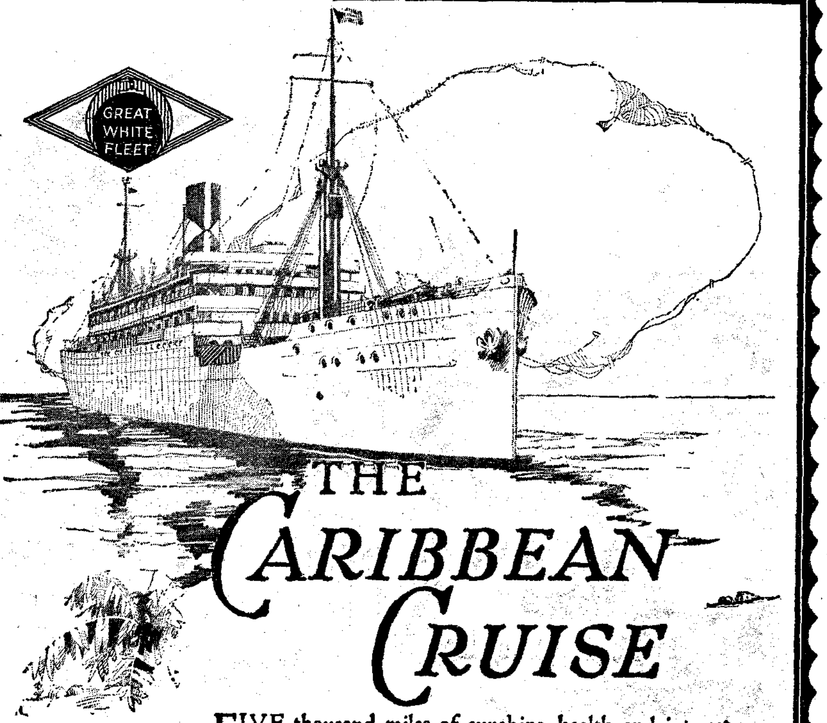

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

215,701 tons; August, 1919, 60,671; 1920, 248,733 tons; September, 1919, 76,518; 1920, 279,537 tons. Consumption of coal in France always has been much greater than production; consumption in 1913 being 65,000,000 tons and production 40,000,000. Consumption will be less than in 1913, but it is estimated that, with all industries operating, France will require about 75,000,000 tons. Revival of French industry, therefore, is dependent upon: First, her own production, which is being pushed with all speed; secondly, on the Sarre Valley, which was awarded to France, to compensate for the loss of her own mines; thirdly, on deliveries from Germany in accordance with the Spa agreement, and fourthly, on imports from the United States, England, and Belgium.

PHILADELPHIA TO SAFEGUARD INVESTORS

NOT less than $250,000,000 of worthless and fraudulent securities are sold annually to the American people. Indeed, Mr. John H. Mason, president of the Commercial Trust Company of Philadelphia, feels certain from his experience in the Treasury Department at Washington "that if we could obtain accurate statistics it would be a markedly greater amount." It is with the hope of eliminating all or part of the loss thus brought upon the community that Mr. Mason has accepted the presidency of the Philadelphia Better Business Bureau. Mr. Mason's statement is quoted in the financial section of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and is accompanied by the following editorial comment:

> The estimate of $250,000,000 a year is moderate. The sale of worthless "securities" is an "industry" in America. It would not be if the public exercised common sense in financial investments.
>
> Any time a suave and glib-tongued person offers opportunity to you to make large profit by buying stock in something or other the chances are one hundred to one you will get stung if you part with your money. Any time a gentleman you do not know calls you on the phone and wants you to make a young fortune out of something he has for sale he is operating on the theory of Phineas T. Barnum that a fool is born every minute, and sometimes two.
>
> Don't imagine all the "suckers" are included in the great mass of the public who have only a hazy idea of Wall Street, of investment banking, of stocks, bonds, etc.
>
> Recently one of the foremost men in America, a man of very great talent whose fame is international, was sued by two men in connection with a stock-floating affair. A representative of this newspaper wrote to an associate of the man of international reputation that one of the two persons bringing the suit, and who poses as a banker and broker, had a criminal record, having been in prison twice on charges of swindling. The newspaper man got a reply to this effect: "Much obliged. The other fellow is a crook, too."
>
> What are you to think when the associate

of men high in industry and high in finance is plucked by sharpers just as are clergymen, physicians, widows, the many who have comparatively little money and little knowledge of stocks, but who have the foolish notion that possibly they will be favored by fortune? This "get-rich-quick" business has its foundation in the belief that a majority of persons are fools. If you are wise you will consult your banker when it comes to investments. If you do any investigating do it before putting in your money.

Mr. Mason says it is with the hope of eliminating all or part of this "get-rich-quick" swindling in Philadelphia that he has accepted the presidency of the Better Business Bureau. Philadelphia has approximately 2 per cent. of the population of the United States. Accepting his estimate of $250,000,000, Philadelphians have been mulcted to the extent of $5,000,000 a year. You can wipe Philadelphia off the "sucker-list" if you will.

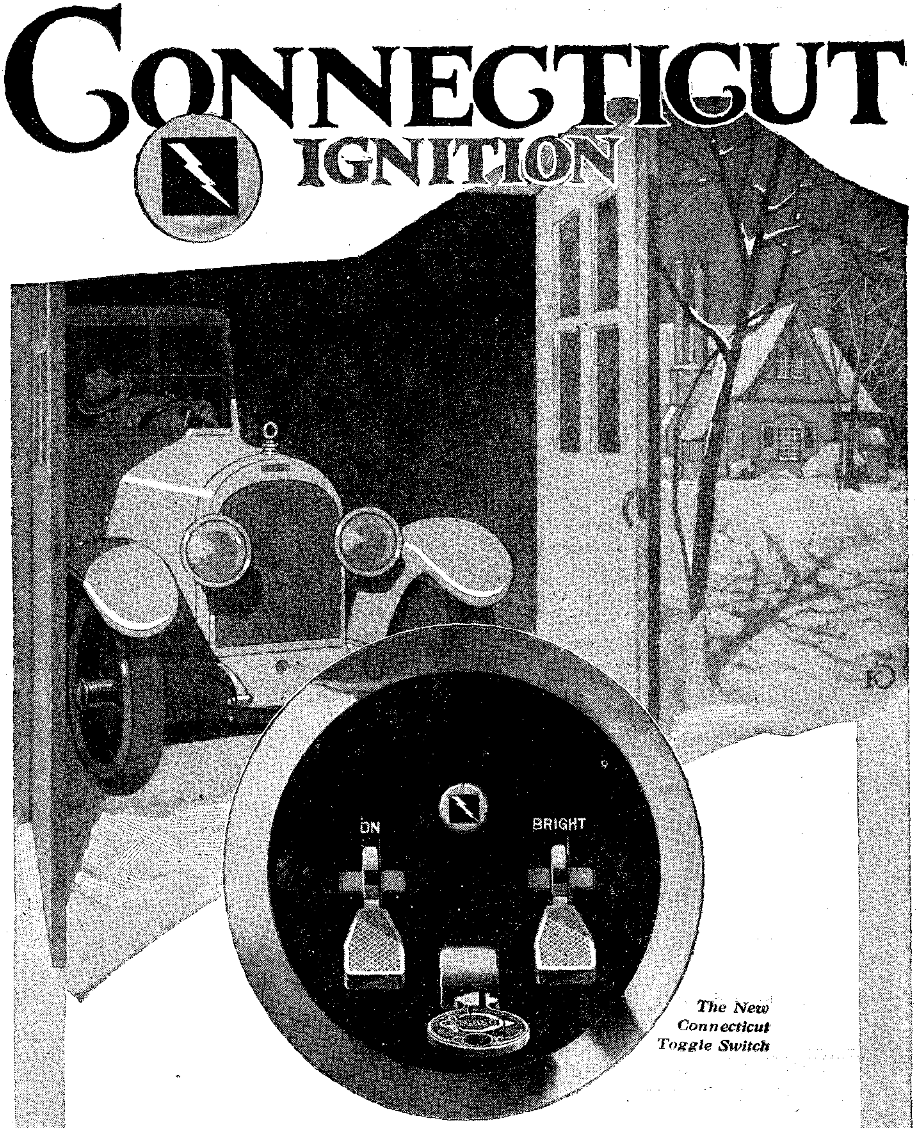
WHY HOTEL PRICES MUST STAY UP

ENDEAVORS to lower food prices in hotels and restaurants have not been without success, as was noted in a recent issue. But we are warned by one of the leading hotel men of the country that the public need not expect a return to war-time prices in hotels, the same as in other lines of business. And the reason is prohibition, declares Mr. E. M. Statler, of the Statler hotels in several cities and the Hotel Pennsylvania, in New York. The old-time hotel man, so Mr. Statler is quoted on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger's* financial page, "was not a business man." "He sold a few rooms, some food, and lots of 'booze,'" and made money. But he was establishing in the public mind "a false price for rooms and food—a price that he never could have made and continued in business except for the profit he made on his liquor sales." "In the past many of the smaller hotels made all, and, in some cases, more than their total net profit from their bar. From the smaller up to the very largest, taken as a whole, probably 75 per cent. of the money made in the hotel business came from the sale of wines and liquors." "When hotel prices fail to come down to a really low level the public is going to feel that the hotel men are not playing fair, unless the public understands the facts of the case." For—

The hotel men will never be able to sell their goods proportionately lower, the same as other lines of business not affected by the Eighteenth Amendment.

The public bought rooms and food in hotels in the past, at or below cost, because hotel men were satisfied with profits —most of which came from liquor sales.

There being no more profit from this source, rooms and food will have to be priced at a figure that will enable a hotel to pay overhead, maintenance, depreciation, operating expenses, and leave a margin of profit sufficiently large to hold the organization together, so that service may be rendered to the public during dull as well as busy periods.



The New Connecticut Toggle Switch

Gives a Full-Current Spark These Frosty Mornings

THE spiteful, ineffective whir-r-r-r of a spinning motor which refuses to start is a condition that faces many drivers these nippy December mornings. The oil is gummed, the cold motor is stiff as a consequence.

Starting under these circumstances is not difficult with a CONNECTICUT-equipped car.

Giving perfect and quick ignition at all motor speeds, its fiery-hot, full-current spark is particularly valuable when cold weather puts a heavy starting load on the motor.

CONNECTICUT uses all the power of the battery, magnified many times by the coil, and the resulting spark starts the car without draining the battery. Batteries need protection more in cold weather than at any other time.

The Automatic Switch renders the use of Full Current possible and safeguards the system at the same time. When the motor stops the current stops—the Automatic Switch snaps off and checks the flow.

Thus, CONNECTICUT gives an automobile so equipped a winter advantage not possessed by other cars.

Why not be sure your next car has the Connecticut System?

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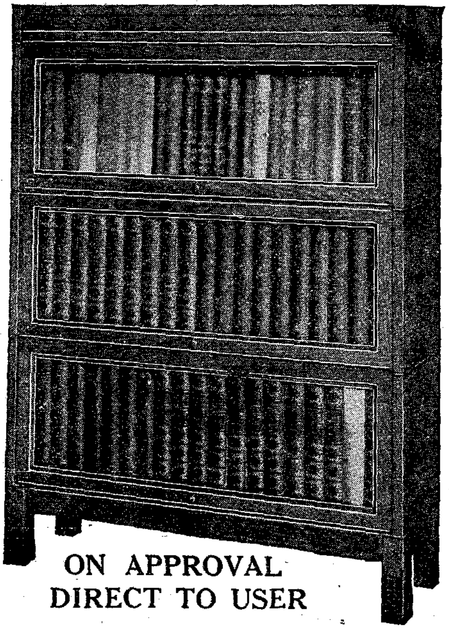

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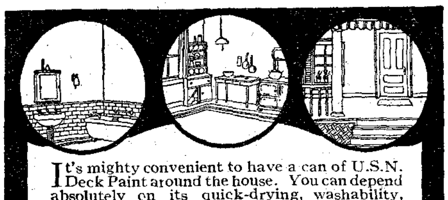
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CURRENT EVENTS

RUSSIA AND POLAND

November 24.—The Council of the People's Commissioners in Russia directs the Russian finance commissioners to prepare a plan to abolish money, says a Moscow report reaching Berlin. It is expected that the moneyless period is to become effective January 1.

The Polish Government issues a decree ordering demobilization of seven classes of its army, says a report from Warsaw. This is taken as an indication that Poland is not unduly apprehensive of a breakdown in the negotiations with Moscow, as some reports have hinted.

It is reported from Tokyo that General Semenoff, leader of anti-Bolshevik forces east of Lake Baikal, will seek refuge in Japan. It is said that his forces are disbanded.

Two hundred thousand Jewish refugees are reported to be wandering about in groups in southern Russia toward Galicia. Pogroms are said to have occurred at different places and the refugees are in great distress and danger of starvation.

November 25.—Reports from Riga say that Mr. Joffe, the head of the Bolshevik Peace Commission, is using all means to protract the negotiations with Poland. It is said the Russians do not believe in a Polish peace, and Joffe is credited with having declared that if peace were concluded it would last only three months.

November 26.—The Moscow Government notifies the leader of the Turkish Nationalists that it will regard further Turkish advances into Armenia as cause for war, says a Constantinople report. The message, it is added, is sent as a consequence of the establishment of the new Armenian Government.

General Sokolnikov, commander of the Soviet forces on the Turkestan front, orders his troops to take up a position on the Afghan-Indian frontier, according to Helsingfors advices. A Soviet newspaper in Moscow is quoted as saying that this move ought to bring the British Government to its senses.

November 30.—Polish troops are reported to be gathering against Czecho-Slovakia, according to advices reaching London. It is further reported that Russian Soviet troops are planning to attack the Polish frontier.

FOREIGN

November 24.—Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, charges in a speech in the House of Commons that plans for blowing up the Liverpool docks and the Manchester power and water plants by Irish Republican sympathizers have been discovered.

Viscount Grey, former Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in a speech in the House of Lords on the Irish Home Rule Bill, makes an appeal for generosity to Ireland. He urges that unless the Government is able to secure effective control in Ireland it will be better to withdraw all armed forces and leave Ireland to find her own salvation.

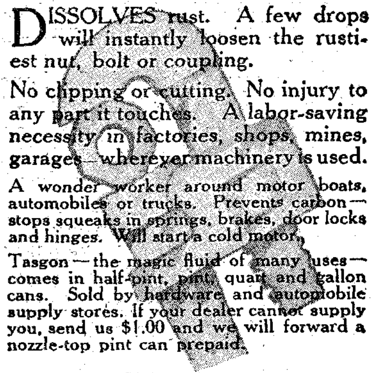
It is reported from Montreal that the Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd., which operates steamships on the Great Lakes, plans next summer to start an aerial passenger service between Montreal, Toronto, and New York.

Stockholm is chosen as the place where the next Congress of the International Postal Union will be held in 1924.

Arrangements for a settlement of more than 10,000 Russian Mennonites in Mexico before the first of the year are

TASGON

When you use a wrench—use Tasgon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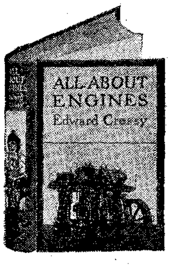

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MAZDA LAMPS: RESEARCH AND A RESULT

THE dirigible that called a fleet of subchasers to destroy a skulking U-boat; the airplane that signalled ranges to our artillery from over the enemy lines; the destroyer patrol that kept in touch through the cold fogs of the North Sea; our regiments and brigades and corps, all depended upon wireless communication. Swift and reliable radio service largely depended upon the improved vacuum-tube apparatus known as the pliotron. And the pliotron, the heart of the wireless equipment, is in great part a development of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

The use of the vacuum-tube equipment means added power, greater speed and higher efficiency.

In appearance and structure the pliotron is akin to the modern metal-filament electric lamp. It is blown of glass, and in its vacuum is a complicated series of wires, grids and plates. The Research Laboratories, which include the combined skill and technical knowledge of the scientists of the General Electric Company, were peculiarly equipped to deal with problems that arose with our entry into the war. MAZDA Service knows to the last intricate detail the structure and manufacture of every type and size of electric lamp. This specialized knowledge was swung to focus on the vacuum-tube.

Before the war there had been no commercial production of pliotrons. Almost overnight came a paramount need for thousands of them. MAZDA Service made possible the devising of special machinery, standardized tests, and so quantity production of pliotrons, and they became hard-working elements in our war-time radio work.

It was an important contribution, of vital war-time significance and of increasing peace-time value. The pliotron was produced through the unique combination of brains and equipment that constitute MAZDA Service.

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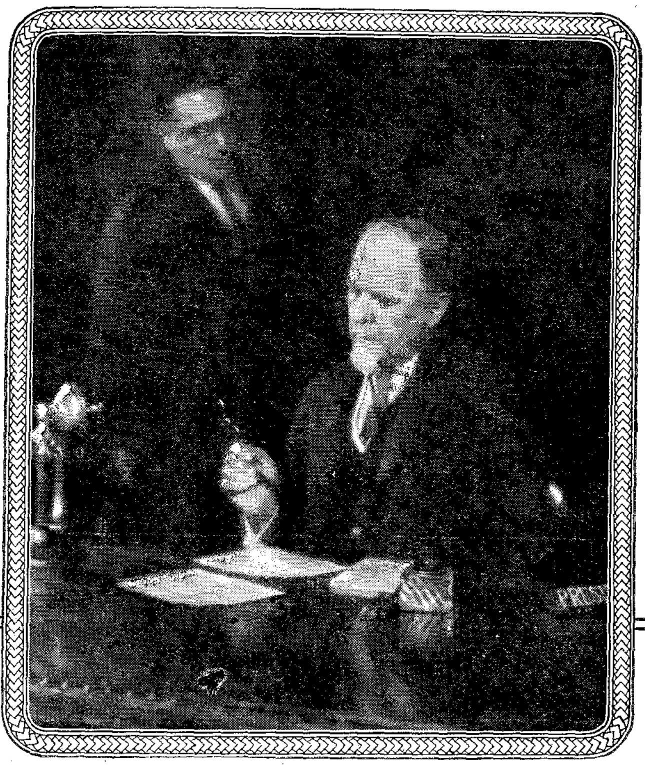

The Man at the Top

Health is the driving power which enabled him to arrive.

Without health, the difficulties of your climb to success will be multiplied a hundred fold. Do not let Pyorrhea be an obstacle to achievement.

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but medical science now knows it affects the body also. Its infecting germs seep into the bloodstream through the gums, are carried into the system and may cause many ills.

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Watch your gums, if you would avoid having Pyorrhea. And visit your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection. The maintenance of mouth-health requires his skilled supervision.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time, and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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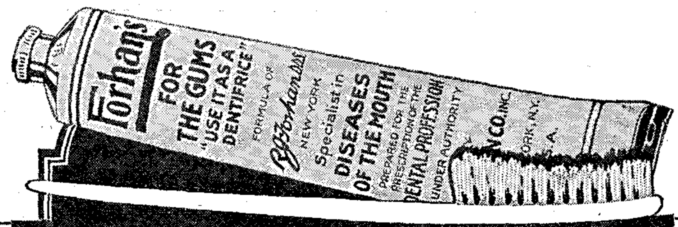

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

made between representatives of these people and the Mexican Government, according to advices from Mexico City reaching Washington.

November 25.—The Council of the League of Nations cables President Wilson from Geneva asking if America will act as mediator between the Armenians and the Turkish Nationalists. A similar message is sent to the Powers who are League members.

November 26.—It is reported from Geneva that the Commission of the League of Nations Assembly dealing with the organization machinery presents six propositions, the most important of which provides that all members of both the Council and the League Assembly be considered representatives of their governments, and that the decisions of the League should be binding on the home governments. This proposal, if adopted, will entirely change the complexion of the League.

The Korean National Association of San Francisco receives word from the chairman of the United Korean Relief Society in Manchuria stating that invading Japanese troops in that province are destroying all Korean homes and killing women and children.

The Committee of the League of Nations Assembly, considering the International Court of Justice question, decides that the plan prepared at The Hague by Elihu Root and other jurists shall stand as amended by the League of Nations Council at Brussels.

It is reported from Smyrna that Turkish Nationalists advance about a hundred miles east of that city and capture four towns. The Greek troops who have been holding the line in this region withdraw without fighting, it is said.

November 27.—High barricades are erected in Downing Street and Whitehall, London, to protect the official residences and offices there from violence that it is feared might result should the Sinn Fein extend its attacks to the heart of the capital.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 221 to 12 approves the Treaty of Rapallo, regarding the Adriatic problem.

All members of the Mexican cabinet resign in order that General Obregon, the incoming executive, may have a free choice in naming department heads.

November 28.—More than a dozen cotton warehouses in Liverpool are destroyed by fire, said to have been set by Sinn-Feiners. This is the first blow to be struck by the Irish Republicans on English soil, as part of their plan of reprisal for the deeds of the Crown forces in Ireland.

It is reported from Geneva that Denmark is understood to have accepted the offer of the League of Nations to act as mediator in the war between the Armenians and the Turkish Nationalists. This is the first affirmative reply received to the League's circular letter asking for volunteers to act in this matter.

Neither Great Britain nor France will raise any objection to the return of former King Constantine to the Greek throne, says a London report. The plebiscite to decide whether he shall take the throne is set for December 5.

British troops which have been part of the occupation force in Danzig leave that city, according to Berlin.

The troops of d'Annunzio are said to be

deserting, and the inhabitants of Fiume are growing weary of his domination, says a report from Milan. D'Annunzio's old friends are said to be urging the poet to give up his adventure.

It is reported from Mexico City that supporters of General Carlos Green, recently deposed as Governor of the State of Tabasco, Mexico, forcibly disarm the police at the State capital and appoint Tomas Barido as Governor. The seizure of power is carried out without loss of life.

An International Council binding together the War Veterans' Associations of the Allied Countries is organized in Paris by delegations representing the United States, France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Greece, Jugo-Slavia, and Czecho-Slovakia. The underlying idea is to preserve, particularly in time of stress, the unity that existed among the Allies during the war, and to carry on the comradeship in various ways.

November 29.—Canadian missionaries in Manchuria send a signed statement to the Associated Press, telling of massacres alleged to have been committed by Japanese troops in that province. It is reported that the Japanese sent 15,000 troops into that part of China with the evident intention of wiping out the entire Korean community.

Major-General Leonard Wood will probably be offered the leadership of the Armenian Expeditionary Force proposed at the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva, according to advices from that city. He is said to be the unanimous choice of the committee having that part of the Assembly's proceedings in charge. Under the plans outlined, General Wood would be made High Commissioner for Armenia.

Fifteen Auxiliary Police cadets are killed and one mortally wounded as the result of an ambush by a body of men near Kilmichael, County Cork, Ireland. The cadets were recruits in training for the Black and Tan Auxiliary Police, and were patrolling when they were ambushed.

The terms of the treaty between the Bolsheviki and the Turkish Nationalists are made public. They include among other things an agreement that hostilities against the Allies must continue. Russia promises financial and commercial aid to Turkey, and agrees to send troops to aid the Nationalists if necessary.

November 30.—Reports reaching London say that Fiume is surrounded by three battalions of carabineers and shots are exchanged between the regulars and d'Annunzio's legionaries. It is further reported that Italian troops begin an advance along the whole armistice line in the Adriatic zone.

Seven hundred unemployed men march into Tottenham Labor Exchange in London announcing that they intend to make it their home for the winter. They immediately begin to issue appeals for foodstuffs.

Additional police are stationed at the entrances of Buckingham Palace to protect the King and Queen from possible Sinn-Fein violence.

Ten thousand railway employees are ordered on strike in Norway, owing to the government's refusal to consider demands for increased wages unless the strike notices are first withdrawn. This strike will tie up the entire Norwegian railway service, it is said.

DOMESTIC

November 24.—John D. Rockefeller makes a gift of $63,763,357 to the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial, an institution founded after Mrs. Rocke-

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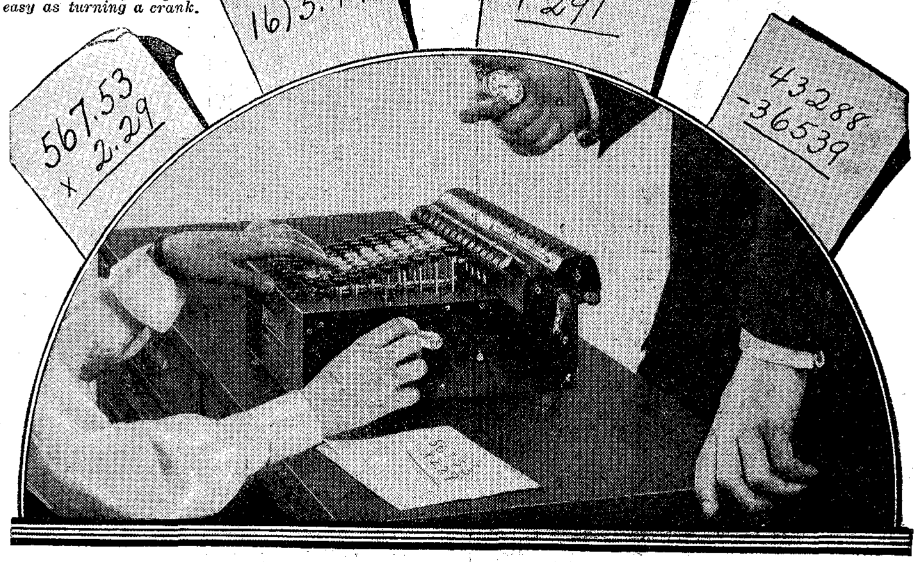

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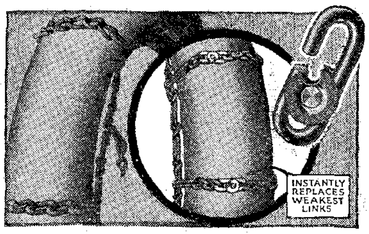

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

feller's death in 1915, to give support to the religious and charitable institutions in which she was interested.

The Lord's Day Alliance, an organization said to represent sixteen Protestant denominations, with a total membership of twenty million, is reported to be planning a campaign to bring about strict enforcement of existing legislation relative to Sunday observance. It is also reported that the organization plans to introduce new Sunday laws in New York and other States which will exclude Sunday motion-pictures and possibly curtail Sunday motoring to afternoon and evening.

All remaining conscientious Army objectors imprisoned during the war are released from custody, according to an announcement made by Secretary of War Baker.

Federal, State, and city officials in Chicago announce a continuation of the campaign recently begun in that city to close up all of Chicago's 3,000 "dry saloons." A number of suits are instituted to close saloons and cabarets, and thirty-one persons are placed under Federal indictment charged with conspiracy to violate the Volstead Act.

President Wilson commutes the sentence of Franz von Rintelen, a German convicted of war-time conspiracy, on condition that he leave the United States before January 1.

It is announced that at a National Conference of the leaders of reform organizations to be held in Washington, December 8-10, plans will be laid for a drive upon Congress for additional moral legislation. A special effort will be made to secure the appointment of men in the Harding Administration who will enforce strictly the Prohibition Amendment.

Secretary of Labor Wilson calls a meeting of representatives of the anthracite mine-workers and operators to meet in Washington in an effort to break the deadlock in the pending wage negotiations.

November 25.—The United States sends a note to Great Britain making a specific demand that the American Government be accorded equal privileges with all other governments within or outside the League of Nations in all mandate territories. The note is the third that has passed between the two governments on the subject of oil concessions in mandate territories.

It is reported that Republican leaders in Congress are preparing to start wholesale reductions of Federal employees as soon as Congress meets for the short session. It is predicted that approximately 250,000 will be dropt from the public pay-roll.

Gaston Chevrolet, famous racing driver, is killed at the Los Angeles speedway, when his machine collides with that of Eddy O'Donnell. O'Donnell suffers serious injuries.

A Verville-Packard battleplane establishes a world's record for close circuit racing on Long Island by flying 132 miles in 44 minutes and 29 seconds, or at an average speed of 178 miles an hour.

Irish sympathizers objecting to an English flag hanging from the Union League Club during a MacSwiney memorial service at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, start a riot which is quelled by the police reserves.

November 26.—Illinois railroads are authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission to increase passenger-fares on traffic within the State to the same level as interstate rates.

The Zionist Organization of America in a convention at Buffalo approves an extensive program for the industrial, financial, and agricultural development of the new homeland for Jews in Palestine.

November 27.—Reports received by the American Consular agent in London from cities all over Europe show that the volume of emigration to the United States is now limited only by the capacity of west-bound passenger-ships.

Temporary injunctions are issued in New York State restraining the railroads from raising their intrastate rates to the level of interstate rates, as they were authorized to do by a recent ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Interstate Commerce Commission issues an order vacating all remaining priority orders affecting preference for open-top cars in the movement of coal, thus indicating that, in the judgment of the Commission, the coal crisis is over.

November 28.—Five hundred men of the United States Army are called to Williamson, West Virginia, to guard the coal-mines from strikers' attacks.

The Postal Telegraph and Cable Company announces an increase of 20 per cent. in its rates and 10 per cent. in salaries to employees, effective December 1.

An earthquake is experienced in various parts of Washington and Oregon. At Spokane it was said to have been a "pronounced earthquake" of a duration of ten minutes.

November 29.—According to Senators and members of the House in conference in Washington the worst storm of resentment against the Government since the days of Populism exists through the Middle West. It is said to be due to the rapid decline of prices for farm products, and the belief that the Federal Reserve Board not only could provide a remedy if it would, but that the Board is actually responsible for the condition through its persistent efforts to force deflation.

Gov. John J. Cornwell, of West Virginia, declares martial law in Mingo County, where a strike of coal-miners has been in progress since last May.

November 30.—The American Federation of Labor is preparing to start a nation-wide campaign to organize office help.

President Wilson accepts the invitation of the League of Nations to serve as mediator between the Turkish Nationalists and the Armenians. In his reply the President asserts that he is without authority to employ American military forces, but offers his "personal mediation through a representative." Mr. Wilson's is the second acceptance received by the League, Denmark being understood to have accepted the general request for mediators a day or two ago.

Charles Ponzi, Boston promoter of a get-rich-quick scheme in which thousands of persons invested millions of dollars before it collapsed last August, pleads guilty in the Federal Court to using the mails to defraud and is sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Eugene W. Chafin, prohibition candidate for President in 1908 and 1912, dies at his home in Long Beach, California, at the age of sixty-eight.

The Census Bureau announces that 108,390 of Baltimore's population of 733,464 are negroes, an increase of 23,641 in the negro population since 1910. The negro population of Cincinnati is given as 29,636, an increase of 9,997, the white population being 371,540. The negro population of 40,118 in Louisville shows a decrease of 404, while its white population of 194,737 shows an increase of 11,347.

The desk that gets action

If you can find desks that are a constant, compelling invitation to yourself and to every man and girl in your organization to get going and produce, because they are so thoroughly beautiful and efficient and business-like—buy those desks. They get action. They put your organization on its toes. They promote success. They express success. They are Cutler Desks.

Cutler Desks are used by every type of business organization and by professional men. Different models, in standard, harmonious designs, make them equally suitable for the general office and for the private office of the president.

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YOUR eyes need a light correct in *quality* as well as *quantity*. Daylight is the best for the eyes because Nature has made it perfect in quality and diffusion. Proper light means eye comfort and better work.

The New Daylight Attachment converts ordinary electric light into soft eye-saving daylight and eliminates eye strain.

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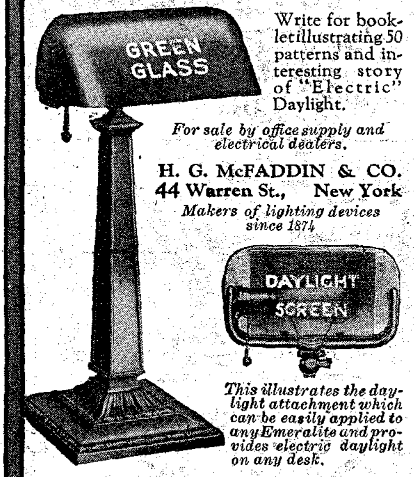

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Makers of lighting devices since 1874

This illustrates the daylight attachment which can be easily applied to any Emeralite and provides electric daylight on any desk.

Eyes are priceless, protect them

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Introducing Himself.—"I'm a little stiff from lacrosse."

"Oh, Wisconsin?"—*Lampoon.*

Sufficiency. — WALKER — "Have an accident?"

RIDER—"No, thanks, just had one."—*Puppet.*

Relapse Ahead.—A physician claims to have restored two patients to sanity by pulling their teeth. When they see the bill they may go crazy again.—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

Reason Enough.—SUSIE—"Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement-ring?"

HER FATHER—"The woman."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Cinematic Problem.—"Max has sent me an interesting book, 'Relativity,' by Einstein. Have you read it?"

"No. I am waiting for it to be filmed."—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin).*

Ready to Join.—MINISTER—"Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?"

MISS ALA MODE—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox-trot?"—*Chaparral.*

Success.—EFFICIENCY EXPERT—"I am very gratified to see how many new men you have taken on since I installed my system."

"Yes, I hired 'em to take care of the system."—*Judge.*

Everybody's Friend.—"Aren't you afraid America will become isolated?"

"Not if us farmers keep raisin' things the world needs," answered Farmer Corntossel. "The feller that rings the dinner-bell never runs much risk of bein' lonesome."—*Washington Star.*

Handicapped.—"There are no more enterprising young men. Why, I remember when it was a common thing for a young man to start out as a clerk and in a few years own the business."

"Yes, but cash-registers have been invented since."—*Virginia Reel*

Willing to Forget.—"Your speeches were listened to with close attention."

"That's what worries me," replied Senator Sorghum. "Any number of people are liable to remember those speeches and quote them when I am anxious to talk about something else."—*Washington Star.*

Quick Action

Said a teacher of much erudition,
"I deplore the poor workman's condition."
When he learned what they earned,
His profession he spurned,
And became a high-paid mechanician.
—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Health and Wealth.—"Dr. Pillers seems to be a fashionable physician."

"I should say so! He has patients at some of the most expensive health resorts in America and a waiting-list of people whose health will give way as soon as they get money enough to consult him."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"F. T. A.," Washington, D. C.—"Can you tell me why it is that the names of the *sun* and *moon* are almost always begun with small or lower-case letters? Is there any good reason why we should show more respect for the planets *Mercury, Venus, Mars,* etc., than we do for the two greater lights that are of such very great importance to the inhabitants of the earth?"

The names of the seasons of the year and the words *earth, sun,* and *moon* are regarded as common nouns. The names of planets and stars are derived from those of certain mythical deities, so are written with capital initial letters.

"J. P. K.," Virden, Manitoba, Canada.—"My friend (an Oxford man) and I (a T. C. Dublin man) have had an argument in regard to the pronunciation of the Latin word *Patria.* He contends it is pronounced with the 'a' long, as in *pate,* while my early Latin training taught me to call it 'Patria' with the 'a' short, as in *Pat.* Please advise who is correct."

Patria is pronounced *pe'tri-a—e* as in *prey*, *i* as in *habit, a* as in *final.* In Rome, and in other parts of Italy, the first *a* is sounded a little broader than *a* in *at,* but not so broadly as *a* in *art.* The pronunciation of Latin has worried thousands unnecessarily. *None of us knows the correct pronunciation of ancient Rome.* The English pronunciation of Latin is unbeautiful; that of the French, Italians, and Spaniards seems preferable, but that of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church is preferred, being superior to that of the universities, which not invariably follow the lead of their professors.

"E. D. S.," Louisville, Ky.—"(1) Should we apply the term 'American General' to a general of the United States to distinguish him from a general of, say, the Canadian or Argentine armies? (2) Strictly speaking, should the above term, or even 'United States General,' be used in referring to a general of the Federal Army to distinguish him from a general of the Confederacy?"

(1) It has always been the custom to refer t the people of the United States as "Americans." Of course, one may call a Canadian or an Argentinian an American, but the specific use o the term restricts the meaning of American t only a citizen of the United States. (2) Durin the Civil War a United States General was a general of the Union Army. Therefore, a Unite *States General* meant only one thing; that is, general who was fighting for the United State then the Union. But both Federal and Confederate generals were Americans.

"J. E. E.," Thornwall, N. C.—"Please tell m who is *Carmen Sylva.*"

Carmen Sylva is the pen-name of Quee Elizabeth of Roumania, who was born in 184 and died in 1916.

"B. B.," Cleveland, Ohio.—"Two frien know a certain person who is also their friend, an in writing from one to the other, is it corre to refer to the third person as the 'commo friend or 'mutual' friend? Are these two wor synonyms, or has the word 'mutual' in th connection been adopted through general usage?

These words are often confounded and ha been so by writers of correct English. *Mutu* implies interchange; *common,* belonging to mo than two persons. Before the middle of t eighteenth century *mutual* had two meaning "joint or common" and "reciprocal." Samu Johnson gave it but one meaning, that of *reciproc* and this meaning was considered the only corre one. "*Mutual,*" says Crabb, "supposes sameness in condition at the same time; *reciproc* supposes an alternation or succession of returns Thus we properly speak of "our *common* countr *mutual* affection, *reciprocal* obligations." Wh *mutual* applies to the acts and opinions of perso and, therefore, to what is personal, it is not a plicable to persons. Macaulay condemned t phrase "*mutual* friend" as a vulgarism. "*common* friend" is certainly more accurate b unfortunately carries with it the idea of feriority, and probably for this reason is seld or never used. There is authority of such p lific writers as Scott and Dickens for "*mutu* friend," and centuries of English literat authorize the use of *mutual* in the sense of *jo* or *common.*